May 14, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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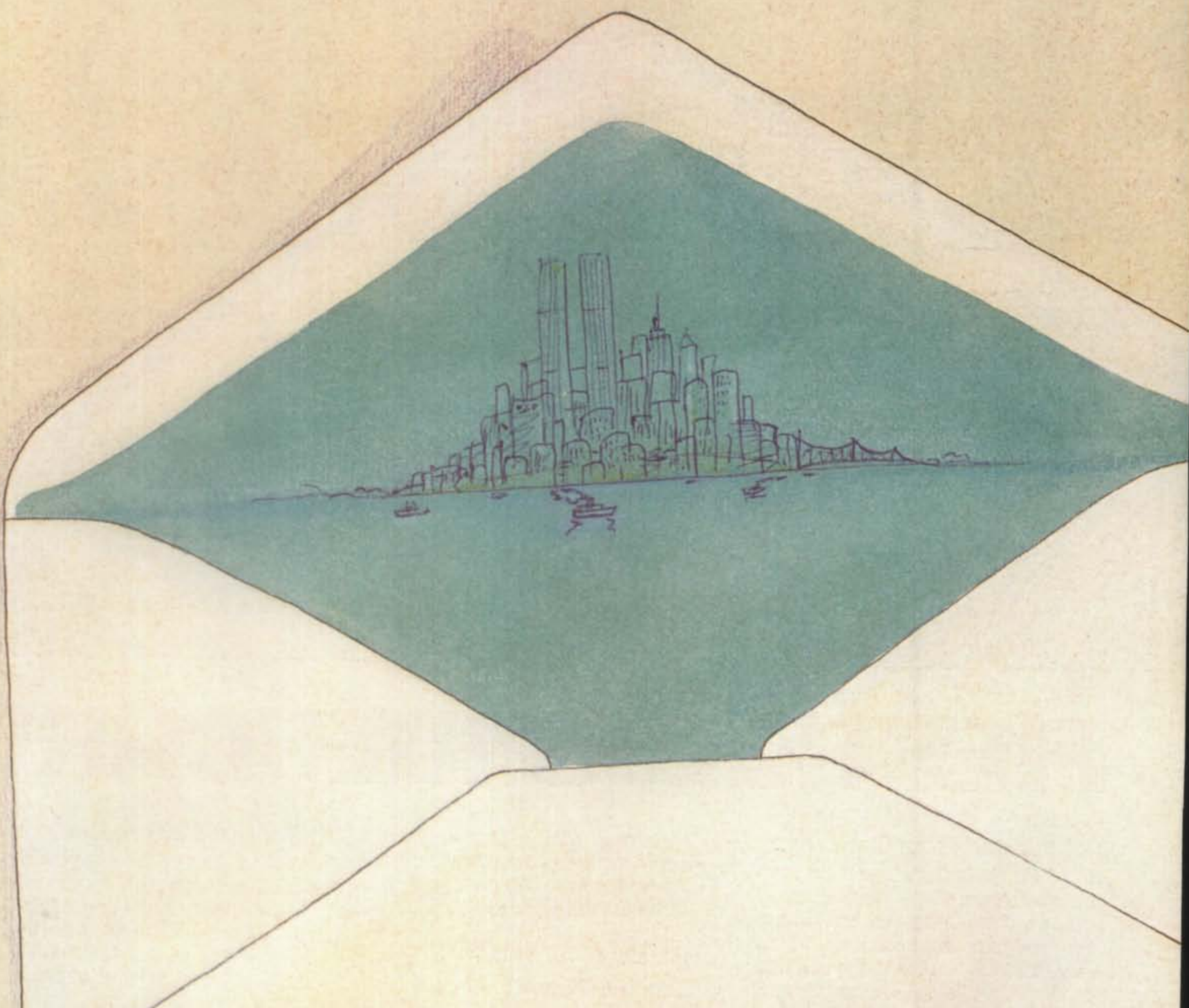

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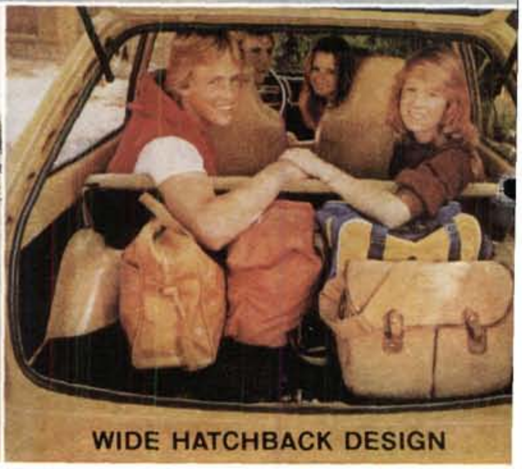
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. The English cast gives full comic value to every line of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Lanford Wilson, **TALLEY'S FOLLY**, with Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, is the fifth in this season's series. Mr. Wilson's play is part of a planned cycle that already includes "The 5th of July," presented here last year. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3. . . . ¶ The sixth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **LIFE AND/OR DEATH**, a triple bill by Herb Gardner. Tuesdays through Thursdays. Closes Thursday, May 24. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Avenue S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Comédie-Française—Final performances of Feydeau's **LA PUCE À L'OREILLE (A FLEA IN HER EAR)** will close out the engagement. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 10, at 7; Friday, May 11, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 2 and 8.)

Devour the Snow—A play by Abe Polsky, directed by Terry Schreiber. Preview Wednesday, May 9. Opens officially on Thursday, May 10. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dispatches—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical **ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER**, with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, and music by Burton Lane. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eyes on the Harem—An eccentric, deeply ironic, and sporadically effective work by Maria Irene Fornés about the unspeakably cruel treatment that Turkish women (and, incidentally, Turkish men) suffered during the hundreds of years of the Ottoman Empire. Imaginative scenery and costumes by Larry Brodsky and Frank Krenz, respectively. (5/7/79) (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

G. R. Point—The war in Vietnam as experienced by a callow new member of a graves-registration unit. Michael Moriarty plays the lead and is supported by an exceptionally good cast. David Berry is the author. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW** will open Wednesday, May 9, and run through Sunday, May 27. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Murder at the Howard Johnson's—A comedy by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, with Tony Roberts, Bob Dishy, and Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews through Wednesday, May 16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"THE OLD FOREST" . . . . *Peter Taylor* 34
"SHAVING WITHOUT A MIRROR" (POEM) . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 38
"H$_2$ODE" (POEM) . . . . *Frank Zachary* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 83
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 84
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 91
ANNALS OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE (SOUTH AFRICA) . . . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 117
"LADIES' TRESSES" (POEM) . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 153
THE AIR . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 154
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 163
BOOKS . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 169
BRIEFLY NOTED 174

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Richard McCallister, George Booth, Arnie Levin, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Robert Weber, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Mischa Richter, Mort Gerberg, Sidney Harris, Charles Addams, Jack Ziegler, Joseph Mirachi, Ed Arno, Al Ross, Everett Opie, Stan Hunt, J. J. Sempé, Roz Zanengo, Warren Miller*

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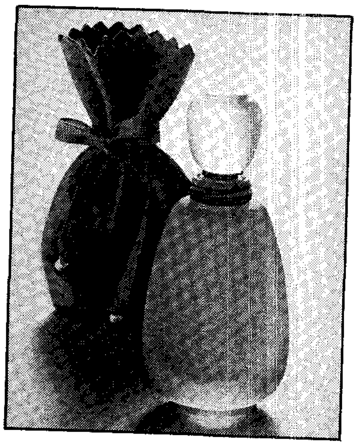

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than its original production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Saravá—Tovah Feldshuh is the busy singing-and-dancing star of this overheated musical about a sexy Brazilian housewife and her two husbands—one dead, one alive, and both very active. The book and lyrics are by N. Richard Nash, and the music is by Mitch Leigh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sightlines—This two-character play, by Mark Eisman, about seeing and remembering and other matters, is written with wit and feeling, and it is very well acted by Douglass Watson and Marge Redmond, under the direction of John Henry Davis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Joseph Jefferson Theatre Company, 11 E. 29th St. 679-7174. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, May 12.)

Spokesong—A play set in troubled Belfast, with much capering about by John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. The author is Stewart Parker, a Belfast native. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

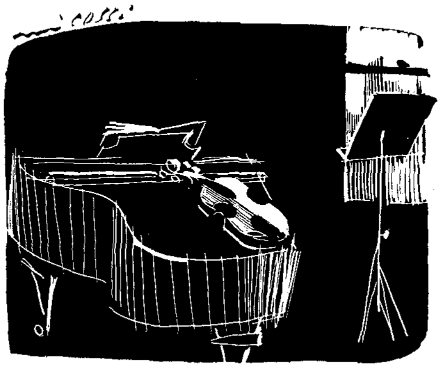
Sweeney Todd—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatre-goers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tunnel Fever or the Sheep Is Out—A play by Jonathan Reynolds. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Utter Glory of Morrissey Hall—Celeste Holm in a musical with a book by Clark Gesner (who also wrote the music and lyrics) and Nagle Jackson (who directed as well). Previews through Saturday, May 12. Opens officially on Sunday, May 13. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark that is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Woods—A love affair in a weekend of stormy crisis is the subject of this good play by David Mamet, which is badly distorted in performance. (5/7/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. David Dukes (filling in for Raúl Juliá, who will return on Tuesday, May 15) heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,912 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs at the head of a largely black cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and

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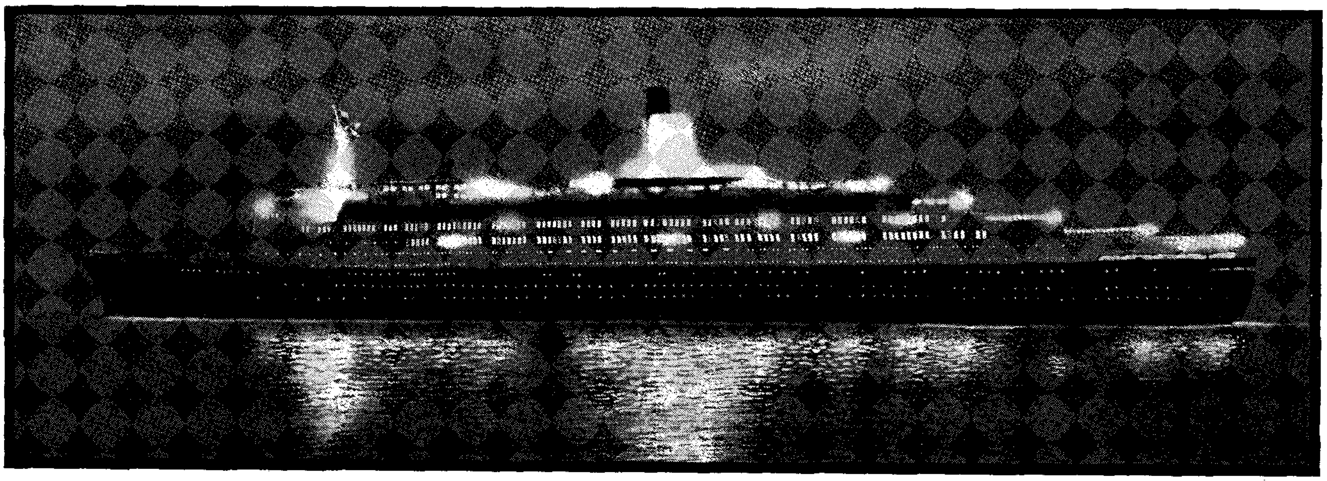

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Black Theatre Festival U.S.A./An Arts Revival at Lincoln Center—A month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Wednesday, May 9, at 2:30 and 8: The International Afrikan American Ballet and the Copasetics. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 10, at 8: An Evening of Poetry, with Gwendolyn Brooks, Cynthia Belgrave, Hermene Hartman, and Joseph Mydell reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 8; Saturday, May 12, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, May 13, at 8: The Richard Allen Center for Culture and Art presenting "Second Thoughts," a musical by Lamar Alford. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 15, at 8, and Wednesday, May 16, at 2:30 and 8: The Billie Holiday Theatre, from Brooklyn, presenting "Inacent Black and the 5 Brothers," a theatre piece by A. Marcus Hemphill. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 8: Workshops for Careers in the Arts, from Washington, D.C., presenting "Puttin' on the Mask," an Ethiopian entertainment. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, May 13, at 4:30: A concert entitled "Blues and Jazz," with the Heritage Hall Jazz Band, Leon Thomas, Slide Hampton and His World of Trombones, and Queen Yahna. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 20, at 4:30: A concert, "Sophisticated," with Mary Lou Williams and the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

Lerner and Loewe—A tribute honoring Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. Among those taking part in this benefit for the Theatre Collection of the Museum of the City of New York will be Julie Andrews, Kitty Carlisle, John Cullum, Agnes de Mille with Janet Eilber and the American Dance Machine, Placido Domingo, Alfred Drake, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Tovah Feldshuh, Hermione Gingold, Rex Harrison, Louis Jourdan, George Rose, and Reid Shelton. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. Monday, May 14, at 8. For tickets, call 921-2110.)

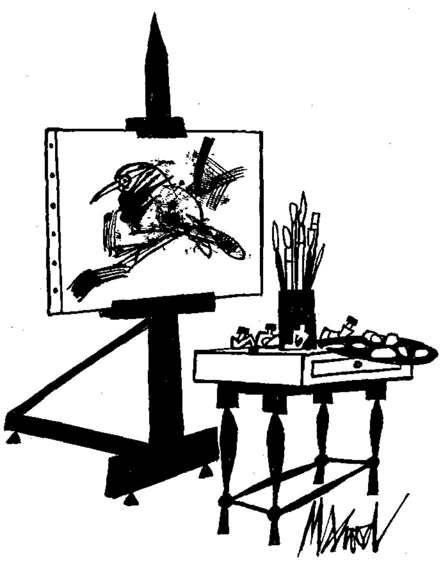
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 9: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Duo Concertant," and "In G Major.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "In G Major," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 13: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Sonatine," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 13, and Tuesday evening, May 15: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "Swan Lake," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "In G Major," "Orpheus," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Agon," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "La Source," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 9: "Les Noces," "Contredances," "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "The Leaves Are Fading.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Les Noces," "Other Dances," "The Tiller in the Fields," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11; Saturday matinée and evening, May 12; and Monday evening, May 14: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 15: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Fall River Legend," "Spartacus Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "La Bayadère," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "La Bayadère," "Three Preludes," "Undertow," and "Tiller in the Fields.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18, and Saturday matinée, May 19: "Sphinx" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "La Sylphide" and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 9: "Streams," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Night Creature," "Hobo Sapiens," "Tilt," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Masekela Langage," "Myth," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Fire Sermon," "Tilt," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Flowers," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 13: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 13: "Masekela Langage," "Butterfly," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 15: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "Gazelle," "Butterfly," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "Masekela Langage," "Tilt," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Flowers," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Butterfly," "The Time Before the Time After," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Tilt," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 20.)

Dancemobile West Side Fest—Programs of jazz-modern and African dances by eighteen companies. Thursday, May 10: Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theatre and Contemporary Chamber Dance Group. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and International Afrikan American Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 12: Kariamu & Company and Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 13: Fred Benjamin Dance Company and Dinizula and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16: Cleo Parker Robinson Dance Ensemble and Sounds in Motion. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17: Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . and La Rocque Bey Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, May 18: Joan Miller Dance Players and Charles Moore and Dances & Drums of Africa. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19: Eleo Pomare Dance Company and Soweto Soundz. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)



Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **PEARL PRIMUS AND COMPANY:** Thursday, May 10, and Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 8. . . . **DANIEL NAGRIN:** Wednesday, May 16; Friday, May 18; and Sunday, May 20, at 8. . . . **ZE'EVA COHEN SOLO DANCE REPERTORY:** Thursday, May 17, and Saturday, May 19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—A program of contemporary dance. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Thursday, May 17, at 7, and Friday through Sunday, May 18-20, at 8. For tickets, call 777-0033.)

Midi Garth Dance Theatre—"Open Space," "Koto Song—78," "This Day's Madness," and other dances. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 4. For tickets, call 534-6909.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A loft that is a jazz club, on a SoHo backstreet that still looks industrial. Guitarist Baird Hersey and his funk-jazz-rock group, the Year of the Ear, perform through Saturday, May 12; on Tuesday, May 15, trumpeter Charles McGhee will arrive with a quartet. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. Music from ten.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Long white gloves, a microphone wrapped in a white handkerchief, and **HILDEGARDE** (who else?) are in evidence here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. Percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** heads up a group that includes flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS.** Through Saturday, May 12. Wednesday through Friday, May 16-18, trumpeter **GENE ROLAND'S** quartet will be performing. Sets begin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his Latin-jazz outfit are here through Thursday, May 10; Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, will belong to the **BILL EVANS** trio; on Sunday and Monday, May 13-14, **BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE**, the quavering-voiced folkie from the sixties, will make an appearance; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 15-16, the **ROCHES**, a sweet-harmony trio of sisters—Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy—will sing opposite folkie George Gerdes, whose between-song monologues are clever in an off-the-wall sort of way; and on Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, the **L.A. FOUR**—bassist **RAY BROWN**, guitarist **LAURENDO ALMEIDA**, saxophonist **BUD SHANK**, and drummer **JEFF HAMILTON** (who has taken the place of Shelly Manne)—will play L.A. jazz. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with a bassist through Saturday, May 12; Monday through Saturday, May 14-19, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will be on hand with his bassist. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Car-

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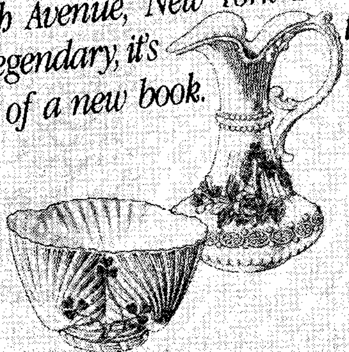
BELLEEK CHINA

"Soon then began the first pottery for porcelain that Ireland had ever seen; and I shall never forget the day when, standing on the foundation stone, I addressed the tatterdemalion lot who assembled, wondering at what was coming; but many a shirtless boy then listening to me lives in a slate house of his own now, and for years since has wanted for nothing, while many more are at the heads of their departments, and others, again, are gentlemen in America." ❧ *So wrote John Bloomfield, describing that lovely day in 1857 when he founded Belleek. Today, a century and a score later, there is still very little Belleek in all the world.* ❧ *The art of making it by hand is so demanding, relatively few pieces can be created each year. "The world now speaks with awe of this art and its mystique.* ❧ *In Ireland is born the glory: the fame of the name Belleek." It still isn't too late to become a collector.* ❧ *Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.* ❧ *So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.*



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naval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant BOBBY SHORT is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist BEVERLY PEER and drummer GENE GAMMAGE. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist BARBARA CARROLL works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, ELLIS LARKINS, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the new, reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer and composer ALBERTA HUNTER isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to stride pianist and occasional singer BROOKS KERR and his bassist, AL HALL, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. Bebop trumpeter RED RODNEY has settled in with a trio. They play Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the back room of this steak restaurant, composer, singer, and pianist ARTHUR SIEGEL presents show tunes in medleys, one at a time, and precedes singing them with thorough, witty explanations. Mr. Siegel looks very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks a great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Mondays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. On Sunday, May 13, pianist JOHN BUNCH will lead a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. The music starts weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A new velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Saxophonist DAVE LIEBMAN heads up a group that includes trumpeter RANDY BRECKER, pianist RICHIE BEIRACH, bassist RON MC CLURE, and drummer AL FOSTER; through Saturday, May 12. Tuesday through Saturday, May 15-19, pianist KENNY BARRON, bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS, and drummer BEN RILEY—three-fourths of Ron Carter's quartet—will be here with vibraharpist Steve Nelson. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to pianist BEN ARONOV'S trio, which plays from ten to three. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio. Guitarist JOE PUMA works Wednesdays through Sundays with pianist HOD O'BRIEN, conscientious vocalist Alicia Sherman, and a bassist. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

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HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Guitarist AL GAFA and his trio play for listening, dancing, and looking for tugboats from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco but is now one of the best places to hear new-wave bands like the Bloodless Pharaohs (Wednesday, May 9), the Student Teachers (Friday, May 11), and the Contortions (Tuesday, May 15). On Monday, May 14, an evening of even more experimental new-wave music, entitled Tidal Wave, will be presented. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft. The guest performer Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, will be French-horn improviser JOHN CLARK; on Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, pianist RONNIE MATTHEWS will sit in with the resident players. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays from eight-thirty. Snacks and soft drinks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter ROY ELDRIDGE is usually on the stand supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Bluesy pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist GENE TAYLOR work together through Saturday, May 12, and on Tuesday, May 15, pianist BILLY TAYLOR and his bassist, VICTOR GASKIN will return to this, their home base. Music, Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. Chicago bluesman JAMES COTTON is here with his band on Wednesday, May 9; on Thursday, May 10, country-Tex-Mex singer FREDDY FENDER will be onstage; Monday and Tuesday, May 14-15, will be claimed by singer, songwriter, and Texan Joe Ely; and on Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, DOUG SAHM will sing compelling blues, rock, juke-joint, Cajun, and country material. Sundays are in the possession of Kinky Friedman, a stand-up Jewish-Texas-cowboy folkie. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. JOE WILLIAMS, who can still sing convincingly when he wants to, has expanded his Vegas-influenced onstage persona: he insults a member of the audience once in a while. He's singing with a backing trio through Saturday, May 12. On Monday, May 14, singer JOHNNY HARTMAN will move in. Sets begin after nine nightly, except Sundays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. New-wave rock bands perform nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (of composer Arthur Schwartz), is on hand through Saturday, May 12; on Tuesday, May 15, singer Joya Sherrill will begin a tribute to Harold Arlen. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where conga whiz RAY BARRETTO and his quintet will be performing Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12. Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, drummer ROY HAYNES will be leading *his* quintet. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Longtime Grateful Dead associate Robert Hunter will be here with his band on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 15-16, folkies—two of the best—RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT and MIMI FARINA will share the stage; and Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, will be given over to the WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE, which usually includes the JOHN HERALD band, ARTIE TRAUM, PAT ALGER, and others. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. SY OLIVER is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Singer THELMA CARPENTER does the eleven-thirty show through Sunday, May 13. BLOSSOM DEARIE is at the piano, singing in her clear, uncomplicated voice, at nine Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. DENISE DELAPENHA and her quintet admirably perform Brazilian standards on Wednesday, May 9; Thursday through Sunday, May 10-13, pianist HILTON RUIZ, tenor saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, bassist ALEX BLAKE, and drummer IDRIS MUHAMMAD will be present; and Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, the 24th Street Band will perform. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St.

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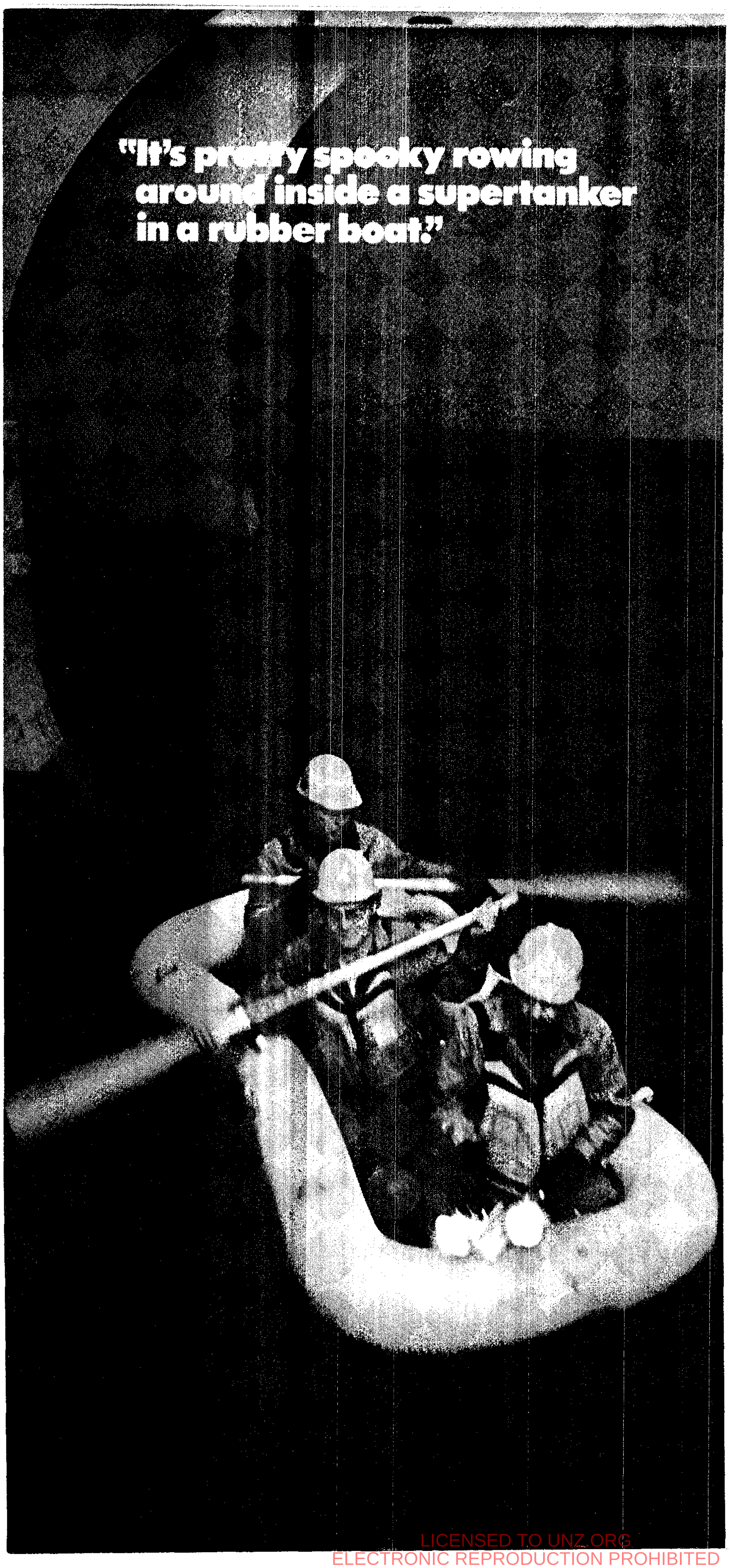
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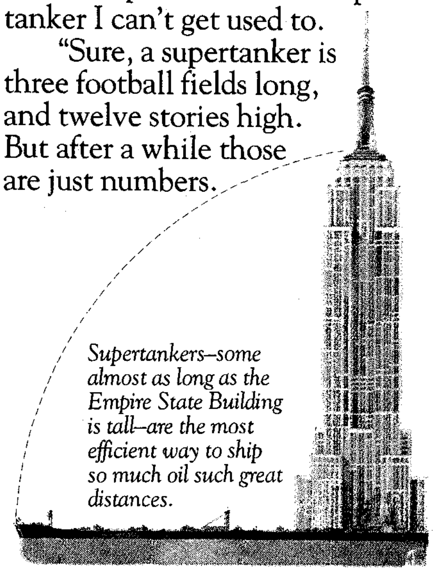
"That's me in the back of the rubber boat," says Chief Mate George McShea. "We're not rowing on oil, but on a saltwater lake in the belly of a supertanker. And it's one aspect of life on a supertanker I can't get used to.

"Sure, a supertanker is three football fields long, and twelve stories high. But after a while those are just numbers.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(242-1785)—Alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson leads a quartet through Saturday, May 12; on Sunday, May 13, drummer Abdul Zahir Batin's group will perform; on Monday, May 14, saxophonist Ronnie Cuber will lead a quintet; and Tuesday through Saturday, May 15-19, have been reserved for pianist Mike Nock and his quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians (and listeners). Pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and vibraharpist Steve Nelson perform through Thursday, May 10; Friday through Sunday, May 11-13, saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** will be present; and Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20, singer and jazz yodeller **LEON THOMAS** will work with his band. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** a slapstick ragtime-and-rock duo, perform original songs and convincing versions of Bessy Smith numbers on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at ten and midnight, and Sunday, May 13, at nine and eleven. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** and his Chicago-blues quartet wind up their week on Saturday, May 12; opposite Rush on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, will be the Hugh Masekela quintet. On Friday, May 18, New Orleans bluesman and pianist **PROFESSOR LONGHAIR** will arrive with his septet. Of the many influences on rock music, New Orleans-style piano is clearly one to be reckoned with; the Professor, along with Fats Domino and other less well-known artists, formulated this brand of Louisiana rhythm-and-blues in the late forties and early fifties. It isn't too often that the Professor is snared from obscurity and brought to New York. Shows at ten and midnight. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Sunday, May 13, Detroit pianist **BARRY HARRIS** heads up a quartet that includes in its ranks saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** On Tuesday, May 15, marathon pianist and showboat **KEITH JARRETT** will bring in a quartet that will feature Norwegian saxophonist **JAN GARBAREK.** Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like Keith Jarrett, or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Some of the musicians: **EDDIE DURHAM'S KANSAS CITY 4** through Thursday, May 10; guitarist Snags Allen on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12; Jazz à Cordes on Sunday, May 13; trumpeter Franc Williams and his quartet on Tuesday, May 15; and Ellington enthusiast and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** beginning Wednesday, May 16. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MARTHA SCHLAMME—In "A Woman Without a Man Is. . . ," an evening of song and poetry. Opens Wednesday, May 9. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-0177. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHET ATKINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, May 10, at 8.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR—With Susan. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

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ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO and **CHARLIE HADEN AND DON PULLEN**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 11.

VAN HALEN—With Robert Fleishman. (Palladium. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The last in a series of programs entitled "Great Lyricists Remembered" (in this case Otto Harbach), with William Harbach, Sheldon Harnick, Margaret Whiting, Stanley Adams, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 13, and Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

VERA AUER QUINTET—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, May 14, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

BOBBY HACKETT MEMORIAL CONCERT—Ernie Hackett, Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Dick Sudhalter, Benny Morton, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

ENRICO RAVA QUARTET and **BILL CONNORS**—Public Theatre. Friday, May 18, at 11.

JACK DEJOHNETTE, NANA, and **COLIN WALCOTT**—Public Theatre. Saturday, May 19, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT DE NIRO / GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—Oils and monotypes of figures and interiors. Through May 25. / Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas." Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Pencil drawings, with occasional touches of color, reflecting the good life—in Paris, Nice, New York, at the races, in grand salons, fine restaurants. Through June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Lyrical abstractions, streaked with dribbled color, make up a showing of works on paper done by this artist between 1948 and 1959. Through June 5. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—At first glimpse of this show, one fears that the ceiling has just fallen in, but no, it is an arrangement of fragmented cast stone fitted together on a bed of stone tiles. The tone is sombre, and so are the arrangements. Through May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Oil landscapes that carry Impressionism to the verge of sentimentality but never overstep the line. Through Thursday, May 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN KEARNEY—Car-bumper sculptures, many of them animal figures. Through Saturday, May 19. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Five large shaped canvases, around ten feet long, that look like the tip ends of airplane wings; they are in solid colors—blue, white, and grays. The show is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through May 25. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through Saturday, May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

PIOTR KOWALSKI—A seven-foot revolving mirror built like a revolving door shows the viewer how he looks to others (no reversed image), and a recording apparatus repeats his utterances as they sound to others and also in reverse, which sounds stranger than one might imagine. Through May 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—Oils and gouaches by a contemporary French abstractionist whose last show here was in 1960. Through May 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—In the past four years, this artist, who works very slowly and with a quality of realism that is entirely her own, has turned out eleven paintings, ten drawings, and three lithographs, all of which are in this show. Through May 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Sculptured creatures from a strange, sleek middle world, half mechanical and half flesh and blood, plus related drawings. This show, which closes June 2, will be the last exhibition at this location for the gallery; its lease expires in August, and the landlord, Sotheby Parke Bernet, is taking over the space. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JUDITH ORNSTEIN—Working on large areas of Mylar, this artist pencils in several versions of the same abstract composition and then accents them variously with oil sticks of different colors. Through Thursday, May 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

MARK RENDLEMAN—Photo-Realist studies of rock formations exposed in cliffsides or in stream beds. One painting, called "Earthquake," shows the ruler-straight lines of cleavage running through a wall of boulders. Through May 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St. Closes at 4.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Upstate countryside and memories of scenes in Italy are combined in these rather Gothic-looking landscapes, some done in an oil wash with pastel on paper, and some in oil on canvas. There are also several stylized portraits and figure drawings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Paintings and small sculptural pieces done during the thirties by this mainstream abstract artist. Through May 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Paintings of Monhegan Island promontories at sunset, in gales, and in the moonlight. Through Saturday, May 19. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Two exhibits of large-scale steel sculptures and the drawings for them: a single work at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St., and five pieces in SoHo at 98 Prince St. Both through May 29.

SHAKER ART—Fifty-eight drawings, dated 1830 to 1860, by Shaker artists, including Hannah Cohoon, who is best known for the widely imitated "Tree of Life." Also, Shaker furniture and a few paintings (dating from the same period) drawn from the gallery's collection. A benefit show. Through May 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINDLAY,** 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works on paper by Philip Mullen, Cynthia Mollod, and Paul Vásquez. Through Saturday, May 12. . . . **INGBER,** 3 E. 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, James Brooks and Judith Godwin among them. Through Wednesday, May 16. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE,** 11 E. 61st St.: Fifteen works

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in clay (by such artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland) produced at Syracuse University's Clay Institute. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Prize paintings from the twenties are on view, including works by Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Soutine, plus a recently acquired small Calder mobile of fishes made of flattened brass wire. Through June 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—This California portraitist has divided his more-than-life-size ceramic busts into two categories: heroes and clowns. In the first category he includes Elvis Presley, "Vince" van Gogh, and "Mother" Dürer. In the second, the artist includes only himself. Through June 8. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANNE ARNOLD / ANNE DUNN—Stoneware dogs (some glazed) of several breeds, all of them dog-size. Through June 6. / Watercolor still-lifes. Through May 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

FRANK AUERBACH—Studies for paintings, in pencil, charcoal, ink, and brightly colored chalks. Through May 26. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

JAMES BISHOP—Small drawings and a couple of paintings on a single theme—windows. Through May 26. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—The first showing here in a dozen years of the angular paintings of this well-known French artist. The impasto has subsided a bit with the passing of time, but the heavy black outlines are as distinctive as ever. Through May 26. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Recent works in oil, acrylic, and tempera. Through June 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANET CULBERTSON—Five large drawings (six feet by eight) of animals and scenes from nature. Also smaller drawings of rock formations. Through May 25. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Painted variations on a theme by Francis Picabia, showing a dancing couple; here, the styles are largely Latin, the scenes shifting from Spanish Harlem to old San Juan. Through May 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

ALAN EAKER—Wall pieces in which six or eight interconnected rectangular empty black frames seem to be angling out into the room. Except for one small section, though, which does protrude an inch or so, it is all a trick of perspective. Through June 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Flower still-lifes. Through May 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—Ceramic sculptures, and prints. Through June 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—A leading woodblock artist showing recent prints as well as twenty of his limited-edition books. Through Friday, May 11. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—A new series of hazy landscapes depicting the Delaware River Valley countryside. In addition, one wall of the artist's studio has been re-created in the gallery, showing his compositions in various stages, from roughs to the finished thing. Through Thursday, May 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

DEWITT HARDY—Small-town landscapes in watercolor, and drawings of figures. Through May 23. (Rehn, in a new location at 14 E. 60th St. Opens at noon.)

CLINTON HILL—Abstract compositions in which successive coats of fibre glass and acrylic are applied to canvas. Also works in which acrylic dyes are stencilled into handmade paper while it is still in the pulp stage. Through May 24. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRUCE KURLAND—Collage paintings and drawings. Through June 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Preparatory works for a Civil War mural that the artist has designed for the National Military Park, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Through June 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JUD NELSON—Six Popsicles (one of which has begun to melt) exactly duplicated in marble. Through Saturday, May 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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REMBRANDT—Thirty-seven etched portraits, eleven of them self-portraits. Through June 16. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Large canvases, about half of them covered with a dense screen of painted vegetation, and about half of them—the Edna Series—caked over with what looks like an inch of stygian pigment. Through Saturday, May 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

THOMAS ROSE—A slightly cracked vision seems at work here—a crazily built white chair with a tiny escape hatch in the seat and a rope ladder dangling from it; reflections that aren't really reflections; and related drawings. The artist began working in this vein, he says, after reading "Alice in Wonderland" to his child. Through Saturday, May 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

JAN SAWKA—Imaginative paintings and drawings by a Polish artist, lately arrived in this country. Through Saturday, May 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

DEE SHAPIRO—Recent pattern paintings. Through May 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SHARPE—Large, fresh-looking landscapes by an artist who uses conventional signs of his own invention for geographical features—river courses, escarpments, cultivated land, rolling hills, and so on. Through Saturday, May 19. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

TONY SMITH—There are two works in this show, one consisting of ten freestanding geometric forms, about five feet high and painted black. It is titled "Ten Elements." The other, called "Throwback," which looks as if it might have been made up of the elements all hitched together (but wasn't), is the sort of thing he was doing some time ago. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

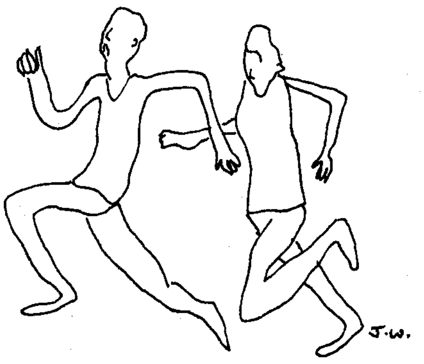
SYLVIA STONE—New Plexiglas-and-aluminum sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Enormously blown-up studies of women's faces and breasts, and a couple of additions to his Great American Nudes. Through June 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD YARDE—A collection of large watercolors from the Apartment Series, in which we are permitted homey glimpses into the past of this Boston-born artist. Through Friday, May 18. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

SIET ZUYDERLAND—The artist was so captivated by a red wall he saw while he was riding on a Chicago subway (above ground) that he has re-created the wall in a large painting and built a staircase leading up to it. Through June 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Two group shows—works in many mediums, chiefly by the gallery regulars (through June 9), and photographs by five artists (through June 2). . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The works (usually one each) of forty-four American artists, starting with Charles Willson Peale's 1792 portrait of David Gelston and ending with a new painting by Jack Levine. In between: Demuth, Luks, Marin, Baskin, among others. Through May 26.



GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE—New wood sculptures. Through June 9. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

JACK BOSSON—Lyrical abstractions. Through Saturday, May 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

WALTER DE MARIA—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

GORDON HART—Abstract paintings. Through June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

RON KLEEMANN—Photo-Realist paintings of a huge, gleaming truck cab; an Indianapolis Speedway wrecker; and a rock group (the Bay City Rollers) descending from a private plane. Through May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Large, clean compositions in bright, clean colors; some of the works make references to other artists—Léger, for example—but they are all vintage Lichtenstein, down to the last Benday dot. Through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

RAYMOND LOEWY—Drawings, graphics, and technical designs (some of them for spacecraft) by the great streamliner, whose ideas paved the way for the streamlining of practically everything, from flatirons to refrigerators. Through Sunday, May 13. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Cataclysms by the yard, painted with a sort of naïve expressionist touch. One large work, "Day of the Locust," depicts the fictional disaster that hit Los Angeles; another is entitled "The Grand Bayonet Charge of the Legionnaires in the Sahara." Through May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

WILLIAM NICHOLS / IDELLE WEBER—Huge paintings in which tangled vegetation—weeds, flowers, vines—is reproduced with full attention to every stem, every blade of grass, every shadow. / Gutter detritus—beer cans, discarded appliances, wrapping paper, busted wheels—painted with similar exactitude but in more vivid colors. Through Saturday, May 19. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

HALINA RUSAK—Paintings (of flowers and figures in repeat patterns) meant to be reminiscent of East European folk textiles. Through Wednesday, May 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Small, solid, geometric wall pieces made of wood—sometimes painted and sometimes raw. Through Saturday, May 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

ALEXIS SMITH—Four serial works, each of which incorporates, on sheets of colored paper, passages from Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain" and found-object collage elements that refer to the novel. Through Saturday, May 12. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ROBERT STACKHOUSE / CASPAR HENSELMANN—Two vast, shallow wooden boat hulls—one seventy-two feet long and the other thirty-seven—inspired by Viking funeral ships. The larger one rests on the floor and the other is suspended from the ceiling. / An environment, built of standard metal scaffolding (rented for the occasion), in which the viewer seems to be in the middle of a big construction job. Through May 26. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOW—An exhibit of conceptual works by Chris Burden, Les Levine, and Thomas Shannon. Through May 26. (Feldman, 420 West Broadway.)

SCULPTURE—Geometric wall pieces with architectural overtones by Larry Brown; and what look like antiquated hand tools (saws, chisels, augers, carding forks), exactly reproduced in wood by Alan Kessler. Through Saturday, May 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JAPAN TODAY—Ongoing exhibits include the following: **JAPAN HOUSE**, 333 E. 47th St.: A show of nearly a hundred items used by tea masters

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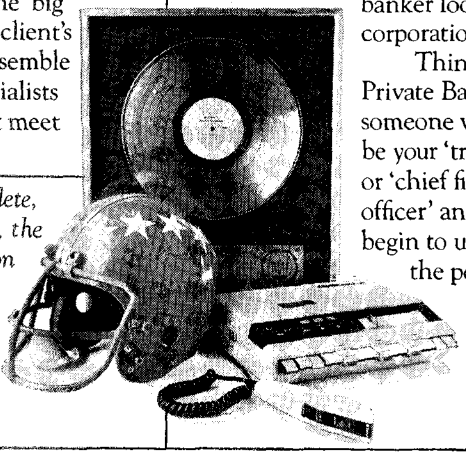

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of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony itself, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.) . . . **COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.: Prints, sword guards, and stencils from the museum's collections. (Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A show centered on Japanese technology which includes a catalogue of kimono patterns from 1696 and a 1978 videotape unit. . . . ¶ An exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. . . . ¶ A display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN,** 1000 Washington Ave.: The bonsai collection. (Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

SUSTAINED VISIONS—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology (ducks, fish, dogs, and a man called Kernel); Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

FOLK ART—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945 and whose red, white, and blue materials usually form a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through June 27. (Seaport Gallery, 213-15 Water St. Daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARCEL BARDON—Color pictures of Singapore, Japan, California, and the beaches of Cape Cod by a theoretical physicist who gets to travel a lot. Through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist will be on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

SUZANNE SEED / MARTIAL WESTBURG—Manipulated prints. / Group portraits—the 1924 graduating class at Exeter, the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Mount Vernon in 1918—with a difference. The difference is that the photographer has drawn identical mustaches and rimmed glasses on each face. Through Saturday, May 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

BOYD WEBB—Color prints by a British photographer showing here for the first time. Through May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Five interior designers have converted the gallery space here into five model rooms for a show that might be billed "How to Decorate Your Home, Office, or Resort-Spa with Photographs." Through June 2. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. A complementary show is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two shows of illustrated books: "The Donkey and the Darling" has lithographs by Larry Rivers and a text by Terry Southern; "The Blue Guitar" consists of twenty etchings by David Hockney, who was inspired by Wallace Stevens' poem "Man with Blue Guitar." Through July 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The retrospective show of Cy Twombly contains forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

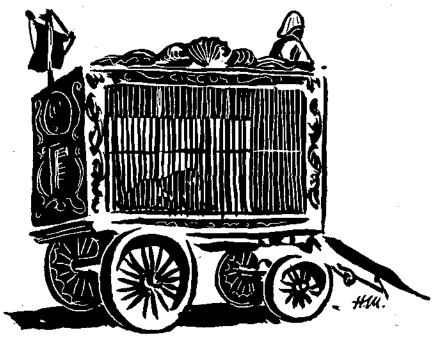
WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Constructions by four artists: Christo, Joseph Cornell, Lucas Samaras, and H. C. Westermann. Through May 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Starts Saturday, May 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture" is the opening show for this museum, which used to be known as the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. On exhibit are more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects made from a variety of woods (ebony, zebrawood, maple, ash, poplar), which have been carved, steam-bent, laminated, veneered, and inlaid with metals. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through Sunday, May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Dolls, dolls, more dolls. There's the Shirley Temple doll, the Mr. Magoo doll, the Lyndon Johnson doll, the Queen-Elizabeth-in-her-wedding-dress doll, porcelain dolls from France, wax dolls from England—seven hundred dolls. (Open daily except Mondays, Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

GERTRUDE STEIN TO MUSIC—"Many Many Women," a composition by Petr Kotik set to the Stein text, will be performed by six vocalists and six instrumentalists of the S.E.M. Ensemble (under the direction of Mr. Kotik). Tuesday, May 15, from 5 to 11: Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, from 6 to midnight: Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by William Leavitt (through June 9) and Michael Zwack (through Saturday, May 19).

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mary Nell Hawk and the Bowery Bum-ettes Repertory Ensemble (performance), Thursday, May 10, at 8:30; Tom Rubnitz (videotapes), Tuesday, May 15, at 8:30; Susan Gladding Martits and Robin Perl showing booklike works, through May 26.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Jerome Cooper (music), Saturday, May 12, at 8:30; H. Lugus (installation with music), Tuesday, May 15, at 8:30; Ron Clark (two-part film), Thursday, May 17, at 8:30 and 10:30; Robert Longo (painted cast-aluminum reliefs, and drawings), through Saturday, May 19; Ed Bowes (sixty-minute videotape), through Saturday, May 19; "The Record as Artwork," an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwit-

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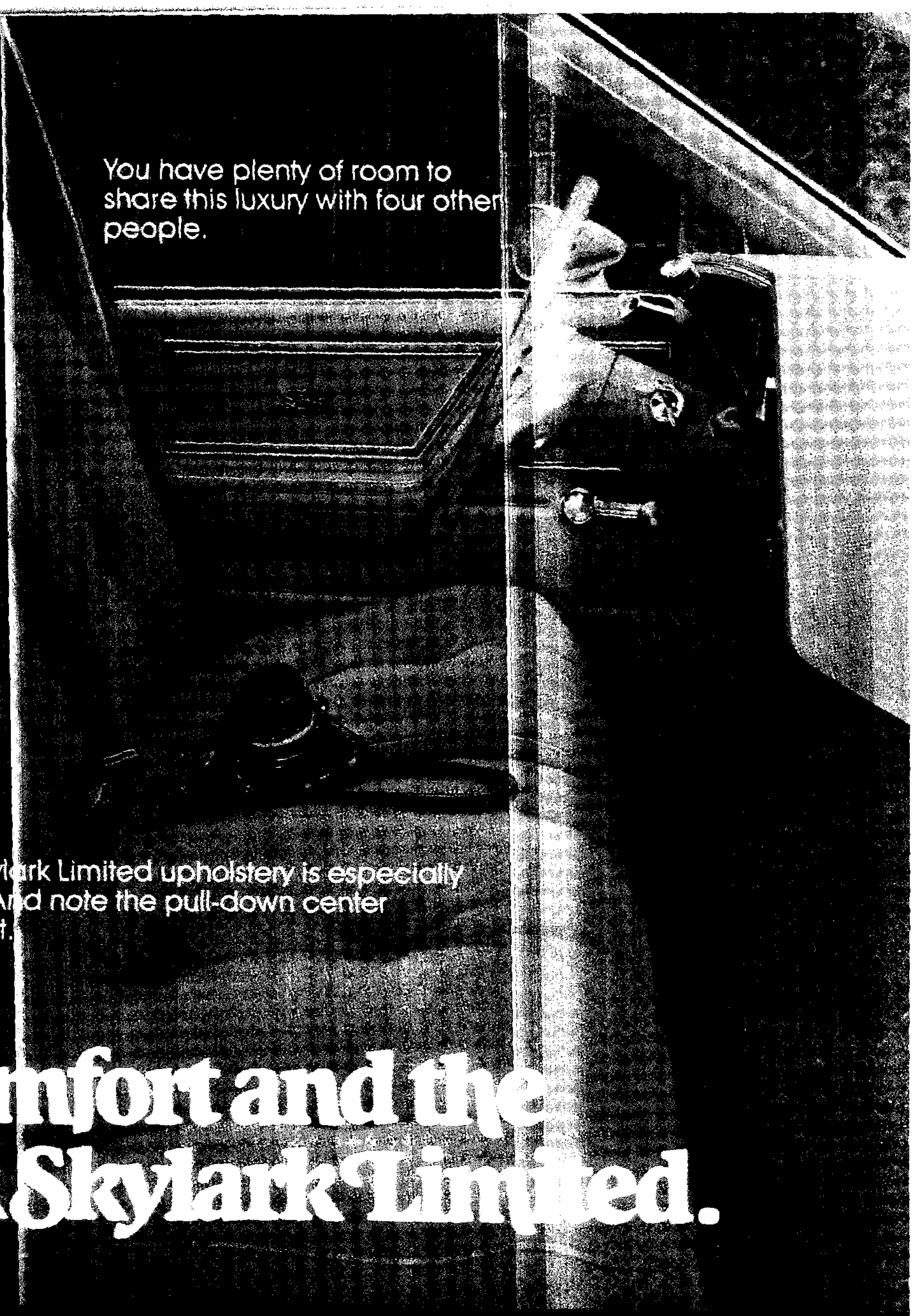

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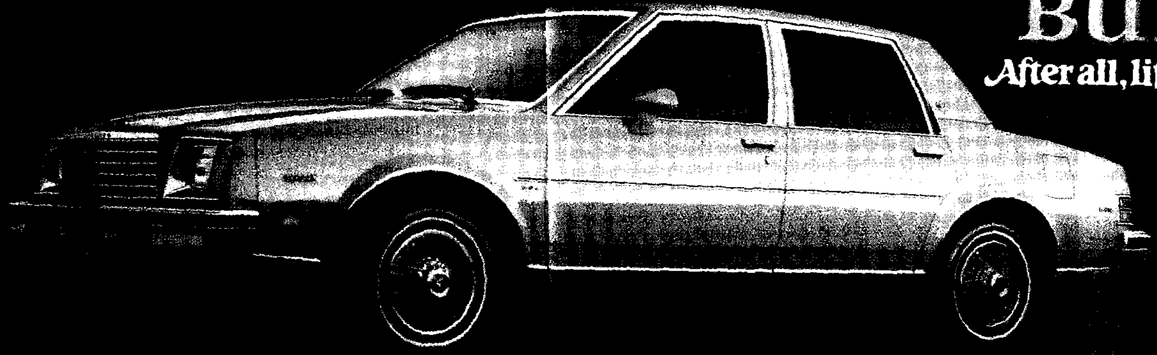

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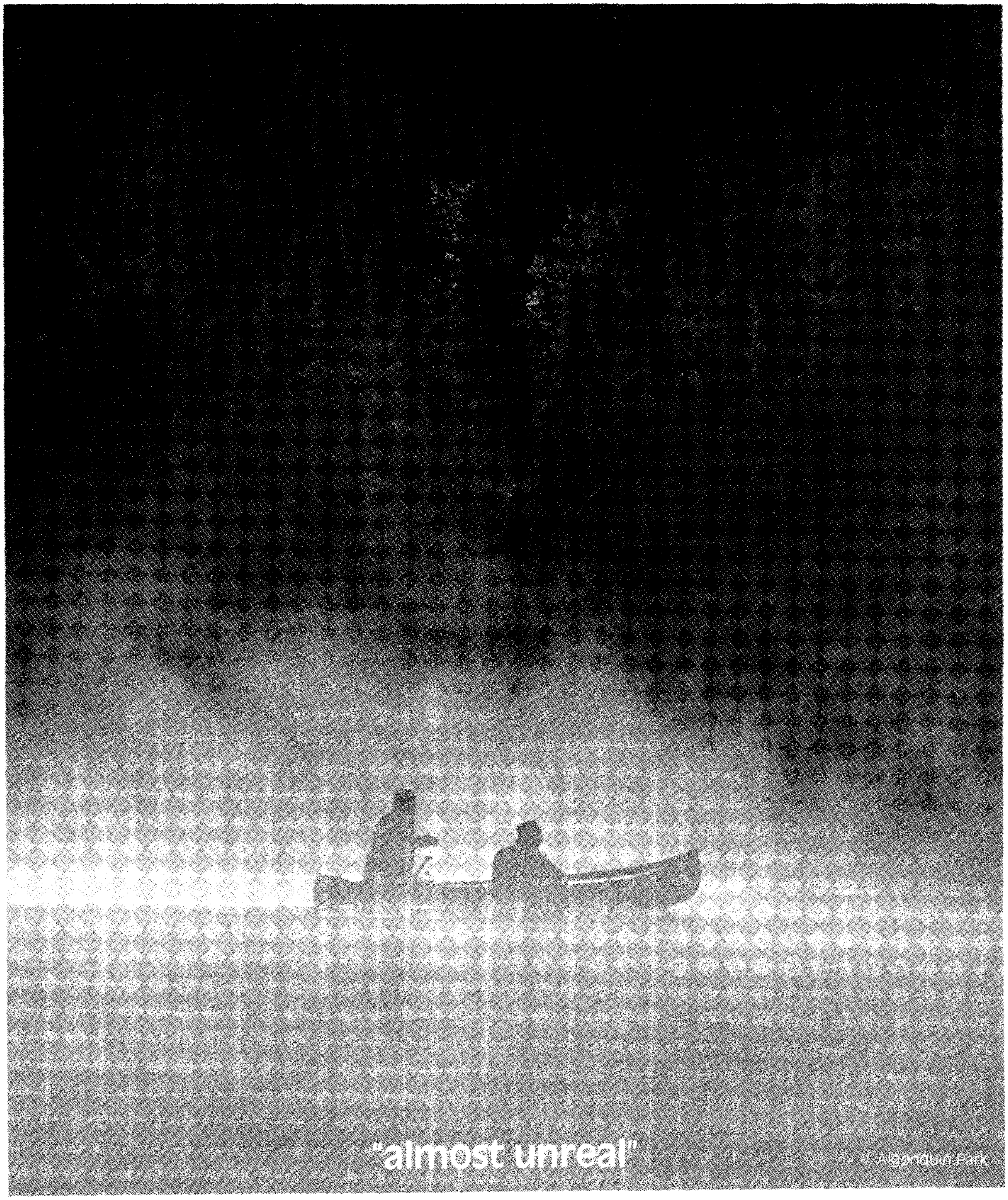

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ters, and Beuys, through Saturday, May 19.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works related to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10.

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Sixteen artists are exhibiting works they have created for this building space. Also, dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through June 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English, staged by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening concerts in the "Music in May" series of sixteen, ending Sunday, June 3. Programs for classic and baroque orchestra on Thursday, May 10, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Benita Valente, soprano); Friday, May 11, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Emanuel Ax, piano); Saturday, May 12, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Itzhak Perlman, also violin); Sunday, May 13, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Nathaniel Rosen, cello, and Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore); Thursday, May 17, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist; Friday, May 18, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Julius Baker and Renée Siebert, flute, and Lee Luvisi, piano); and Saturday, May 19, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Joseph Robinson, oboe).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday and Tuesday, May 14-15, at 8: A Beethoven-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, and Friday, May 18, at 8: A varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" in concert form, with, among others, Hildegard Behrens, soprano, Peter Hofmann, tenor; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Bellini's "I Capuleti e i Montecchi" in concert form, with, among others, Ashley Putnam, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Fausto Tenzi, tenor; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—David Gilbert directing, with the Boys Choir of St. Thomas Church. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—José Serebrier conducting, with Carole Farley, soprano, and Walter Ponce, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Federal Music Society—John Baldon conducting an orchestra of twenty-six in a program performed on antique musical instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing the final concert of the season, with Anthony Newman, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing the second of two concerts, this one with Betty Allen, narrator; the Westchester Choral Society; and the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing an all-Monteverdi program. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, May 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The last in a series of one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by George Baker. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 5:30.)

Elizabeth Fogle—A program entitled "The German Tradition: Trios for Clarinet," with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and the Cleveland Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Simca Heled—Cello, in a recital postponed from Sept. 13. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

Elizabethan Enterprise—A program entitled "The Beginnings of the Renaissance in Italy." (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, May 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

David Hollander—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 2:30.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Benita Valente, soprano; James Buswell and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 13, at 2.)

Music Before 1800—The thirteenth in a series of fourteen recitals will be a program of music from Germany, played by Nancy Wilson, baroque violin, with assisting artists. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 13, at 3.)

Chicago Symphony String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 13, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the second of two identical concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 4.)

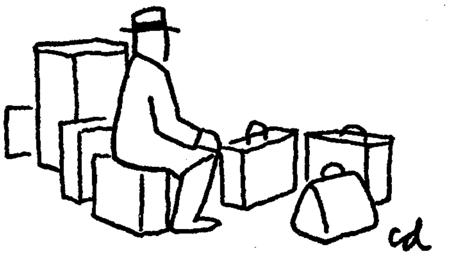
William Mount—Baritone. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 13, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

Isaac Stern—Violin, with David Golub, piano; Jaime Laredo, viola; and Leonard Rose, cello, in a benefit recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Hear America First—A program of American music by Arthur Farwell, William Flanagan, Joseph Fennimore, and Ross Lee Finney, performed by Gary Steigerwalt, piano, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)



Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Licia Albanese, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season, performed by Robert Black, piano; Ronald Anderson, trumpet; and an ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, May 9, at 8, and Thursday, May 10, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 11, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 2. . . . ¶ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, May 14-16, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 19, at 2:05.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 13.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs—Rangers vs. Islanders. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516-794-9100. Thursday, May 10, at 8, if necessary.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Withers, Saturday, May 12, and the Roseben, Saturday, May 19. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Coventry City, England. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, May 16, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 2. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

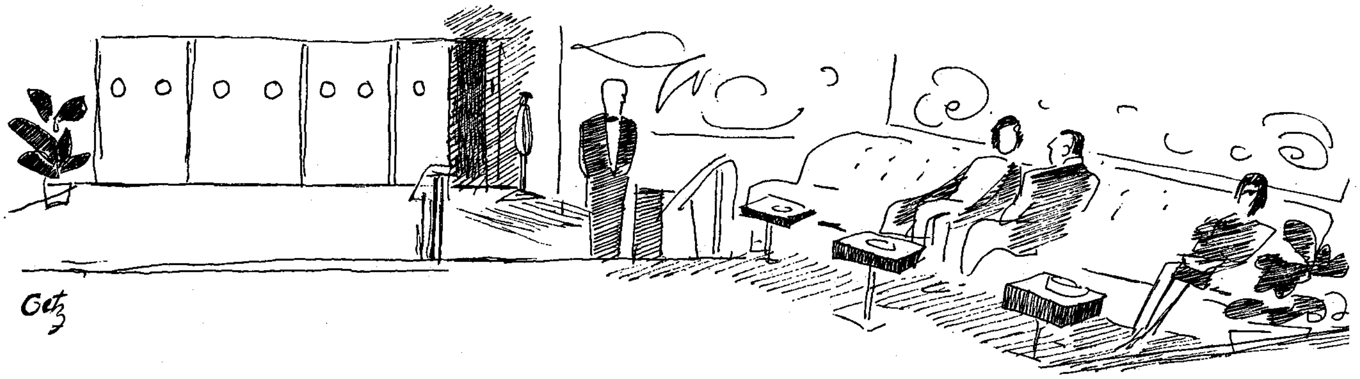
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Madeline Defrees, Gary Gildner, and Richard Hugo reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 10:15 and 2: Modern Mexican paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art and Spanish Colonial paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: Drawings by Gustav Klimt, from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: German Expressionist and other paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, at 8: Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings and sculptures, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. Admission by card only; for information call 472-3463. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 12. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 11, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 15, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, from many sources. Admission by card only; for information call 826-2870. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 10.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Age of the Medici." (No showings on Monday, May 14.)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 10: "Blazing Saddles."
May 11-17: "The Silent Partner."
From May 18: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 10: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
May 11-17: "The Last Wave" and "Bread and Chocolate."
From May 18: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 10: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
May 11-17: "The Great Train Robbery."
From May 18: To be announced.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 17: "Firepower."
From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Last Embrace."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 10: "Coming Home."
From May 11: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Little Romance."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"An Almost Perfect Affair."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 10: "Love on the Run."
From May 11: "Manhattan."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 15: "Edvard Munch."
From May 16: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Saint Jack."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 17: "The American Game."
From May 18: "Winter Kills."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Teresa the Thief."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Dawn of the Dead."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Last Embrace."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 12: "The French Detective."
From May 13: "La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 17: "The China Syndrome."
From May 18: "Hanover Street."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 10: "Murder by Decree."
May 11-17: "Old Boyfriends."
From May 18: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dawn of the Dead."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Firepower."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Love at First Bite."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Blazing Saddles." May 11-17: "The Silent Partner." From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica."
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Deer Hunter."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 17: "Love at First Bite."
From May 18: "Winter Kills."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Coming Home." From May 11: "The French Detective."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through May 10: "Norma Rae." May 11-17: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens." From May 18 (tentative): "Despair."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Last Embrace."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fedora."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Despair."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Love at First Bite."
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist."
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Coming Home." From May 11: "The Silent Partner."
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 10: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert; and "Thank God It's Friday."
From May 11: "Dawn of the Dead."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through May 17: "Superman."
From May 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Last Embrace." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Hardcore." From May 11: "The French Detective." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Norma Rae." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Firepower." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through May 17: "The China Syndrome." (†)
From May 18: "Hanover Street" (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 17: "Love at First Bite." (†)
From May 18: "Winter Kills." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 17: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through May 10: "The Exorcist." (†)
May 11-17: "The Silent Partner." (†)
From May 18: "The Dark."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through May 10: "Vampire Hooker of Horror" and "Death Force."
From May 11: "The Exorcist." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 9: "The 47 Ronin" (1942), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
May 10: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Private Parts" (1973), directed by Paul Bartel, with Ayn Ruymen.
May 11-12: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.
May 13-14: "Play It Again, Sam" (†) and "The President's Analyst." (†)
May 15: "Face of Another" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara; and "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.
May 16: "Lacombe, Lucien" (†); and "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.
May 17: "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with

Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Il Grido." (†)

May 18-19: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, about the last concert of the rock group The Band; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 9: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden.

May 10: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessie Royce Landis, and Martin Landau; and "Night Train" (1940), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison, and Paul Henried.

May 11: "The Voyage" (1974), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, and Ian Bannen; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

May 12: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.

May 13: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, and Felix Bressart; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

May 14: "The Barefoot Contessa" (†) and "The Bad and the Beautiful." (†)

May 15: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "Joy House." (†)

May 16: "Champagne" (1928), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Betty Balfour and Gordon Harker; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

May 17: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

May 18: "The Searchers" (†) and "Rio Bravo." (†)

May 19: "Orpheus" (†); and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bengt Ekerot, Nils Poppe, and Bibi Andersson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 10: "Bloodbrothers" (1978), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere; and "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

May 11-12: "Moment by Moment" (1978), directed by Jane Wagner, with Lily Tomlin and John Travolta; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.

May 13-14: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Tropic of Cancer." (†)

May 15: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Stalag 17." (†)

May 16-17: "Desperate Living" (1977) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters.

May 18-19: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 9: "Early Summer" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "The Lower Depths" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

May 10-12: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò.

May 13-14: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Broadway Melody of 1938." (†)

May 15-16: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey; and "Little Nellie Kelly." (†)

May 17-19: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "Love Finds Andy Hardy." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 9: "In the Heat of the Night" (1967), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger; and "Shaft" (1971), directed by Gordon Parks, with Richard Roundtree.

May 10-12: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

May 13-14: "Mr. and Mrs. North" (1942), directed by Robert B. Sinclair, with Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr., Paul Kelly, Rose Hobart, and Tom Conway; and "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre.

May 15-16: "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "The Last of Sheila." (†)

May 17-19: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Sisters." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through May 10: "Bluebeard" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Strange Woman" (1947), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

May 11-12: "The Heartbreak Kid" (†); and "A New Leaf" (1971), directed by Elaine May, with May, Walter Matthau, William Redfield, and George Rose.

May 13: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers.

May 14: "The Well" (1951), directed by Leo C. Popkin and Russell Rouse, with Richard Rober and Barry Kelly; and "In the Heat of the Night" (1967), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger.

May 15: "Carrie" (†) and "The Collector." (†)

May 16-17: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "The Chase." (†)

May 18-19: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 9: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Sabu, and Turhan Bey.

May 10: "Houseboat" (1958), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, Harry Guardino, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "It Started in Naples" (1960), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, and Vittorio De Sica.

May 11: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards; and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

May 12: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), di-

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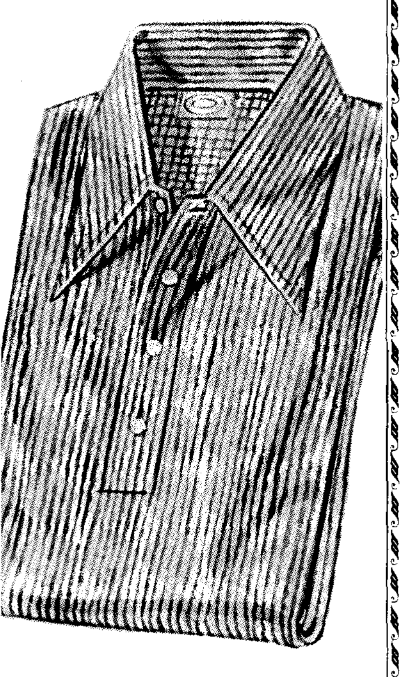

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rected by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell.

May 13: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

May 14: "Hello, Frisco, Hello" (†) and "Tin Pan Alley." (†)

May 15: "No Man of Her Own" (†) and "True Confession." (†)

May 16: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage." (†)

May 17: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Outlaw." (†)

May 18: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessie Royce Landis, and Martin Landau.

May 19: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964) and "Help!" (1965), both films directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 10 at 2:30: "They Live by Night" (1948), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger, Howard Da Silva, and Cathy O'Donnell. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "Born to Be Bad" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8:30: "A Woman's Secret" (1949), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Maureen O'Hara, Melvyn Douglas, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2: "On Dangerous Ground" (1951), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "A Woman's Secret.". . . ¶ May 11 at 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 12 at noon: "Little Orphan Annie" (1932), directed by John Robertson, with Mitzi Green, May Robson, and Edgar Kennedy. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "Tom, Dick and Harry" (1941), directed by Garson Kanin, with Ginger Rogers and Burgess Meredith. . . . ¶ May 12 at 5: "The Girl Most Likely" (1957), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson, Keith Andes, and Kaye Ballard. . . . ¶ May 13 at noon: "Little Orphan Annie.". . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "Bachelor Mother" (1939), directed by Garson Kanin, with Ginger Rogers, David Niven, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ May 13 at 5: "Bundle of Joy" (1956), directed by Norman Taurog, with Debbie Reynolds, Eddie Fisher, Adolphe Menjou, and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ May 14 at noon: "Full Moon Lunch: The Life of a Japanese Family" (1976), directed by John Nathan. . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: "The Girl Most Likely.". . . ¶ May 14 at 6: A program of short films by Pat O'Neill. . . . ¶ May 15 at noon: "Full Moon Lunch: The Life of a Japanese Family.". . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "The Black Sleep" (1956), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Basil Rathbone, Akim Tamiroff, Lon Chaney, John Carradine, and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "Nicaragua: Free Homeland or Death" (1978), directed by Antonio Yglesias and Victor Vega. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8:30 and May 18 at 2:30: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "The Black Sleep.". . . ¶ May 19 at noon: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with James Ellison, Frances Dee, and Tom Conway. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Maria Ouspenskaya. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5: "Shall We Dance." (*A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.*)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through May 13: Six film and video installation pieces are on view throughout the third floor of the museum. Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday from 11 to 6, and Sunday from noon to 6.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 10-13: A program of fourteen short animated films from Japan. . . . ¶ Starting May 17: "The Second Awakening of Christa Klages" (1977), in German, directed by Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Age of the Medici (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings-in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of perhaps the most invigorating family of citizens who have ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. Part II: "The Power of Cosimo;" through May 13. Part III: "Leon Battista Alberti;" May 15-20. Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Roberto, will appear at the 8 P.M. showings on Thursdays. At the 10 P.M. showing Thursday, May 10, Rossellini's 1947 film, "Germany Year Zero," will be shown, and on Thursday, May 17, at 10 P.M., Rossellini's 1961 film "Vanina Vanini" will be shown.)

An Almost Perfect Affair—With Keith Carradine, Monica Vitti, and Raf Vallone; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Trans-Lux East.)

The American Game—Written and directed by Jay Freund and David Wolf, the film takes the form of a semidocumentary to show us the pressure that is put on promising young sportsmen here—the pressure to succeed, to prove one's prowess, to win. The game at hand is basketball, together with its rewards and punishments doled out to athletes, black and white. The two heroes are both seventeen-year-olds. Brian Walker, playing himself, is from Lebanon, Indiana; Stretch Graham, also playing himself, is from Brooklyn. A sane and compassionate picture. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/79.) (Cinema II; through May 17.)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (*Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.*)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—This is Joseph L. Mankiewicz's attempt to Tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortese an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Battlestar Galactica—With Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene. Directed by Richard A. Colla. (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting May 18.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Art, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through May 10.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; May 11-17.)

Broadway Melody of 1938 (1937)—The script is something dim about backstage troubles before the opening of a giant musical, and this follow-up to the hit "Broadway Melody of 1936"—which had also featured Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen, and been directed by Roy Del Ruth—seems routine. The score, once again by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, doesn't have the same excitement. But something startling and joyful happens when the fifteen-year-old Judy Garland, in bobby socks, lets out her huge voice on the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable" (to the tune of "You Made Me Love You"). (She had made her feature-film début the year before in "Pigskin Parade," but this was her first feature at M-G-M.) In the finale, the little bobby-soxer is paired with the tall Ebsen (whose gangly, loose dancing was always a high spot of these M-G-M musicals) and she looks like the most radiantly normal of children. With George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, *Binnie Barnes, Billy Gilbert*, Raymond Walburn, Charley Grapewin, Willie Howard, Sid Silvers, Igor Gorin, and Robert Benchley. Produced by Jack Cummings; written by Jack McGowan and Silvers. (8th St. Playhouse; May 13-14.)

La Cage aux Folles—With Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 13.)

Carrie (1952)—William Wyler's version of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" is graced by one of Laurence Olivier's finest screen performances. Olivier has always given credit to Wyler for teaching him how to act in the movies when they did "Wuthering Heights" together, but it's in "Carrie" that he showed how much he had learned. As George Hurstwood, the manager of an elegant grog-and-steak house, who ruins himself for a pretty face (Jennifer Jones), Olivier is so impassioned and so painfully touching that everything else in the movie, including the girl whose story it's meant to be, fades into insignificance. With Miriam Hopkins as the rigidly unforgiving Mrs. Hurstwood, and Eddie Albert as a dry-goods salesman. Adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. (Thalia; May 15.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies Lillian Hellman wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), and the little foxes really took over. Our vines have no tender grapes left in this hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover-hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and this film exploits and confirms this hysterical view,

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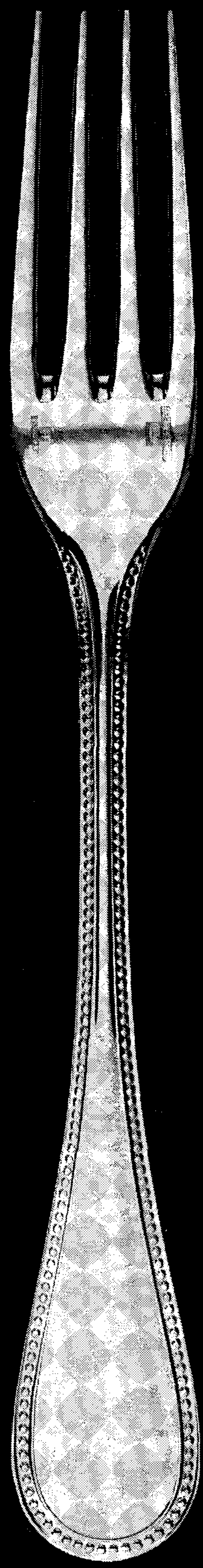

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist (and, of course, a white Gentile Southerner) as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. The director, Arthur Penn, tries to set things on fire with the old Elia Kazan bazooka. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it is generally acknowledged that Penn didn't have artistic control over the production, but the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule, James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Thalia; May 16-17.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; through May 17.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Thalia; May 15.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 10.)

Dawn of the Dead—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Gemini 2, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through May 17. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 11.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Despair—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 18, tentative.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (D. W. Griffith; through May 15.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through May 10. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting May 11.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Firepower—With Sophia Loren, James Coburn, O. J. Simpson, Eli Wallach, George Grizzard, Anthony Franciosa, and Vincent Gardenia; directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 17.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; starting May 11.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Gramercy; May 11-17.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintry film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man, set in the muddy Po Valley. It is poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, the central character, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Hanover Street—With Harrison Ford, Lesley-

Anne Down, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Peter Hyams. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting May 18.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—As the director, Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dream girl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 10. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 11-12.)

Hello, Frisco, Hello (1943)—Mediocrity enshrined. A moderately sickening tinsel musical from Fox, with Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Laird Cregar, June Havoc, and Lynn Bari. The paste-up score ranges from "You'll Never Know" and "Hello Ma Baby" to such lethal jobs as "It's Tulip Time in Holland." Bruce Humberstone directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

Joy House (1965)—A splendid good-bad movie, every second of which is arrogantly implausible and delightful. With Alain Delon, Jane Fonda, and Lola Albright; directed by René Clément. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a very deep level. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her punctilious, cultivated father, Thérèse Giehse as her grandmother, and Gilberte Rivet as the boy's mother. The script is by Malle and Patrick Modiano. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16.)

Last Embrace—With Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Murray Hill, Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy 1.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Regency; May 15-16.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (St. Marks Cinema; May 11-17.)

Little Nellie Kelly (1940)—Judy Garland played a dual role (in the early sequences, she impersonates an adult) in this cornball musical from M-G-M. She does a rousing job on "It's a Great Day for the Irish," but you have to be a real fan to put up with this one. With George Murphy and Charles Winninger. Norman Taurog directed. (8th St. Playhouse; May 15-16.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. One might almost be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton.)

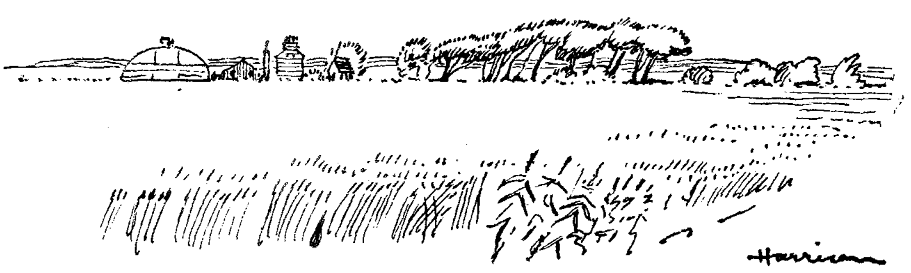
Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and National; through May 17.)

Love Finds Andy Hardy (1938)—Immensely entertaining. Perhaps the most charming of the Andy Hardy series, Louis B. Mayer's make-believe vision of Middle America. The girls in Mickey Rooney's life include Judy Garland (who sings "In-Between"), Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, and Cecelia Parker, as his sister. Lewis Stone is Judge Hardy, and Fay Holden his wife. George B. Seitz directed. The songs include "It Never Rains But It Pours." (8th St. Playhouse; May 17-19.)

Love on the Run—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Coronet; through May 10.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. He is up to his ears in demands for alimony from two ex-wives, one of whom—the mother of his little boy—is now living with a grumpy woman with dark curly hair who offers no fun to anyone. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting May 11.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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but great performance. (72nd Street East; through May 10.)

No Man of Her Own (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews New York 2, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it *happen—and, boy, you'd better watch!* Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (72nd Street East; May 11-17.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March. With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

The Outlaw (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes managed to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistresses; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13-14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; May 18-19.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (4/30/79) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The President's Analyst (1967)—James Coburn, as the psychoanalyst to the President of the United States, is pursued by a Russian spy (Severn Darden), an American agent (Godfrey Cambridge), and everybody else. This erratic political spoof, written and directed by Theodore Flicker, has good sequences (one involves a superautomated phone company) and sour sequences (William Daniels as the head of an upper-middle-class liberal family obsessed with the threat of right-wing neighbors). Very lively when Flicker is just making sophomoric jokes, but he doesn't seem to know what he's good at, or how to stick to it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13-14.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

Saint Jack—Good to see Denholm Elliott, the English actor, in a film again (made by Peter Bogdanovich). It is set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the most posh whorehouse in the world. Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Cinema I.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this leisurely, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 11. . . . ¶ Art, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; May 11-17.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin doesn't have the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning). He achieves some virtuoso stunts, though he lurches his way through the picture, and he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Regency; May 17-19.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty, cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he demonstrated in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, and Sig Rumann. (Cinema Village; May 15.)

Teresa the Thief—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Gemini 1.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Olympia; through May 10.)

Tin Pan Alley (1940)—Big, splashy, pinheaded musical in the tasteless Fox style, with Alice Faye (the Fox queen of the thirties, on her way down), Betty Grable (scheduled to become the Fox queen of the forties), the Nicholas Brothers, Jack Oakie, Billy Gilbert, and that Fox inevitable John Payne. The numerous songs include "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Say the Sweetest Things," "The Sheik of Araby," "On Moonlight Bay," "K-K-K-Katy." Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village; May 13-14.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer-husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)

Winter Kills—With Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins; directed by William Richert. (Cinema II, Greenwich, and National; starting May 18.)

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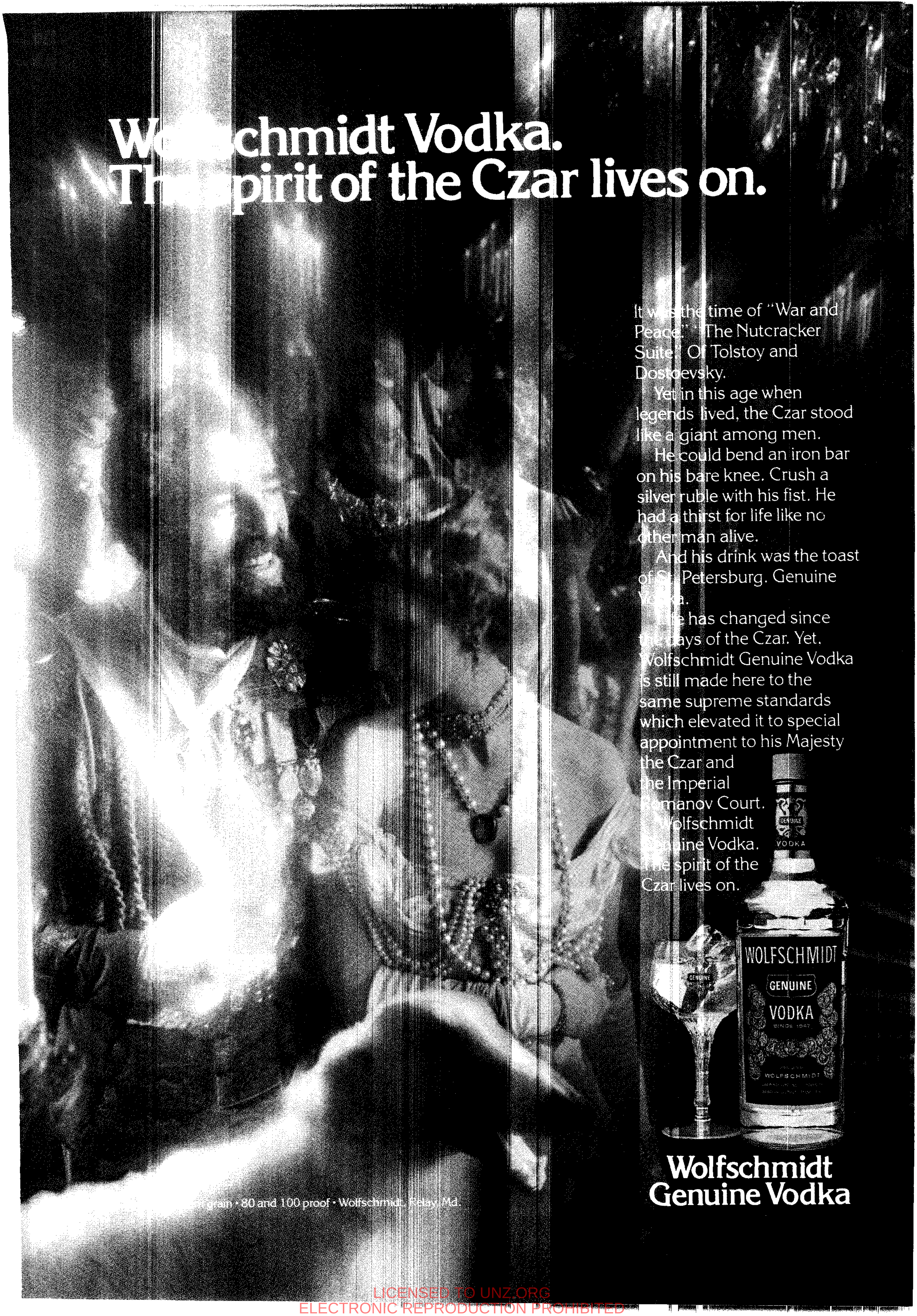

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the view of Pascal, the place of human life in the cosmos lay within the confines of a narrow band of middle-sized objects bordered on either side by the two unfathomable "abysses" of the infinitely large and the infinitesimally small. "For in fact what is man in nature?" he asked. "A Nothing in comparison with the Infinite, an All in comparison with the Nothing, a mean between nothing and everything. Since he is infinitely removed from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their beginning are hopelessly hidden from him in an impenetrable secret; he is equally incapable of seeing the Nothing from which he was made and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up. What will he do, then, but perceive the appearance of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end." Pascal's despair led him to a belief in God: "All things proceed from the Nothing, and are borne towards the Infinite. Who will follow these marvellous processes? The Author of these wonders understands them. None other can do so." As it happened, the universe has turned out to be less reticent with its secrets than Pascal thought it would be. Physicists of our century, unaffected by his reverential dread, have peered into the two abysses that awed him so profoundly and have reported back to us in very specific terms on what they have found. They have set a rough date for the beginning of the universe—approximately fifteen billion years ago—and speculated knowledgeably about its end. They have broken matter down into atoms, and then they have broken the atoms down into smaller particles, releasing immense quantities of energy. Having spied out the mysteries to be found at both ends of the universe, they have gone on to take Pascal's "extremes" into their hands, and have brought the universe's fundamental sources of energy under the sway of human supervision. And these energies, retrieved from the infinite, have now been unleashed, in the form of nuclear fission and nuclear fusion, into the comfortable, familiar, middle-sized earthly realm of hearth and house and wood and town in which Pascal mistakenly thought human beings were fated to live out their lives forever. President Truman announced the success of this Promethean operation, shortly after the atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, by saying that "the force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East." The difference in scale between Truman's end in dropping the bomb (a hastening of Japan's defeat in the Second World War) and his means (the energy that makes the stars shine) indicated a lack of a sense of proportion in our dealings with nuclear energy which has lasted to this day. Overlooking its cosmic pedigree, we have tried, on the whole, to deal with it as though it were a normal, limited, transient, mundane phenomenon. We were reminded of its true nature the other day while discussing the question of nuclear energy with a physicist friend of ours, who at one point began to expatiate on the characteristics of a substance, present in small amounts in nuclear-reactor wastes, called technetium 99. Technetium 99, it seems, combines the terrors of the infinitesimal and the virtually infinite. On the one hand, it is water-soluble, and thus is elusive and difficult to contain. On the other hand, it is, in mortal terms, all but eternal, remaining dangerously radioactive for as much as two million years. This longevity inspired our friend to make a terrifying calculation. He pointed out that if enough technetium 99 was released into the environment to cause just one cancer death per year among the earth's population, two million people would be killed, in a sort of protracted holocaust. It was a thought to make us wish that the All and the Nothing could be handed back to the Creator and sealed up again in the abysses in which Pascal found them.

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Mass Meetings

THIS is the centennial year for St. Patrick's Cathedral, and among the celebrants of the occasion is Mary Lou Williams, to the sound of whose incisive jazz piano people have been growing up for more than fifty-five years. There are, it is said, a few communicants of the cathedral who are not sure that music of her sort belongs there, but the Church in Rome feels that it does: in 1969, it commissioned her to compose a work, which, under the title of "Mary Lou's Mass," had its second hearing there a couple of Sundays past, with the composer in command of several of her students—one of them, Jeff Linder, on flute—and of a choir proffered by Fordham Prep. Buster Williams (of another family), whom we most recently listened to, working with a rather older group, at Fat Tuesday's, was on bass. Students, yes, for the sad fact is that Mary Lou Williams has been snaffled by Duke University as artist-in-residence, and it is not impossible that an experiment in education that began there two seasons ago may keep her almost permanently out of town. Friends hereabouts are accustomed to her latter-day sabbaticals—often undertaken because she simply did not wish to perform in the night spots at which her erstwhile seneschals intended to book her ("I see evil here," she said firmly)—but to none as long as the ones occasioned by her being acquired by Duke. Her seneschal today is the Reverend Peter O'Brien, S.J., a jazz buff of some standing, who is also her co-worker in the jazz-history course she conducts at the university, in Durham, North Carolina, and the relationship is a far happier one. But whether she is in Durham, or on a summertime tour in England or Holland, or waiting at the airport in Bordeaux after a gig ending at three in the morning for the earliest flight to Paris, she is in communication. "Yesterday, the kids did a ballet to my music. Was great!! . . . Went on a diet with 3 other people—If I haven't lost 20 lbs by July, I'll have to pay them 75.00, ha! smile. So far, I've lost 3 lbs. . . . I love you," says one recent note from her. Or the postman is delivering a St. Christopher medal or a tiny present (a toy train is what we usually get). And so arrived the news of the Mass at St. Patrick's, and of a gathering elsewhere to follow.

By four that afternoon, several dozen Duke graduates and an assortment of offspring had assembled in the Versailles Suite of the Hotel Carlyle, where a buffet, a bar, and a Baldwin baby grand had been laid on. Peter O'Brien was there, too, but something was delaying Madame, and as the interval grew longer John Michael Maas, scion of Peter Maas (Duke '49, "Serpico"), sat down on the piano bench and, with a composure well in advance of his twelve years, began a venture into Beatle territory—"Here, There, and Everywhere," and then "Eleanor Rigby." Whereupon a very young lady a good six inches taller but not much older, wearing a pale-blue skirt, a long white sweater, and a tawny mane, sat beside him, and suddenly "Rigby" became a four-hand exercise. The audience was motionless and silent, and suddenly we felt that we had happened in upon a family reunion. Midway into the third chorus of "Rigby," Madame came through the door and the impromptu recital came to an end, to the proper applause.

Peter O'Brien informed us all that Madame would make a brief and solo excursion into the history of American jazz—most of which, come to think of it, has happened during her ample lifetime. "You will *hear* it," he said. "A lot of pianists don't have a left hand; they trust to their bass players to make up for it. Mary Lou *has* a left hand."

Soon, Buster Williams, who had been sitting in a corner with a few friends, was picking up his instrument, and he and she were off on other tacks. There ensued a project in which the fingers of Williams, B., sliding into freehand tempos, drew long, dying-fall sighs from his strings—sighs that resolved themselves into shadowy outlines of a Porter ballad; then the piano of Williams, M.L., began to placidly nuzzle the structure he was erecting; then the two performers burst into a strictly rhythmic statement, brightly embellishing the Porter theme without ever actually voicing it, though always keeping it in mind, and keeping in mind, too, the sweet and gentle sorrow of the Porter lyric. It seemed to us that "I Love You" had never before fared so well. The recital ran to an hour and a quarter, and in that time no one in the audience had spoken, and only two flashbulbs and three cigarettes had been set afire. "Where do you find an audience like that anymore?" someone said.

Over several decades, Mary Lou Williams has often been diffident, even shy, and occasionally rumpled. That evening, wearing a handsome navy-blue dress adorned with a gold rosebud given to her by Dizzy Gillespie, and also a vast smile, she looked younger than she had looked twenty years ago, and she had the air of quiet confidence—even of majesty—that we have always associated with performers like Mabel Mercer.

We said we wanted to know precisely what she was doing in Durham.

"I'm going uptown now to a buffet dinner at my brother Jerry Burley's apartment, so why don't you get in my car and come along with Peter and me?" she said.

Madame drives her dark-blue Cadillac—she's paying for it in bits and pieces—with the greatest of calm, and she talks now in volume and with aplomb. She is, you might say, a Mary Lou Williams at last fully realized. Family and friends, and one or two of her Durham pupils, awaited us at the end of our journey. There was a gentle hum of conversation, the passing of plates, and the sound of that afternoon's Mass, thoughtfully taped by one of the assemblage. Teaching at Duke has been educational for her, Mary Lou said. Some seven hundred undergraduates opted for her sixteen-week course, and only a hundred and fifty could be squeezed in. There were musicians already on campus when she arrived, and one of her duties was to form a band. But writing for seven saxophones (none of them soprano), six trumpets, and only bass and piano for a rhythm

PARTED HIS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE YEARS AGO, BUT NOT A SINGLE SOUL EVER NOTICED.
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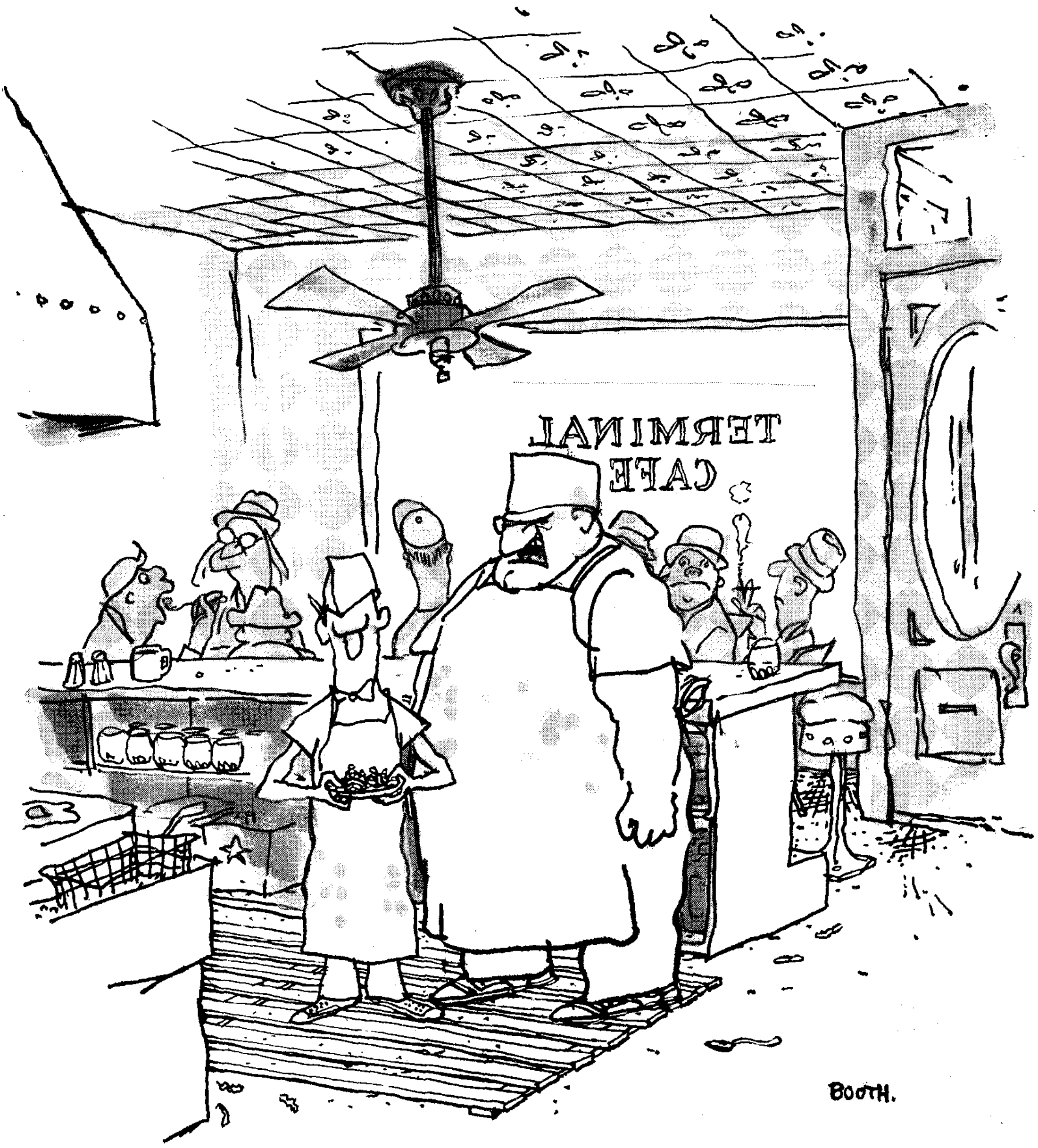


"Your Big Jumbo, Roy, is your regular Jumbo with golden French fries and coleslaw. Your Super Jumbo is your Big Jumbo with slice of onion, lettuce, tomato, special dressing, and pickle wedge. I've been watching you, Roy. You're screwing up on the pickle wedge."

section was a new discipline for her. The situation improved when she rustled up a guitarist and an off-campus drummer. And teaching jazz to younger people who have heard only enough to persuade them that the band on the Johnny Carson show is the epitome of jazz imposed another discipline.

"Do you still see evil?" we asked.

"Not there," she said. "We're all happy. Peter plays records of the twenties and thirties up to the bop era for them, then I talk to them, I play piano for them, sometimes I dance for them. And the ones that aren't learning to play, just listening—I make them sing the words to what the rest of us are playing. You didn't really understand all that I meant about seeing evil. It wasn't just the bad vibes I got from the bad owners, the bad people at the bars in the places I had to work. It was the *sound* in the clubs. I thought that those electronics were going to blow jazz right out the window. Now, teaching these eager kids, and hearing jazz making its comeback, I'm not so troubled. When Peter and I get back to Durham, I'm going back to work on my book about me and all the great musicians I've worked with all these years. Mr. Terry Sanford—he was governor of North Carolina before he was president of Duke—is a wonderful man, who played alto sax in high school. And Marsha Vick, who's his research assistant, said she wanted me to teach her to sound like Fats Waller on piano, and now she does. I have weekends to myself, so I can play places near Duke, and a whole month at Christmas, and ten days at Easter, and the whole summer off, so Peter and I can go abroad and play dates in Europe."

We said we could visualize all of that—all but her dancing for her undergraduates.

"You've never seen me dance, and you probably never will," she said, and then someone pulled her away to another part of the room. But she didn't talk to the group she had joined for very long. Someone else put on a record that sounded not at all like the tape of "Mary Lou's Mass," and Madame was on her feet again, the forefinger of her right hand wagging in midair as she launched herself into a strut the like of which we hadn't seen since our last call at the old Savoy Ballroom.

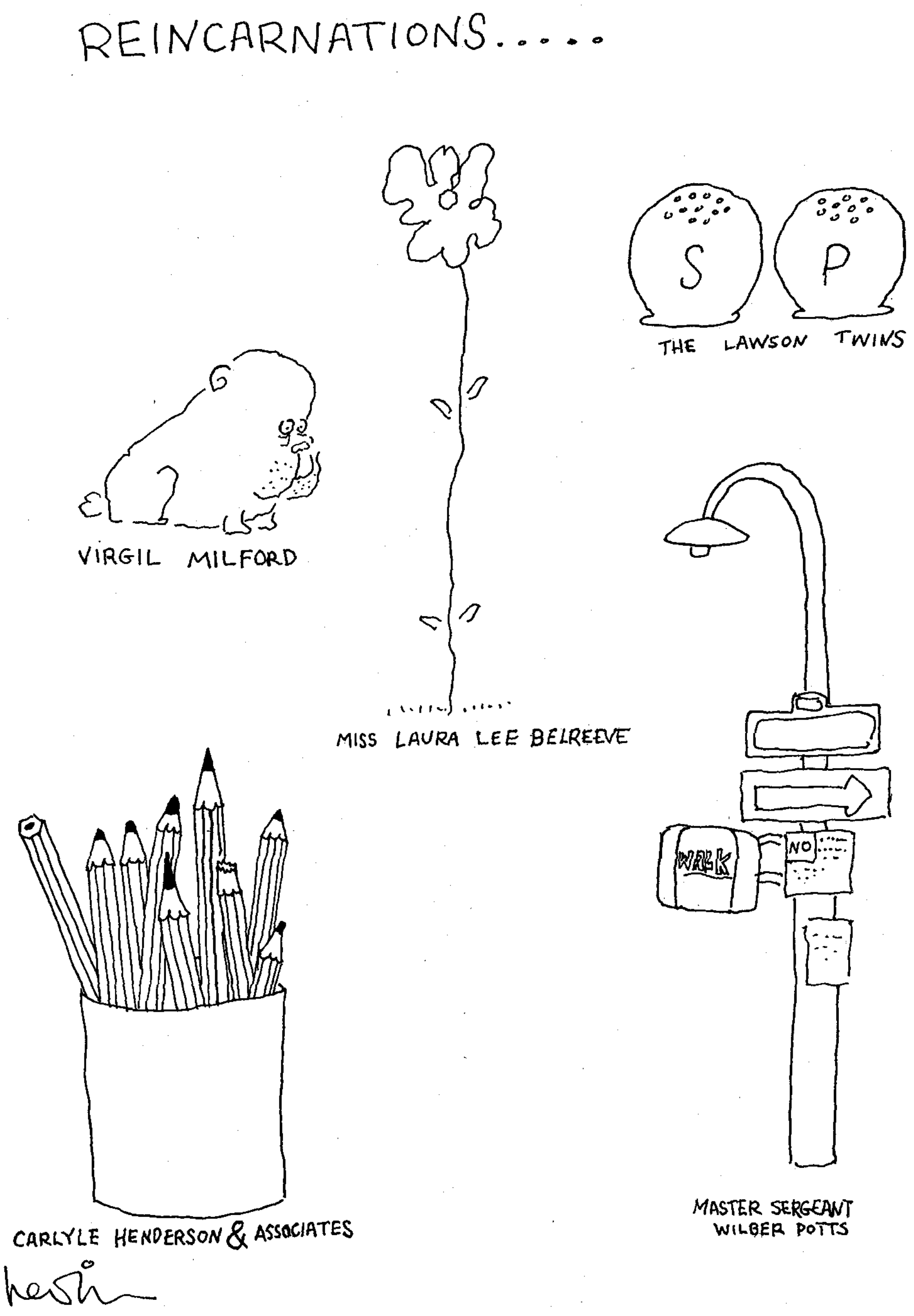
Two Unveilings

OBSERVATORY: Some things that visitors to the Empire State Building observatory, on the eighty-sixth floor, have been able to do ever since it opened, in 1931: look north, west, south, and east on sunny but hazy days and see an ocean of atmospheric pink; buy souvenir models of the Empire State Building; buy marginally nutritious snacks; look down at Macy's, Gimbels, etc.; admire the Chrysler Building; take snapshots of the entire family high above midtown Manhattan.

Some innovative things that guests were able to do the other day, when the newly renovated observatory was officially unveiled during a late-afternoon reception at which Harry Helmsley, the real-estate man whose company owns the Empire State Building, received "The Big Apple Award" (a big crystal apple) from the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau: look north, west, south, and east on a sunny but hazy day and see an ocean of atmospheric pink; eat free, and nutritious, snacks; hear Alan Sitzer, the designer in charge of the renovation, describe how the observatory now has forty per cent more usable space than it did in its previous incarnation and *seems* even larger (hint: he did it with mirrors); look down at Macy's, Gimbels, etc.; admire the Chrysler Building; face a mirror with a camera and take a snapshot of oneself taking a snapshot of oneself high above midtown Manhattan; hear Harry Helmsley say, "This city is fully rented—even the World Trade Center;" hear a small combo play several refrains of Mr. Helmsley's theme song, "I'm Just Wild About Harry;" watch Mrs. Harry Helmsley pass around helium-filled balloons; have broadening conversations with Frank Fusaro, a member of the Empire State Building observatory staff, and Ronnie Sapoff, an employee of Ogden Foods and manager of the concession areas on the eighty-sixth floor; shake hands with a young couple dressed up as King Kong and Fay Wray (he Kong, she Fay); watch the guy in the gorilla disguise with a casual swoop of one paw decorate a waiter's shirtfront with a loaded tray of cream-and-caviar-filled potato appetizers.

Some thoughts, courtesy of Frank Fusaro: "I was a salesman—shoes—at Footsaver, down at ground level, Thirty-fourth Street. I've been with the Empire State Building about a year. Most of the time, I'm down in the ticket office. Today is special, and I'm on overtime. I worked up here about six months when I first came on the job. I wouldn't mind doing it more often, but, you know, we have people with seniority. I don't fight it. But up here, this is great. The visitors, they question you—they like to know what's that building, where's Brooklyn, which way's Jersey. They observe the view. That's why it's called an observatory. To me, it's fantastic. This is the best view in the world. Fantastic. You got buildings, rivers, traffic, construction. You can't get this anywhere else. You think you could get this view from a mountain somewhere? No way."

Some further thoughts, courtesy of Ronnie Sapoff, concessionaire, the only man on the premises wearing a three-piece salmon-pink suit: "At first, I was skeptical about this renovation, but I think it's going to be a big help. Your tourists can certainly get to the concession stands with ease. Of course, I appreciate that. I live in Old Bridge, in central Jersey. Can I see the Empire State Building from home? On a clear day, sure. I'm working here six days a week. You meet people from everywhere—that's what keeps you going. What have I got on my key chains? Obviously, a lot of keys. Let's see. The locks for those cabinets over there. Keys for each of your vending machines out in the lobby—that's three cold drinks, one ice cream, one candy, one coffee, and the Polaroid Face Place. O.K. Three different warehouses, plus an office within the building. A safe—no, two safes: one up here, one downstairs. Keys to each of the areas that we sell from, plus another souvenir stand, on the other side. My home and my car. That's about it. Am I used to this place, with all the changes that have been made? Sure. I adapt quickly. How long ago did the workmen finish? About twenty minutes."



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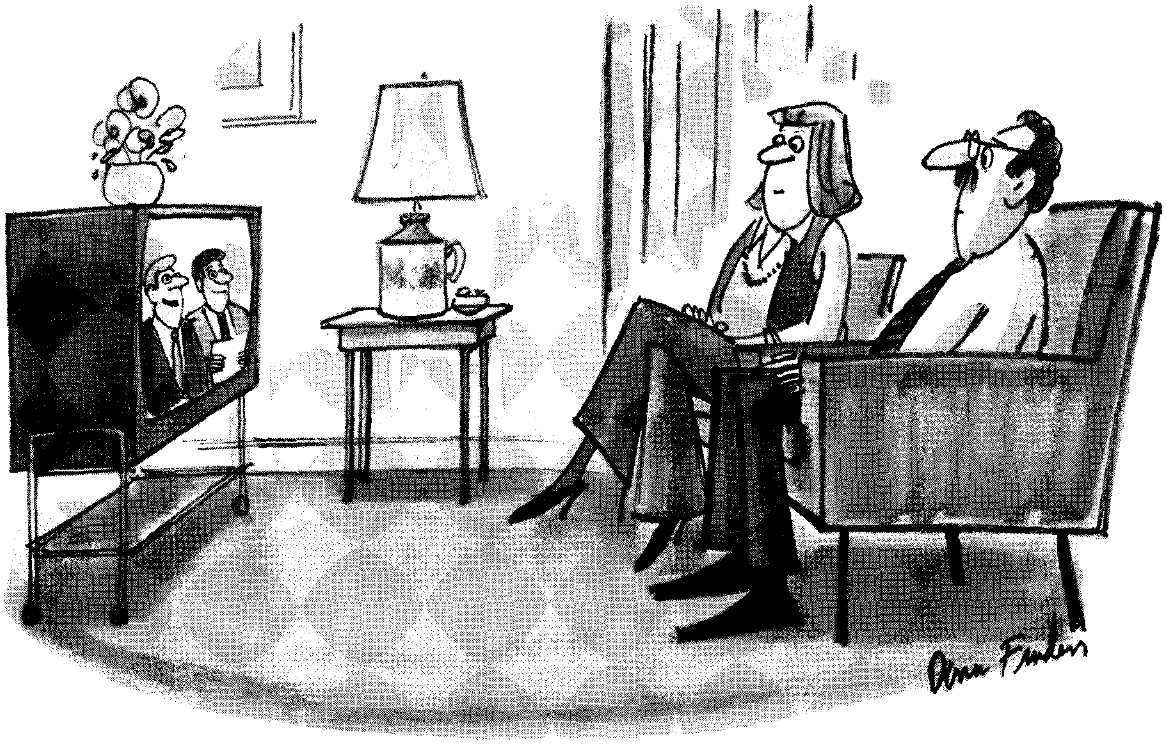
FOUNTAIN: George T. Delacorte, Jr., the eighty-five-year-old publisher, whose benefactions to the City of New York have included, among others, a man-made geyser on Roosevelt Island, in the East River, a fountain in Columbus Circle, and a fountain at Bowling Green, made a trip downtown one day last week to observe the dedication of his most recent watery offering—a *fourth* Delacorte fountain. This latest monument, a circular basin, sixty feet in diameter, of pink Rhode Island granite surrounded by a shallow stairway of tan Indiana limestone perched above a twenty-four-thousand-gallon subterranean reservoir, stands in the southwest corner of City Hall Plaza. It is elegant, managing to be both modest in scale and spectacular. Given the proper cues, it can erupt in more ways than an angry parent. The ceremony to dedicate the fountain took place a day later than originally planned, so as not to conflict with a quickly orga-



"And now Bob Ferguson, with an analysis of our reporting staff's 'state of mind' during the preparation of tonight's news."

nized demonstration by a coalition of public-hospital employees and other citizens, who spent the noon hour marching around the park carrying signs and chanting impolite slogans about Mayor Koch and his plans to reduce the municipal-hospital budget. Not knowing of the postponement, we showed up a day early, in time to see the rally and to have a conversation with Marco Martelli, whose firm, Ormar Building Corporation, constructed the fountain, from a design by M. Paul Friedberg & Partners. Mr. Martelli, a well-built, bearded man in his thirties, was paying attention to finishing touches—aerating the water in the fountain and wondering how to rid it of its slightly greenish tinge.

"We've had the fountain filled for two weeks now," he said. "Today, we're experimenting a bit, playing with different nozzles, exploring the hydraulics. You should see this place at night, with the fountain lights turned on and City Hall in the background. That's dynamite. It's a free water-and-light show. You know, there used to be a fountain here in the nineteenth century. That went out when they built a post office here, and the post office has been gone for forty years already. When we excavated, we found the remains of the post office. Building this took a lot longer than we had planned. It should have gone one-two-three, but we had the usual strikes and miscellaneous delays. We had to wait four months for the pumps. Do you want to see the pump room?"

A few feet from the perimeter of the fountain, a pair of metal doors had been built into the sidewalk. They were open now, and Mr. Martelli led us down a narrow iron ladder and into a room dominated by two large pumps and three smaller pumps—one blue, one yellow, and one red, and each hooked up to a matching pipe. "I hope we don't drown," he said. "Just a while ago, the plumber and I took a bath down here. He popped a filter out of a valve that was open, and we got thoroughly soaked." He pointed to a set of manual controls on the wall. "The fountain has three modes. The first mode is— You know those flat granite slabs in the center of the fountain? The water washes down those and fills the basin. The second mode is the center jet. It goes about twenty-five feet in the air, and there are five smaller jets immediately surrounding it. The third mode is the horsetails on the side—ten of them, shooting toward the center. Go upstairs and watch."

We climbed the ladder, and he ran through the three modes—first a calm trickle from the center, then the main gusher, then the ten horsetails. A few moments later, Mr. Martelli was back at ground level, saying, "Tomorrow, somebody's going to be down below just pushing the buttons. It'll be in the first mode, all very quiet, until a certain exact moment—and then the works! Who's going to be down below? The plumber. Why not me? I'll be up here watching the show. I'll also be signalling the plumber when to do what."

The next morning, we returned to City Hall Plaza, and everything went according to plan. The water looked less green than it had the day before. There were admirably brief speeches. Mayor Koch characterized George Delacorte as the Lorenzo de' Medici of the City of New York, and Mr. Delacorte gave an address in which he said, "Here's my speech. The fountain is my speech. The tulips are my speech. The grass and trees are my speech. And that's what I have to say to you." And then, in anticipation of a certain exact moment, a contingent from the Columbia University marching band offered a brief fanfare. Adam Delacorte, the donor's seven-year-old grandson, stepped forward and removed a red velvet covering from a granite plaque that was engraved "A GIFT FROM GEORGE DELACORTE." The doors to the pump room were open, and Mr. Martelli gave a hand signal to the plumber; the fountain abruptly shifted from Mode One to Modes Two and Three. Applause followed, then photographs, and then the guests moved to the Blue Room of City Hall, where they could see a tentative scale model of Mr. Delacorte's *fifth* fountain—coming soon to Times Square—and where they were served white wine and Perrier and hero sandwiches that had been carved in a way that made them seem almost dainty. We stayed inside for a few minutes and then walked back to the fountain. Although the horsetails had been turned off, the center plume was blowing. The water level inside the basin had risen, so that the pool flowed lightly over the edge of the pink granite and back into the reservoir below. It was a perfect spring day. People gathered around the edges of the fountain. They sat on benches and on the limestone stairway, surrounded by cherry blossoms and plane trees. They ate lunch, they read books, they felt the sun, they caught the fountain's spray.

THE OLD FOREST

I WAS already formally engaged, as we used to say, to the girl I was going to marry. But still I sometimes went out on the town with girls of a different sort. And during the very week before the date set for the wedding, in December, I was in an automobile accident at a time when one of those girls was with me. It was a calamitous thing to have happen—not the accident itself, which caused no serious injury to anyone, but the accident plus the presence of that girl.

As a matter of fact, it was not unusual in those days—forty years ago and a little more—for a well-brought-up young man like me to keep up his acquaintance, until the very eve of his wedding, with some member of what we facetiously and somewhat arrogantly referred to as the Memphis demimonde. (That was merely to say with a girl who was not in the Memphis débutante set.) I am not even sure how many of us knew what the word "demimonde" meant or implied. But once it had been applied to such girls it was hard for us to give it up. We even learned to speak of them individually as demimondaines—and later corrupted that to demimondames. The girls were of course a considerably less sophisticated lot than any of this sounds, though they were bright girls certainly and some of them even highly intelligent. They read books, they looked at pictures, and they were apt to attend any concert or play that came to Memphis. When the old San Carlo Opera Company turned up in town, you could count on certain girls of the demimonde being present in their block of seats, and often with a score of the opera in hand. From that you will understand that they certainly weren't the innocent, untutored types that we generally took to dances at the Memphis Country Club and whom we eventually looked forward to marrying.

These girls I refer to would, in fact, very frequently and very frankly say to us that the M.C.C. (that's how we always spoke of the Club) was the last place they wanted to be taken. There was one girl in particular, not so smart as some of the others perhaps and certainly less restrained in the humor she sometimes poked at the world we boys lived in, an outspoken girl, who was the most vociferous of all in her disdain for the Country Club. I remember one night, in one of those beer gardens that became popular in Memphis in the late thirties, when this girl suddenly announced to a group of us, "*I* haven't lost anything at the M.C.C. That's something you boys can bet your daddy's bottom dollar on." We were gathered—four or five couples—about one of the big wooden beer-garden tables with an umbrella in its center, and when she said that, all the other girls in the party went into a fit of laughter. It was a kind of giggling that was unusual for them. The boys in the party laughed, too, of course, but we were surprised by the way the girls continued to giggle among themselves for such a long time. We were out of college by then and thought we knew the world pretty well; most of us had been working for two or three years in our fathers' business firms. But we didn't see why this joke was so very funny. I suppose it was too broad for us in its reference. There is no way of knowing, after all these years, if it was too broad for our sheltered minds or if the rest of the girls were laughing at the vulgar tone of the girl who had spoken. She was, you see, a little bit coarser than the rest, and I suspect they were laughing at the way she had phrased what she said. For us boys, anyhow, it was pleasant that the demimondaines took the lighthearted view they did about not going to the M.C.C., because it was the last place most of us would have wished to take them. Our *other* girls would have known too readily who they were and would not willingly or gracefully have endured their presence. To have brought one of those girls to the Club would have required, at any rate, a boy who was a much bolder and freer spirit than I was at twenty-three.

To the liberated young people of today all this may seem a corrupting factor in our old way of life—not our snobbery so much as our continuing to see those demimonde girls right up until the time of marriage. And yet I suspect that in the Memphis of today customs concerning serious courtship and customs concerning unacknowledged love affairs have not been entirely altered. Automobile accidents occur there still, for instance, the reports of which in the newspaper do not mention the name of the driver's "female companion," just as the report of my accident did not. If the driver is a "scion of a prominent local family" with his engagement to be married already announced at an M.C.C. party, as well as in the Sunday newspaper, then the account of his automobile collision is likely to refer to the girl in the car with him only as his "female companion." Some newspaper readers might, I know, assume this to be a reference to the young man's fiancée. That is what is intended, I suppose—*for* the general reader. But it would almost certainly not have been the case—not in the Memphis, Tennessee, of 1937.

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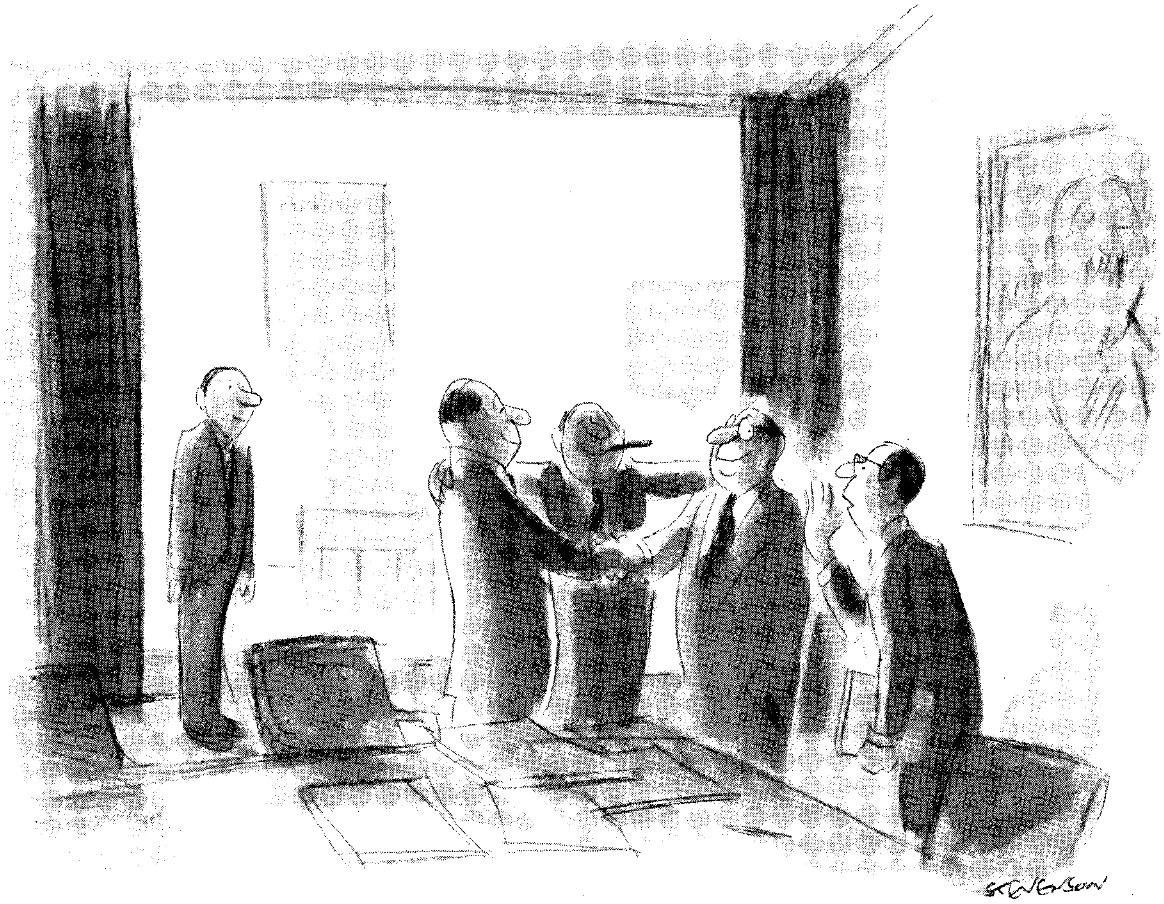
The girl with me in my accident was a girl whose origins nobody knew anything about. But she was a perfectly decent sort of girl, living independently in a respectable rooming house and working at a respectable job. That was the sort of girl about whom the Memphis newspapers felt obliged to exercise the greatest care when making any reference to her in their columns. It was as though she were their special ward. Such a girl must be protected from any blaze of publicity. Such a girl must not suffer from the misconduct of any Memphis man or group of men—even newspaper publishers. That was fine for the girl, of course, and who could possibly resent it? It was splendid for her, but I, the driver of the car, had to suffer considerable anguish just because of such a girl's presence in the car and suffer still more because of *her* behavior afterward. Moreover, the response of certain older men in town to her subsequent behavior would cause me still further anguish and prolong my suffering by several days. Those men were the editors of the city's two newspapers, along with the lawyers called in by my father to represent me if I should be taken into court. There was also my father himself, and the father of my fiancée, *his* lawyer (for some reason or other), and, finally, no less a person than the mayor of Memphis, all of whom one would ordinarily have supposed to be indifferent to the caprices of such a girl. They were the civic leaders and merchant princes of the city. They had great matters on their minds. They were, to say the least, an imposing group in the eyes of a young man who had just the



"Don't forget, sir—Reynolds over there deserves to be credited with an assist."

previous year entered his father's cotton-brokerage firm, a young man who was still learning how to operate under the pecking order of Memphis's male establishment.

The girl in question was named Lee Ann Deehart. She was a quite beautiful, fair-haired, hazel-eyed girl with a lively manner, and surely she was far from stupid. The thing she did which drew attention from the city fathers came very near, also, to changing the course of my entire life. I had known Lee Ann for perhaps two years at the time, and knew her to be more levelheaded and more reserved and self-possessed than most of her friends among the demimondaines. It would have been impossible for me to predict the behavior she was guilty of that winter afternoon. Immediately after the collision, she threw open the door on her side of the car, stepped out onto the roadside, and fled into the woods of Overton Park, which is where the accident took place. And from that time, and during the next four days, she was unheard from by people who wished to question her and protect her. During that endless-seeming period of four days no one could be certain of Lee Ann Deehart's whereabouts.

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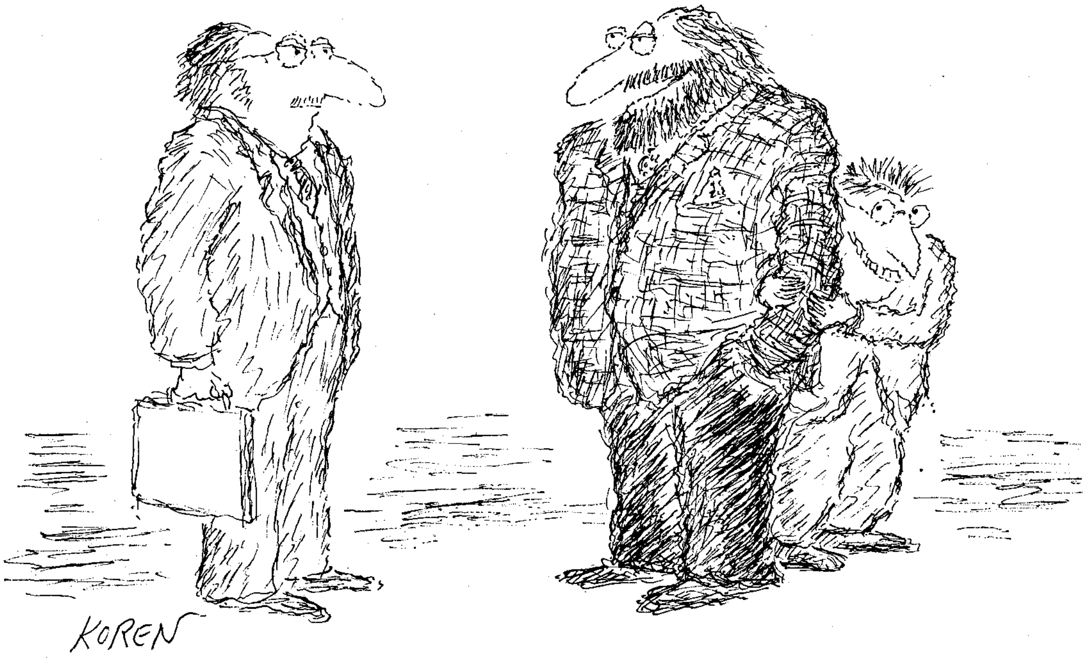
THE circumstances of the accident were rather complicated. The collision occurred just after three o'clock on a very cold Saturday afternoon—the fourth of December. Although at that time in my life I was already a member of my father's cotton firm, I was nevertheless—and strange as it may seem—enrolled in a Latin class out at Southwestern College, which is on the north side of Overton Park. (We were reading Horace's Odes!) The class was not held on Saturday afternoon, but I was on my way out to the college to study for a test that had been scheduled for Monday. My interest in Latin was regarded by my father and mother as one of my "anomalies"—a remnant of many "anomalies" I had annoyed them with when I was in my teens and was showing some signs of "not turning out well." It seemed now of course that I had "turned out well" after all, except that nobody in the family and nobody among my friends could understand why I went on showing this interest in Latin. I was not able to explain to them why. Any more than I was able to explain why to myself. It clearly had nothing to do with anything else in my life at that period. Furthermore, in the classroom and under the strict eye of our classics professor, a rotund, mustachioed little man hardly four feet in height (he had to sit on a large Latin dictionary in order to be comfortable at his desk), I didn't excel. I was often embarrassed by having to own up to Professor Bartlett's accusation that I had not so much as glanced at the assigned odes before coming to class. Sometimes other members of the class would be caught helping me with the translation, out in the hallway, when Professor Bartlett opened his classroom door to us. My real excuse for neglecting the assignments made by that earnest and admirable little scholar was that too many hours of my life were consumed by my job, by my courtship of the society girl I was going to marry, and by my old, bad habits of knocking about town with my boyhood cronies and keeping company with girls like Lee Ann Deehart.

Yet I had persisted with my Horace class throughout that fall (against the advice of nearly everyone, including Professor Bartlett). On that frigid December afternoon I had resolved to mend my ways as a student. I decided I would take my Horace and go out to Professor Bartlett's classroom at the college and make use of his big dictionary in preparing for Monday's test. It was something we had all been urged to do, with the promise that we would always find the door unlocked. As it turned out, of course, I was destined not to take the test on Monday and never to enter Professor Bartlett's classroom again.

It happened that just before I was setting out from home that afternoon I was filled suddenly with a dread of the silence and the peculiar isolation of a college classroom building on a weekend afternoon. I telephoned my fiancée and asked her to go along with me. At the other end of the telephone line, Caroline Braxley broke into laughter. She said that I clearly had no con-



"That's Paul. He's a very behind-the-scenes kind of guy."

ception of all the things she had to do within the next seven days, before we were to be married. I said I supposed I ought to be helping in some way, though until now she had not asked me so much as to help address invitations to the wedding. "No indeed," said my bride-to-be, "I want to do everything myself. I wouldn't have it any other way."

Caroline Braxley, this capable and handsome bride-to-be of mine, was a very remarkable girl, just as today, as my wife, she seems to me a very remarkable woman of sixty. She and I have been married for forty-one years now, and her good judgment in all matters relating to our marriage has never failed her—or us. She had already said to me before that Saturday afternoon that a successful marriage depended in part on the two persons' developing and maintaining a certain number of separate interests in life. She was all for my keeping up my golf, my hunting, my fishing. And, unlike my own family, she saw no reason that I shouldn't keep up my peculiar interest in Latin, though she had to confess that she thought it almost the funniest thing she had ever heard of a man of my sort going in for.

Caroline liked any sort of individualism in men. But I already knew her ways sufficiently well to understand that there was no use trying to persuade her to come along with me to the college. I wished she would come with me, or maybe I wished even more she would try to persuade me to come over to her house and help her with something in preparation for the wedding. After I had put down the telephone, it even occurred to me that I might simply drive over to her house and present myself at her front door. But I knew what the expression on her face would be, and I could even imagine the sort of thing she would say: "No man is going to set foot in my house this afternoon, Nat Ramsey! *I'm* getting married next Saturday, in case the fact has slipped your mind. Besides, you're coming here for dinner tonight, aren't you? And there are parties every night next week!"

This Caroline Braxley of mine was a very tall girl. (Actually taller than she is nowadays. We have recently measured ourselves and found that each of us is an inch shorter than we used to be.) One often had the feeling that one was looking up at her, though of course she wasn't really so tall as that. Caroline's height and the splendid way she carried herself was one of her first attractions for me. It seems to me now that I was ever attracted to tall girls—that is, when there was the possibility of falling in love. And I think this was due in part to the fact that even as a boy I was half in love with my father's two spinster sisters, who were nearly six feet in height and were always more attentive to me than to the other children in the family.

Anyhow, only moments after I had put down the telephone that Saturday, when I still sat with my hand on the instrument and was thinking vaguely of rushing over to Caroline's house, the telephone underneath my hand began ringing. Perhaps, I thought, it was Caroline calling back to say that she had changed her mind. Instead, it was Lee Ann Deehart. As soon as she heard my voice, she began telling me that she was bored to death. Couldn't I think of something fun she and I could do on this dreary winter afternoon? I laughed aloud at her. "What a shameless wench you are, Lee Ann!" I said.

"Shameless? How so?" she said with pretended innocence.

"As if you weren't fully aware," I lectured her, "that I'm getting married a week from today!"

"What's that got to do with the price of eggs in Arkansas?" She laughed. "Do you think, old Nat, *I* want to marry you?"

"Well," I explained, "I happen to be going out to the college to cram for a Latin test on Monday."

I could hear her laughter at the other end. "Is your daddy going to let you off work long enough to take your Latin test?" she asked with heavy irony in her voice. It was the usual way those girls had of making fun of our dependence on our fathers.

"Ah, yes," I said tolerantly.

"And is he going to let you off next Saturday, too," she went on, "long enough to get married?"

"Listen," I said, "I've just had an idea. Why don't you ride out to the college with me, and fool around some while I do my Latin?" I suppose I didn't really imagine she would go, but suddenly I had thought again of the lonely isolation of Dr. Bartlett's classroom on a Saturday afternoon. I honestly wanted to go ahead out there. It was something I somehow felt I had to do. My preoccupation with the study of Latin poetry, ineffectual student though I was, may have represented a perverse wish to experience the isolation I was at the same time dreading or may have represented a taste for morbidity left over from my adolescence. I can allow myself to speculate on all that now, though it would not have occurred to me to do so at the time.

"Well," said Lee Ann Deehart presently, to my surprise and delight, "it couldn't be more boring out there than sitting here in my room is."

"I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes," I said quickly. And I hung up the telephone before she could possibly change her mind.

Thirty minutes later, we were driving through Overton Park on our way to the college. We had passed the Art Gallery and were headed down the hill toward the low ground where the Park Pond is. Ahead of us, on the left, were the gates to the Zoo. And on beyond was the point where the road crossed the streetcar tracks and entered a densely wooded area which is actually the last surviving bit of the primeval forest that once grew right up to the bluffs above the Mississippi River. Here are giant oak and yellow-poplar trees older than the memory of the earliest white settler. Some of them surely may have been mature trees when Hernando de Soto passed this way, and were very old trees indeed when General Jackson, General Winchester, and Judge John Overton purchased this land and laid out the city of Memphis. Between the Art Gallery and the Pond there used to be, in my day, a little spinney of woods which ran nearly all the way back to what was left of the old forest. It was just when I reached this spinney, with Lee Ann beside me, that I saw a truck approaching us on the wrong side of the icy road. There was a moderately deep snow on the ground, and the Park roads had, to say the least, been imperfectly cleared. On the ice and the packed snow, the driver of the truck had clearly lost control of his vehicle. When he was within about seventy-five feet of us, Lee Ann said, "Pull off the road, Nat!"

Lee Ann Deehart's beauty was of the most feminine sort. She was a tiny, delicate-looking girl, and I had noticed, when I went to fetch her that day, in her fur-collared coat and knitted cap and gutta-percha boots she somehow seemed smaller than usual. And I was now struck by the tone of authority coming from this small person whose diminutive size and whose role in my life were such that it wouldn't have occurred to me to heed her advice about driving a car—or about anything else, I suppose. I remember feeling something like: This is an ordeal that I must and that I want to face in my own way. It was as though Professor Bartlett himself were in the approaching truck. It seemed my duty not to admit any weakness in my own position. At least I *thought* that was what I felt.

"Pull off the road, Nat!" Lee Ann urged again. And my incredible reply to her was "He's on *my* side of the road! Besides, trucks are not allowed in the Park!" And in reply to this Lee Ann gave only a loud snicker.

I believe I did, in the last seconds, try to swing the car off onto the shoulder of the road. But the next thing I really remember is the fierce impact of the two vehicles' meeting.

It was a relatively minor sort of collision, or seemed so at the moment. Since the driver of the truck, which was actually a converted Oldsmobile sedan—and a rather ancient one at that—had the good sense not to put on his brakes and to turn off his motor, the crash was less severe than it might have been. Moreover, since I *had* pulled a little to the right it was not a head-on meeting. It is worth mentioning, though, that it was sufficiently bad to put permanently out of commission the car I was driving, which was not my own car (my car was in the shop, being refurbished for the honeymoon trip) but an aging Packard limousine of my mother's, which I knew she would actually be happy to see retired. I don't remember getting out of the car at all and I don't remember Lee Ann's getting out. The police were told by the driver of the truck, however, that within a second after the impact Lee Ann had thrown open her door, leaped out onto the snow-covered shoulder, jumped the ditch beyond, and run up the incline and into the spinney. The truck driver's account was corroborated by two ice skaters on the Pond, who also saw her run through the leafless trees of the spinney and on across a narrow stretch of the public golf course which divides the spinney from the old forest. They agreed that, considering there was a deep snow on the ground and that she was wearing those gutta-percha boots, she travelled at a remarkable speed.

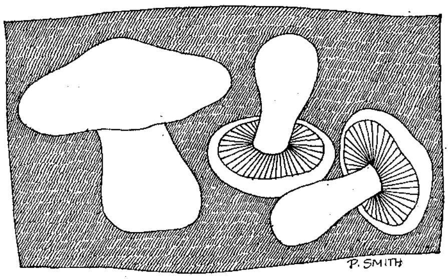
I didn't even know she was out of the car until I got around on the other side and saw the door there standing open and saw her tracks in the snow, going down the bank. I suppose I was too dazed even to follow the tracks with my eyes down the bank and up the other side of the ditch. I must have stood there for several seconds, looking down blankly at the tracks she had left just outside the car door. Presently I looked up at the truck driver, who was standing before me. I know now his eyes must have been following Lee Ann's progress. Finally he turned his

SUMP'N SPECIAL
WEBER

eyes to me, and I could tell from his expression that I wasn't a pleasant sight. "Is your head hurt bad?" he asked. I put my hand up to my forehead and when I brought it down it was covered with blood. That was when I passed out. When I came to, they wouldn't let me get up. Besides the truck driver, there were two policemen and the two ice skaters standing over me. They told me that an ambulance was on the way.

At the hospital, the doctor took four stitches in my forehead; and that was it. I went home and lay down for a couple of hours, as I had been told to do. My parents and my two brothers and my little sister and even the servants were very much concerned about me. They hovered around in a way I had never before seen them do—not even when somebody was desperately sick. I suppose it was because a piece of violence like this accident was a very extraordinary thing in our quiet Memphis life in those years. They were disturbed, too, I soon realized, by my silence as I lay there on the daybed in the upstairs sitting room and particularly by my being reticent to talk about the collision. I had other things on my mind. Every so often I would remember Lee Ann's boot tracks in the snow. And I would begin to wonder where she was now. Since I had not found an opportunity to telephone her, I could only surmise that she had somehow managed to get back to the rooming house where she lived. I had not told anyone about her presence in the car with me. And as I lay there on the daybed, with the family and servants coming and going and making inquiries about how I felt, I would find myself wondering sometimes how and whether or not I could tell Caroline Braxley about Lee Ann's being with me that afternoon. It turned out the next day—or, rather, on Monday morning—that the truck driver had told the two policemen and then, later, repeated to someone who called from one of the newspapers that there had been a girl with me in the car. As a matter of fact, I learned that this was the case on the night of the accident, but as I lay there in the upstairs sitting room during the afternoon I didn't yet know it.

Shortly before five o'clock Caroline Braxley arrived at our house, making a proper sick call but also with the intention of taking me back to dinner with her parents and her two younger sisters. Immediately after she entered the upstairs sitting room, and almost before she and I had greeted each other, my mother's houseboy and sometime chauffeur came in, bringing my volume of Horace. Because Mother had thought it might raise my spirits, she had sent him down to the service garage where the wrecked car had been taken to fetch it for me. Smiling sympathetically, he placed it on a table near the daybed and left the room. Looking at the book, Caroline said to me with a smile that expressed a mixture of sympathy and reproach, "I hope you see now what folly your pursuit of Latin poetry is." And suddenly, then, the book on the table appeared to me as an alien object. In retrospect it seems to me that I really knew then that I would never open it again.



I went to dinner that night at Caroline's house, my head still in bandages. The Braxley family treated me with a tenderness equal to that I had received at home. At table, the serving man offered to help my plate for me, as though I were a sick child. I could have enjoyed all this immensely, I think, since I have always been one to relish loving, domestic care, if only I had not been worrying and speculating all the while about Lee Ann. As I talked genially with Caroline's family during the meal and immediately afterward before the briskly burning fire at the end of the Braxleys' long living room, I kept seeing Lee Ann's boot tracks in the snow. And then I would see my own bloody hand as I took it down from my face before I fainted. I remember still having the distinct feeling, as I sat there in the bosom of the Braxley family, that it had not been merely my

SHAVING WITHOUT A MIRROR

As though there could be more   than one center
many skies cleared in the night   and there it is
the mountain this face of it   still brindled with cloud shadows
if I raised my hand   I could touch it like air
high shallow valleys   cradling the clear wind
all like a thing remembered   where haystacks waited for winter

but now it is so blue   would there be eyes in it
looking out from dark nerves   as the morning passes in our time
while the sound of a plane rises   behind me beyond trees
so that I breathe and reach up to the air   and feel water
it is myself   the listener to the music
to the clouds in the gray passes   and the clear leaves

where are the forest voices   now that the forests have gone
and those from above the tree line   oh where that fed on fog
of a simpler compound   that satisfied them
when did I ever knowingly   set hands on a cloud
who have walked in one often   following the rim in anger
Brother the world is blind   and surely you come from it
where children grow steadily   without knowledge of creatures

other than domesticated   though rags of woods yet emerge
as the clouds part and sweep on   passing southward in spring
fingers crossing the slopes   shadows running leaping
all night that peak watched   the beacon over the sea
and answered nothing   now it turns to the morning
an expression of knowledge   above immigrant woods

nothing is native of fire   and everything is born of it
then I wash my face   as usual
trying to remember a date   before the war
coming to a green farm at sunrise   dew smell from pastures
after that there were various   graduations
this passion for counting   has no root of its own
I stand by a line of trees   staring at a bare summit
do I think I was born here   I was never born

—W. S. MERWIN

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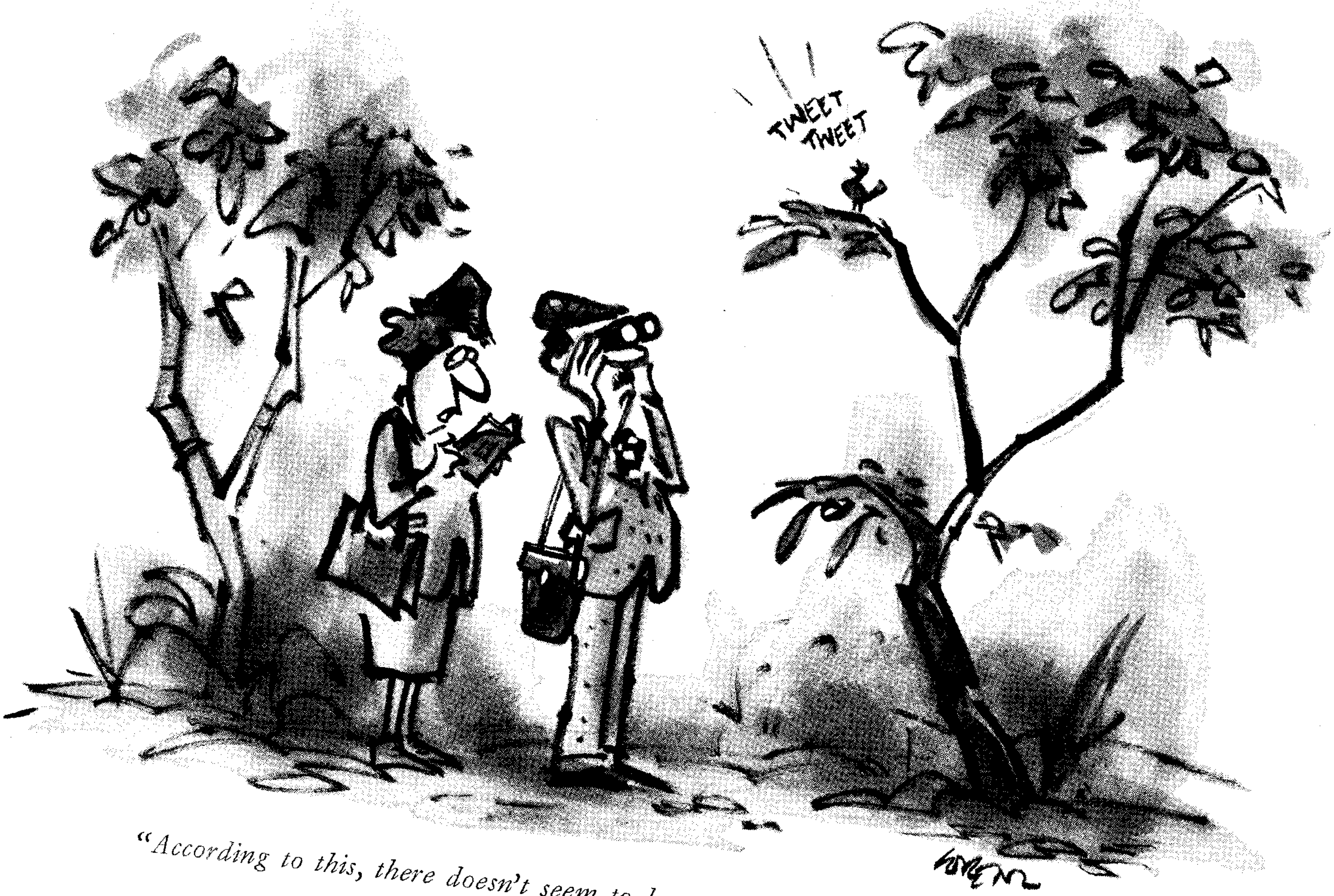


"According to this, there doesn't seem to be any bird that goes 'tweet tweet.'"

bloody hand that had made me faint but my bloody hand plus the tracks in the deep snow. In a way, it is strange that I remember all these impressions so vividly after forty years, because it is not as though I have lived an uneventful life during the years since. My Second World War experiences are what I perhaps ought to remember best—those, along with the deaths of my two younger brothers in the Korean War. Even worse, really, were the deaths of my two parents in a terrible fire that destroyed our house on Central Avenue when they had got to be quite old, my mother leaping from a second-story window, my father asphyxiated inside the house. And I can hardly mention without being overcome with emotion the accidental deaths that took two of my and Caroline's children when they were in their early teens. It would seem that with all these disasters to remember, along with the various business and professional crises I have had, I might hardly be able to recall that earlier episode. But I think that, besides its coming at that impressionable period of my life and the fact that one just does remember things better from one's youth, there is the undeniable fact that life *was* different in those times. What I mean to say is that all these later, terrible events took place in a world where acts of terror are, so to speak, all around us—everyday occurrences—and are brought home to us audibly and pictorially on radio and television almost every hour. I am not saying that some of these ugly acts of terror did not need to take place or were not brought on by what our world was like in those days. But I am saying that the context was different. Our tranquil, upper-middle-class world of 1937 did not have the rest of the world crowding in on it so much. And thus when something only a little ugly did crowd in or when we, often unconsciously, reached out for it the contrasts seemed sharper. It was not just in the Braxleys' household or in my own family's that everything seemed quiet and well ordered and unchanging. The households were in a context like themselves. Suffice it to say that though the Braxleys' house in Memphis was situated on East Parkway and our house on Central Avenue, at least two miles across town from each other, I could in those days feel perfectly safe, and *was* relatively safe, in walking home many a night from Caroline's house to our house at two in the morning. It was when we young men in Memphis ventured out with the more adventurous girls of the demimonde that we touched on the unsafe zones of Memphis. And there were girls still more adventurous, of course, with whom some of my contemporaries found their way into the very most dangerous zones. But we did think of it that way, you see, thought of it in terms of the girls' being the adventurous ones, whom we followed or didn't follow.

Anyhow, while we were sitting there before the fire, with the portrait of Caroline's paternal grandfather peering down at us from above the mantel and with her father in his broad-lapelled, double-breasted suit standing on the marble hearth, occasionally poking at the logs with the brass poker or sometimes kicking a log with the toe of his wing-tipped shoes, suddenly I was called to the telephone by the Negro serving man who had wanted to help my plate for me. As he preceded me the length of the living room and then gently guided me across the hall to the telephone in the library, I believe he would have put his hand under my elbow to help me—as if a real invalid—if I had allowed him to. As we passed through the hall, I glanced through one of the broad, etched sidelights beside the front door and caught a glimpse of the snow on the ground outside. The weather had turned even colder. There had been no additional snowfall, but even at a glance you could tell how crisply frozen the old snow was on its surface. The serving man at my elbow was saying, "It's your daddy on the phone. I'd suppose he just wants to know how you'd be feeling by now."

But I knew in my heart it wasn't that. It was as if that glimpse of the crisp snow through the front door sidelight had told me what it was. When I took up the telephone and heard my father's voice pronouncing my name, I knew almost exactly what he was going to say. He said that his friend the editor of the morning paper had called him and reported that there had been a girl in the car with me, and though they didn't of course plan to use her name, probably wouldn't even run the story until Monday, they would have to *know* her name. And would have to assure themselves she wasn't hurt in the crash. And that she was unharmed after leaving the scene. Without hesitation I gave my father Lee Ann Deehart's name, as well as her address and telephone number. But I made no further explanation to Father, and he asked me for none. The only other thing I said was that I'd be home in a little while. Father was silent a moment after that. Then he said, "Are you all right?"

I said, "I'm fine."

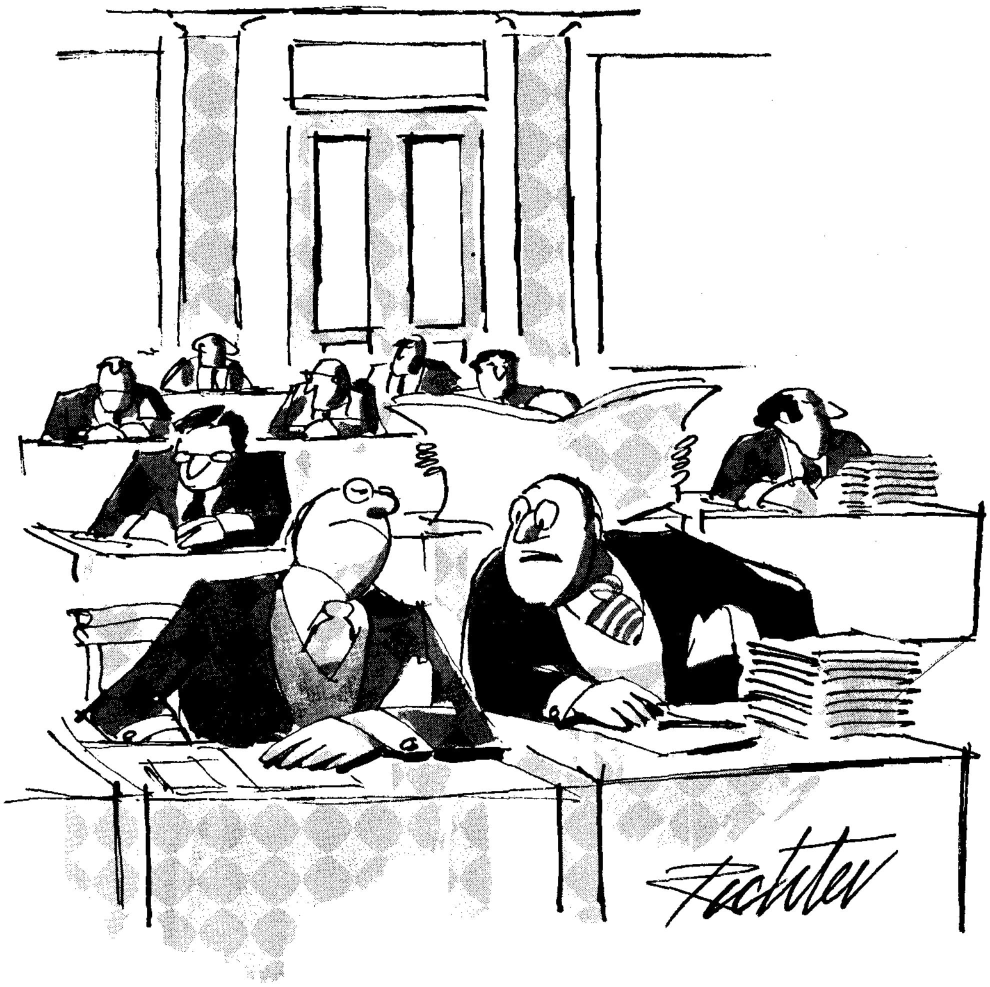
And he said, "Good. I'll be waiting up for you."

I hung up the telephone, and my first thought was that before I left Caroline tonight I'd have to tell her that Lee Ann had been in the car with me. Then, without thinking almost, I dialled Lee Ann's rooming-house number. It felt very strange to be doing this in the Braxleys' library. The woman who ran the rooming house said that Lee Ann had not been in since she left with me in the afternoon.

As I passed back across the wide hallway and caught another glimpse of the snow outside, the question arose in my mind for the first time: *Had* Lee Ann come to some harm in those woods? More than the density of the underbrush, more than its proximity to the Zoo, where certain unsavory characters often hung out, it was the great size and antiquity of the forest trees somehow and the old rumors that white settlers had once been ambushed there by Chickasaw Indians that made me feel that if anything had happened to the girl it had happened there. And on the heels of such thoughts I found myself wondering for the first time if all this might actually lead to my beautiful, willowy Caroline Braxley's breaking off our engagement. I returned to the living room, and at the sight of Caroline's tall figure at the far end of the room, placed between that of her mother and that of her father, the conviction became firm in me that I would have to tell her about Lee Ann before she and I parted that night. And as I drew nearer to her, still wondering if something ghastly had happened to Lee Ann there in the old forest, I saw the perplexed and even suspicious expression on Caroline's face and presently observed similar expressions on the faces of her two parents. And from that moment began the gnawing wonder which would be with me for several days ahead: What precisely would Caroline consider sufficient provocation for breaking off our engagement to be married? I had no idea, really. Would it be sufficient that I had had one of those unnamed "female companions" in the car with me at the time of the accident? I knew of engagements like ours which had been broken with apparently less provocation. Or would it be the suspicious-seeming circumstance of Lee Ann's leaping out of the car and running off through the snow? Or might it be the final, worst possibility—that of delicate little Lee Ann Deehart's having actually met with foul play in that infrequently entered area of underbrush and towering forest trees?

BROKEN engagements were a subject of common and considerable interest to girls like Caroline Braxley. Whereas a generation earlier a broken engagement had been somewhat of a scandal—an engagement that had been formally announced at a party and in the newspaper, that is—it did not necessarily represent that in our day. Even in our day, you see, it meant something quite different from what it had once meant. There was, after all, no written contract and it was in no sense so unalterably binding as it had been in our parents' day. For us it was not considered absolutely dishonorable for either party to break off the plans merely because he or she had had a change of heart. Since the boy was no longer expected literally to ask the father for the girl's hand (though he would probably be expected to go through the form, as I had done with Mr. Braxley), it was no longer a breach of contract between families. There was certainly nothing like a dowry any longer—not in Memphis—and there was only rarely any kind of property settlement involved, except in cases

Sinister Figure



"Boy! Am I glad I'm not running things!"

where both families were extraordinarily rich. The thought pleased me—that is, the ease with which an engagement might be ended. I suppose in part I was simply preparing myself for such an eventuality. And there in the Braxleys' long living room in the very presence of Caroline and Mr. and Mrs. Braxley themselves I found myself indulging in a perverse fantasy, a fantasy in which Caroline had broken off our engagement and I was standing up pretty well, was even seeking consolation in the arms, so to speak, of a safely returned Lee Ann Deehart.

But all at once I felt so guilty for my private indiscretion that actually for the first time in the presence of my prospective in-laws I put my arm about Caroline Braxley's waist. And I told her that I felt so fatigued by events of the afternoon that probably I ought now to go ahead home. She and her parents agreed at once. And they agreed among themselves that they each had just now been reflecting privately that I looked exhausted. Mrs. Braxley suggested that under the circumstances she ought to ask Robert to drive me home. I accepted. No other suggestion could have seemed so welcome. Robert was the same serving man who had offered to help my plate at dinner and who had so gently guided me to the telephone when my father called. Almost at once, after I got into the front seat of the car beside him—in his dark chauffeur's uniform and cap—I fell asleep. He had to wake me when we pulled up to the side door of my father's house. I remember how warmly I thanked him for bringing me home, even shaking his hand, which was a rather unusual thing to do in those days. I felt greatly refreshed and restored and personally grateful to Robert for it. There was not, in those days in Memphis, any time or occasion when one felt more secure and relaxed than when one had given oneself over completely to the care and protection of the black servants who surrounded us and who created and sustained for the most part the luxury which distinguished the lives we lived then from the lives we live now. They did so for us, whatever their motives and however degrading our demands and our acceptance of their attentions may have been to them.

At any rate, after my slumber in the front seat beside Robert I felt sufficiently restored to face my father (and his awareness of Lee Ann's having been in the car) with some degree of equanimity. And before leaving the Braxleys' house I had found a moment in the hallway to break the news to Caroline that I had not been alone in the car that afternoon. To my considerable surprise she revealed, after a moment's hesitation, that she already knew that that had been the case. Her father, like my father, had learned it from one of the newspaper editors—only he had learned it several hours earlier than my father had. I was obliged to realize as we were saying good night to each other that she, along with her two parents, had known all evening that Lee Ann had been with me and had fled into the woods of Overton Park—that she, Caroline, had as a matter of fact known the full story when she came to my house to fetch me back to her house to dinner. "Where is Lee Ann now?" she asked me presently, holding my two hands in her own and looking me directly in the eye. "I don't know," I said. Knowing how much she knew, I decided I must tell her the rest of it, holding nothing back. I felt that I was seeing a new side to my fiancée and that unless I told her the whole truth there might be something of this other side of her that wouldn't be revealed to me. "I tried to telephone her after I answered my father's call tonight. But she was not in her room and had not been in since I picked her up at two o'clock." And I told Caroline about Lee Ann's telephoning me (after Caroline and I had talked in the early afternoon) and about my inviting her to go out to the college with me. Then I gave her my uncensored version of the accident, including the sight of Lee Ann's footprints in the snow.

"How did she sound on the telephone?" she asked.

"What do you mean by that?" I said impatiently. "I just told you she wasn't home when I called."

"I mean earlier—when she called you."

"But why do you want to know that? It doesn't matter, does it?"

"I mean, did she sound depressed? But it doesn't matter for the moment." She still held my hands in hers. "You do know, don't you," she went on after a moment, "that you are going to have

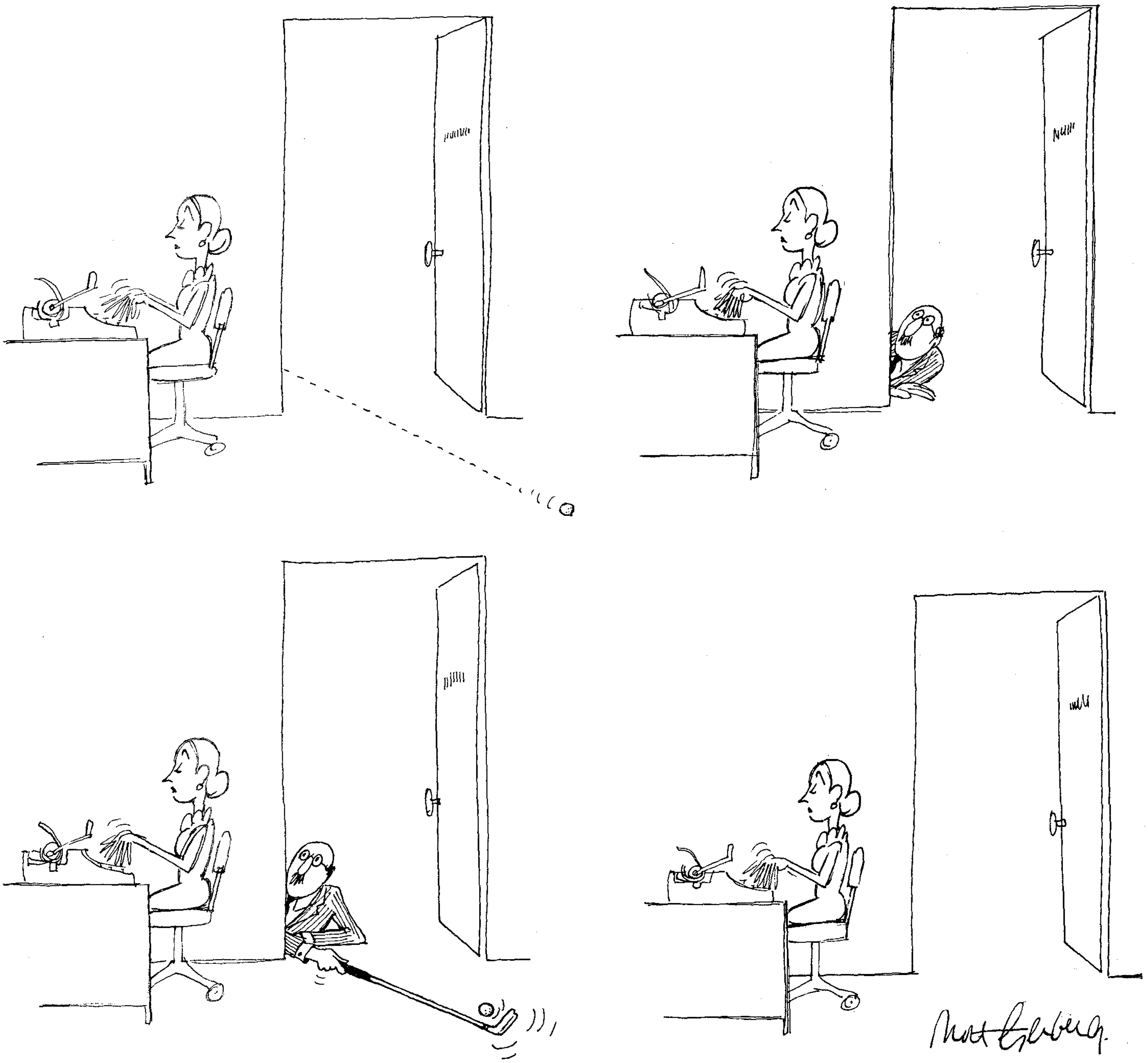
to *find* Lee Ann? And you probably *are going to need help.*"

Suddenly I had the feeling that Caroline Braxley was someone twenty years older than I; but, rather than sounding like my parents or her parents, she sounded like one or another of the college teachers I had had—even like Dr. Bartlett, who once had told me that I was going to need outside help if I was going to keep up with the class. To reassure myself, I suppose, I put my arm about Caroline's waist again and drew her to me. But in our good-night kiss there was a reticence on her part, or a quality that I could only define as conditional or possibly probational. Still, I knew now that she knew everything, and I suppose that was why I was able to catch such a good nap in the car on the way home.

Girls who had been brought up the way Caroline had, in the Memphis of forty years ago, knew not only what was going to be expected of them in making a marriage and bringing up a family there in Memphis—a marriage and a family of the kind their parents had had—they knew also from a fairly early time that they would have to contend with girls and women of certain sorts before and frequently after they were married: with girls, that is, who had no conception of what it was to have a certain type of performance expected of them, or girls of another kind (and more like themselves) who came visiting in Memphis from Mississippi or Arkansas—pretty little plantation girls, my mother called them—or from Nashville or from the old towns of West Tennessee. Oftentimes these other girls were their cousins, but that made them no less dangerous. Not being on their home ground—in their own country, so to speak—these Nashville or Mississippi or West Tennessee or Arkansas girls did not bother to abide by the usual rules of civilized warfare. They carried on guerrilla warfare. They were marauders. But girls like Lee Ann Deehart were something else again. They were the Trojan horse, more or less, established in the very citadel. They were the fifth column, and were perhaps the most dangerous of all. At the end of a brilliant débutante season, sometimes the most eligible bachelor of all those on the list would still remain uncommitted, or even secretly committed to someone who had never seen the inside of the Memphis Country Club. This kind of thing, girls like Caroline Braxley understood, was not to be tolerated—not if the power of mortal woman included the power to divine the nature of any man's commitment and the power to test the strength and nature of another kind of woman's power. Young people today may say that that old-fashioned behavior on the part of girls doesn't matter today, that girls don't have those problems anymore. But I suspect that in Memphis, if not everywhere, there must be something equivalent even nowadays in the struggle of women for power among themselves.

Perhaps, though, to the present generation these distinctions I am making won't seem significant, after all, or worth my bothering so much about—especially the present generation outside of Memphis and the Deep South. Even in Memphis the great majority of people might say, Why is this little band of spoiled rich girls who lived here forty years ago so important as to deserve our attention? In fact, during the very period I am writing about it is likely that the majority of people in Memphis felt that way. I think the significant point is that those girls took themselves seriously—girls like Caroline—and took seriously the forms of the life they lived. They imagined they knew quite well who they were and they imagined that that was important. They were what, at any rate, those girls like Lee Ann were not. Or they claimed to be what those girls like Lee Ann didn't claim to be and what very few people nowadays claim to be. They considered themselves the heirs to something, though most likely they could not have said what: something their forebears had brought to Memphis with them from somewhere else—from the country around Memphis and from other places, from the country towns of West Tennessee, from Middle Tennessee and East Tennessee, from the Valley of Virginia, from the Piedmont, even from the Tidewater. Girls like Caroline thought they were the heirs to something, and that's what the other girls didn't think about themselves, though probably they were, and probably the present generation, in and out of Memphis—even the sad generation of the sixties and seventies—is heir to more than it thinks it is, in the matter of manners, I mean to say, and of general behavior. And it is of course because these girls like Caroline are regarded as mere old-fashioned society girls that the present generation tends to dismiss them, whereas if it were their fathers we were writing about the story would, shocking though it is to say, be taken more seriously by everyone. Everyone would recognize now that the fathers and grandfathers of these girls were the sons of the old plantation South come to town and converted or half converted into modern Memphis businessmen, only with a certain something held over from the old order that made them both better and worse than businessmen elsewhere. They are the authors of much good and much bad in modern Memphis—and modern Nashville and modern Birmingham and modern Atlanta, too. The good they mostly brought with them from the old order; the bad they mostly adopted from life in cities elsewhere in the nation, the thing they were imitating when they constructed the new life in Memphis. And why not judge their daughters and wives in much the same way? Isn't there a need to know what they were like, too? One thing those girls did know they were heirs to was the old, country manners and the insistence upon old, country connections. The first evidence of this that comes to mind is the fact that they often spoke of girls like Lee Ann as "city girls," by which they meant that such girls didn't usually have the old family connections back in the country on the cotton farms in West Tennessee, in Mississippi, in Arkansas, or back in Nashville or in Jonesboro or in Virginia.

When Robert had let me out at our side door that night and I came into the house, my father and mother both were downstairs. It was still early of



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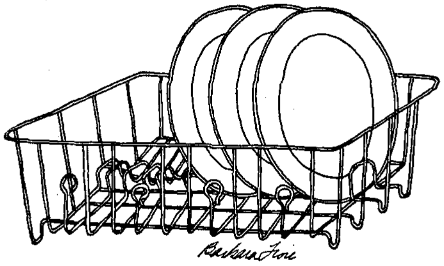
course, but I had the sense of their having waited up for me to come in. They greeted me as though I were returning from some dangerous mission. Each of them asked me how the Braxleys "seemed." Finally Mother insisted upon examining the stitches underneath the bandage on my forehead. After that, I said that I thought I would hit the hay. They responded to that with the same enthusiasm that Mr. and Mrs. Braxley had evidenced when I told them I thought I should go ahead home. Nothing would do me more good than a good night's sleep, my parents agreed. It was a day everybody was glad to have come to an end.

After I got upstairs and in my room, it occurred to me that my parents both suddenly looked very old. That seems laughable to me now almost, because my parents were then ten or fifteen years younger than I am today. I look back on them now as a youngish couple in their early middle age, whose first son was about to be married and about whose possible infidelity they were concerned. But indeed what an old-fashioned pair they seem to me in the present day, waiting up for their children to come in. Because actually they stayed downstairs a long while after I went up to bed, waiting there for my younger brothers and my little sister to come in, all of whom were out on their separate dates. In my mind's eye I can see them there, waiting as parents had waited for hundreds of years for their grown-up children to come home at night. They would seem now to be violating the rights of young individuals and even interfering with the maturing process. But in those times it seemed only natural for parents to be watchful and concerned about their children's first flight away from the nest. I am referring mainly to my parents' waiting up for my brothers and my sister, who were in their middle teens, but also as I lay in my bed I felt, myself, more relaxed, knowing that they were downstairs in the front room, speculating upon what Lee Ann's disappearance meant and alert to whatever new development there might be. After a while, my father came up and opened the door to my room. I don't know how much later it was. I don't think I had been to sleep, but I could not tell for sure even at the time—my waking and sleeping thoughts were so much alike that night. At any rate, Father stepped inside the room and came over to my bed.

"I have just called down to the police station," he said, "and they say they have checked and that Lee Ann has still not come back to her rooming house. She seems to have gone into some sort of hiding." He said this with wonderment and with just the slightest trace of irritation in his voice. "Have you any notion, Nat, why she *might* want to go into hiding?"

THE next day was Sunday, December 5th. During the night it had turned bitterly cold. The snow had frozen into a crisp sheet that covered most of the ground. At about nine o'clock in the morning, another snow began falling. I had breakfast with the family, still wearing the bandage on my forehead. I sat around in my bathrobe all morning, pretending to read the newspaper. I didn't see any report of my accident, and my father said it wouldn't appear till Monday. At ten o'clock, I dialled Lee Ann's telephone number. One of the other girls who roomed in the house answered. She said she thought Lee Ann hadn't come in last night and she giggled. I asked her if she would make sure about it. She left the phone and came back presently to say in a whisper that there was no doubt about it: Lee Ann had not slept in her bed. I knew she was whispering so that the landlady wouldn't hear. . . . And then I had a call from Caroline, who wanted to know how my head was this morning and whether or not there had been any word about Lee Ann. After I told her what I had just learned, we were both silent for a time. Finally she said she had intended to come over and see how I was feeling but her father had decreed that nobody should go out in such bad weather. It would just be inviting another automobile wreck, he said. She reported that her parents were not going to church, and I said that mine weren't either. We agreed to talk later and to see each other after lunch if the weather improved. Then I could hear her father's voice in the background, and she said that he wanted to use the telephone.

At noon the snow was still falling. My father stood at a front window in the living room, wearing his dark smoking jacket. He predicted that it might be the deepest snowfall we had ever had in Memphis. He said that people in other parts of the country didn't realize how much cold weather came all the way down the Mississippi Valley from Minneapolis to Memphis. I had never heard him pay so much attention to the weather and talk so much about it. I wondered if, like me, he was really thinking about the old forest out in Overton Park and wishing he were free to go out there and make sure there was no sign of Lee Ann Deehart's having come to grief in those ancient woods. I wonder now if there weren't others besides us who were thinking of the old forest all day that day. I knew that my father, too, had been on the telephone that morning—and he was on it again during a good part of the afternoon. In retrospect, I am certain that all day that day he was in touch with a whole circle of friends and colleagues who were concerned about Lee Ann's safety. It was not only the heavy snow that checked his freedom—and mine, too, of course—to go out and search those woods and put his mind at rest on that possibility at least. It was more than just this snow, which the radio reported as snarling up and halting all traffic. What prevented him was his own unwillingness to admit fully to himself and to others that this particular danger was really there; what prevented him and perhaps all the rest of us was the fear that the answer to the gnawing question of Lee Ann's whereabouts might really be out there within that immemorial grove of snow-laden oaks and yellow poplars and hickory trees. It is a grove, I believe, that men in Memphis have feared and wanted to destroy for a long time and whose destruction they are still working at even in this latter day. It has only recently been saved by a very narrow margin from a great highway that men wished to put through there—saved by groups of women determined to save this last bit of the old forest from the axes of modern men. Perhaps in old pioneer days, before the plantation and the neoclassic towns were made, the great forests seemed woman's last refuge from the brute she lived alone with in the wilderness. Perhaps all men in Memphis who had any sense of their past felt this, though they felt more keenly (or perhaps it amounts to the same



H_2ODE

Friends, we are deep in the Aquarian Age,
When mineral waters are all the rage,
And gushing springs from here to the Jura
Decant Niagaras of aqua pura.

There's prandial Perrier, the executive swig,
Now that lunchtime Martinis are infra dig;
While Vichy (untainted by wartime suspicion)
Guards the guzzler 'gainst gastric misprision.

Ah, sunny Italy! Its San Pellegrino
Enlivens the day like a good bianco vino.
È bravo, Fiuggi, Michelangelo's potion
For ridding the kidneys of lithic commotion!

There's Apollinaris, the German contender,
When going on an abstemious bender.
(Gerolsteiner Sprudel can also be had
If you know how to tell the good from the Bad.)

Bottled, the waters of American spas
Inspire in the liverish gentle hurrahs:
Deer Park and Poland and Saratoga Springs
Are equal to imports for aqueous flings.

Long gone are the days of the sidewalk refrain
Of the vender who sold soda two-penny plain,
But God's in Évian, and though booze be verboten,
Still we'll eschew the quencher from Croton.

—FRANK ZACHARY

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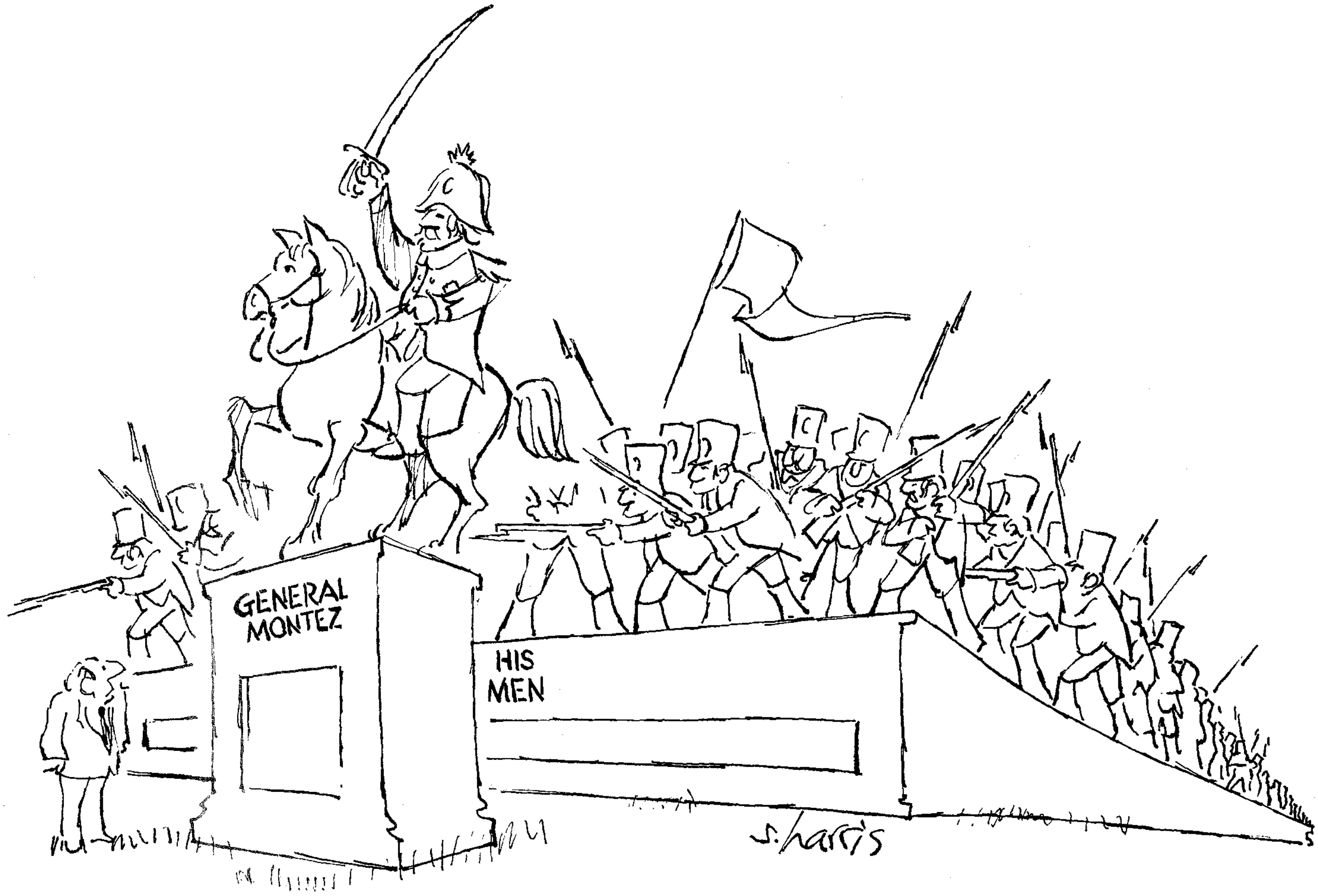

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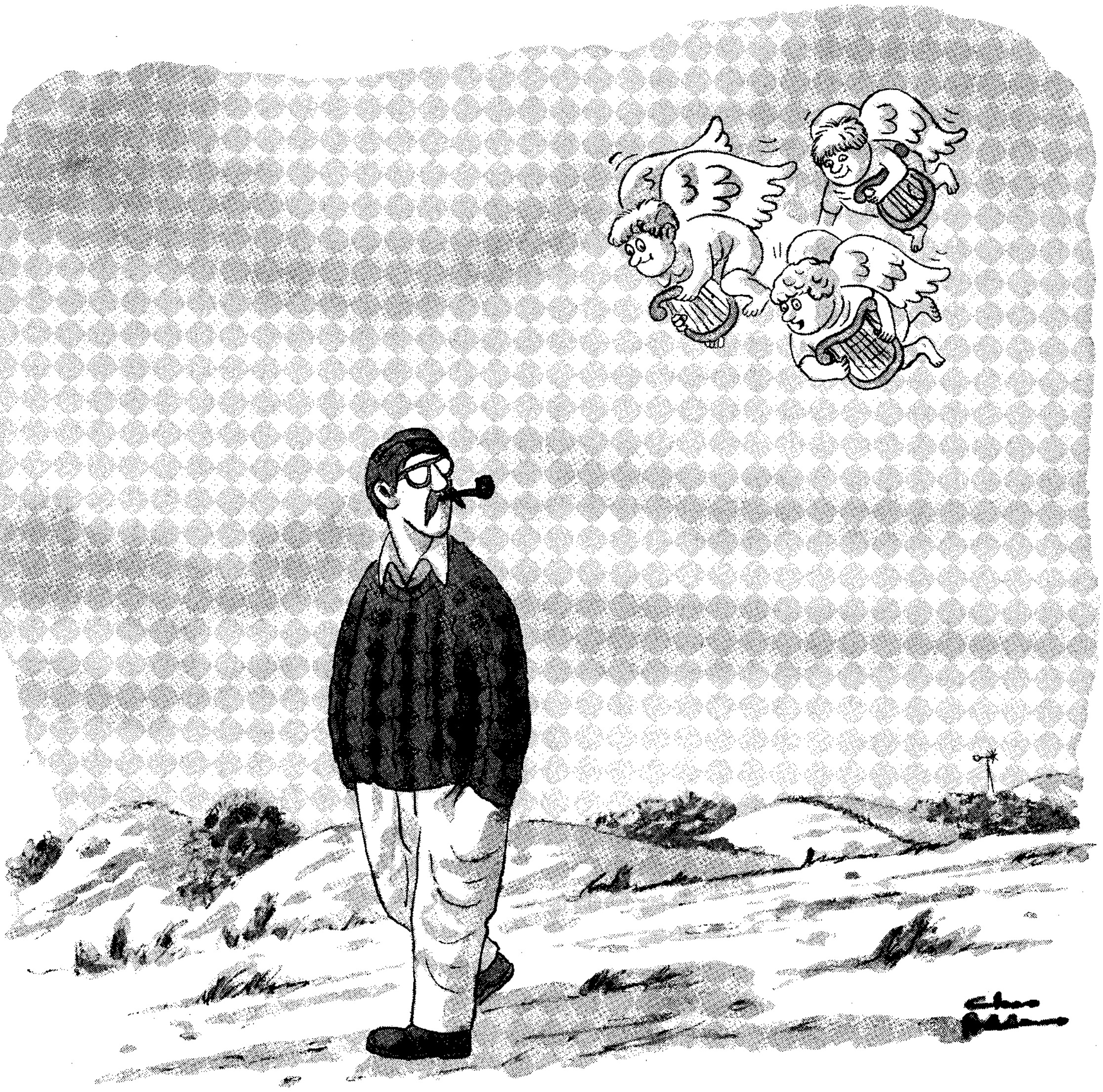
feeling) that the forest was woman's greatest danger. Men remembered mad pioneer women, driven mad by their loneliness and isolation, who ran off into the forest, never to be seen again, or incautious women who allowed themselves to be captured by Indians and returned at last so mutilated that they were unrecognizable to their husbands or who at their own wish lived out their lives among their savage captors. I think that if I had said to my father (or to myself), "What is it that's so scary about the old forest?" he (or I) would have answered, "There's nothing at all scary about it. But we can't do anything today because of the snow. It's the worst snow in history!" I think that all day long my father—like me—was busily not letting himself believe that anything awful had happened to Lee Ann Deehart or that if it had it certainly hadn't happened in those woods. Not just my father and me, though. Caroline's father, too, and all their friends—their peers. And the newspapermen and the police. If they waited long enough, it would come out all right and there would be no need to search the woods even. And it turned out, in the most literal sense, that they—we—were right. Yet what guilty feelings must not everyone have lived with—lived with in silence—all that snowbound day.

At two o'clock, Caroline called again to say that because of the snow her aunt was cancelling the dinner party she had planned that night in honor of the bride and groom. I remember as well as anything else that terrible day how my mother and father looked at each other when they received this news. Surely they were wondering, as I had to also, if this was but the first gesture of withdrawal. There was no knowing what their behavior or the behavior of any of us that day meant. The day simply dragged on until the hour when we could decently go to bed. It was December, and we were near the shortest day of the year, but that day had seemed the longest day of my life.

On Monday morning, two uniformed policemen were at our house before I had finished my breakfast. When I learned they were waiting in the living room to see me, I got up from the table at once. I wouldn't let my father go in with me to see them. Mother tried to make me finish my eggs before going in, but I only laughed at her and kissed her on the top of the head as I left the breakfast room. The two policemen were sitting in the very chairs my parents had sat in the night before. This somehow made the interview easier from the outset. I felt initially that they were there to help me, not to harass me in any way. They had already, at the break of dawn, been out to Overton Park. (The whole case—if case it was—had of course been allowed to rest on Sunday.) And along with four other policemen they had conducted a full-scale search of the old forest. There was no trace of Lee Ann Deehart there. They had also been to her rooming house on Tutwiler Avenue and questioned Mrs. Troxler, whose house it was, about all of Lee Ann's friends and acquaintances and about the habits of her daily life. They said that they were sure the girl would turn up but that the newspapers were putting pressure on them to explain her disappearance and—more particularly—to explain her precipitate flight from the scene of the accident.

I spent that day with the police, leaving them only for an hour at lunchtime, when they dropped me off at my father's office on Front Street, where I worked. There I made a small pretense of attending to some business for the firm while I consumed a club sandwich and milkshake that my father or one of my uncles in the firm



"We're looking for people who like to write."

had had sent up for me. At the end of the hour, I jogged down the two flights of steep wooden stairs and found the police car waiting for me at the curb, just outside the entrance. At some time during the morning, one of the policemen had suggested that they might have a bulldozer or some other piece of machinery brought in to crack the ice on the Overton Park Pond and then drag the Pond for Lee Ann's body. But I had pointed out that the two skaters had returned to the Pond after the accident and skated there until dark. There was no hole in the ice anywhere. Moreover, the skaters had reported that when the girl left the scene she did not go by way of the Pond but went up the rise and into the wooded area. There was every indication that she had gone that way, and so the suggestion that the Pond be dragged was dismissed. And we continued during the rest of the morning to make the rounds of the rooming houses and apartments of Lee Ann's friends and acquaintances, as well as the houses of the parents with whom some of them lived. In the afternoon we planned to go to the shops and offices in which some of the girls worked and to interview them there concerning Lee Ann's whereabouts and where it was they last had seen her. It seemed a futile procedure to me. But while I was eating my club sandwich alone in our third-floor walkup office I received a shocking telephone call.

Our office, like most of the other cotton factors' offices, was in one of the plain-faced, three- and four-story buildings put up on Front Street during the middle years of the last century, just before the Civil War. Cotton men were very fond of those offices, and the offices did possess a certain rough beauty that anyone could see. Apparently there had been few, if any, improvements or alterations since the time they were built. All the electrical wiring and all the plumbing, such as it was, was "exposed." The wooden stairsteps and the floors were rough and splintery and extremely worn down. The walls were whitewashed and the ceilings were twelve or fourteen feet in height. But the chief charm of the rooms was the tall windows across the front of the buildings—wide sash windows with small window lights, windows looking down onto Front Street and from which you could catch glimpses of the brown Mississippi River at the foot of the bluff, and even of the Arkansas shoreline on the other side. I was sitting on a cotton trough beside one of those windows, eating my club sandwich, when I heard the telephone ring back in the inner office. I remember that when it rang my eyes were on a little stretch of the Arkansas shoreline roughly delineated by its scrubby trees and my thoughts were on the Arkansas roadhouses where we often went with the demimonde girls on a Saturday night. At first I thought I wouldn't answer the phone. I let it ring for a minute or two. It went on ringing—persistently. Suddenly I realized that a normal business call would have stopped ringing before now. I jumped down from my perch by the window and ran back between the cotton troughs to the office. When I picked up the receiver, a girl's voice called my name before I spoke.

"Yes," I said. The voice had sounded familiar, but I knew it wasn't Caroline's. And it wasn't Lee Ann's. I couldn't identify it exactly, though I did say to myself right away that it was one of the city girls.

"Nat," the voice said, "Lee Ann wants you to stop trying to trail her."

"Who is this?" I said. "Where is Lee Ann?"

"Never mind," the girl on the other end of the line said. "We're not going to let you find her, and you're making her very uncomfortable with your going around with the police after her and all that."

"The police aren't 'after her,' " I said. "They just want to be sure she's all right."

"She'll be all right," the voice said, "if you'll lay off and stop chasing her. Don't you have any decency at all? Don't you have a brain in your head? Don't you know what this is like for Lee Ann? We all thought you were her friend."

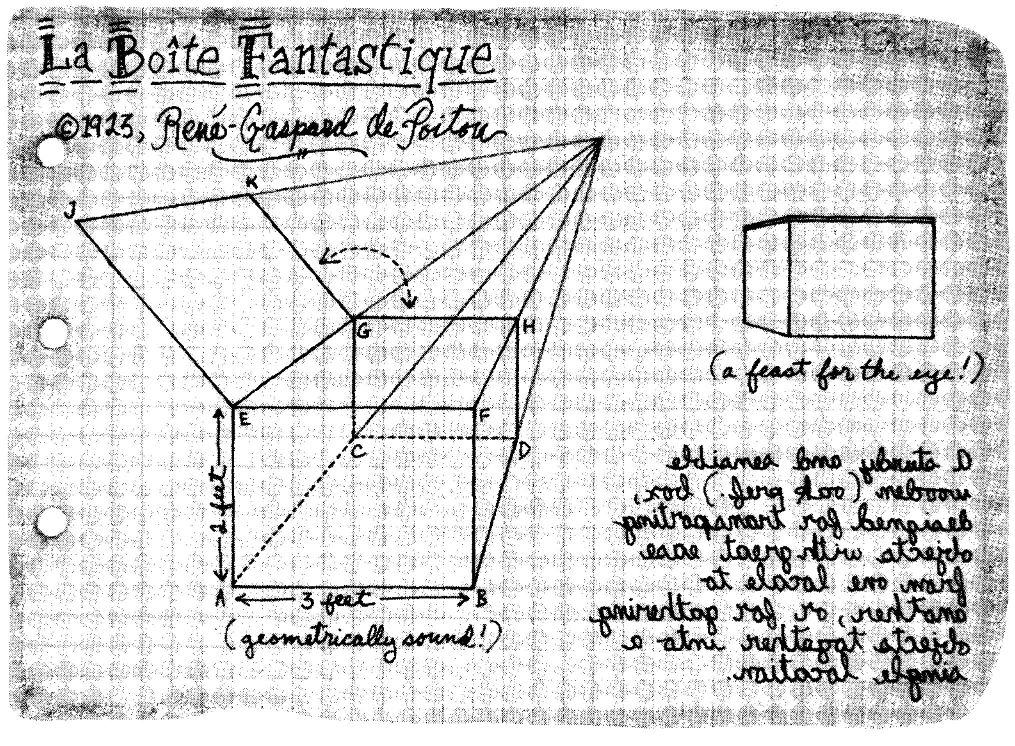
"I am," I said. "Just let me speak to Lee Ann."

But there was a click in the telephone, and no one was there any longer.

I turned back into the room where the cotton troughs were. When I saw my milkshake carton and the sandwich paper up by the window, and remembered how the girl had called my name as soon as I picked up the telephone, I felt sure that someone had been watching me from down in the street or from a window across the way. Without going back to my lunch, I turned quickly and started down the stairs toward the street. But when I looked at my watch, I realized it was time for the policemen to pick me up again. And there they were, of course, waiting at the entrance to our building. When I got into the police car, I didn't tell them about my call. And we began our rounds again, going to the addresses where some of Lee Ann's friends worked.

Lee Ann Deehart and other girls like her that we went about with, as I have already indicated, were not literally ladies of any Memphis demimonde. Possibly they got called that first by the only member of our generation in Memphis who had read Marcel Proust, a literary boy who later became a college professor and who wanted to make his own life in Memphis—and ours—seem more interesting than it was. Actually, they were girls who had gone to the public high schools, and more often than not to some school other than Central High, which during those Depression years had a degree of acceptance in Memphis society. As anyone could have observed on that morning when I rode about town with the policemen, those girls came from a variety of backgrounds. We went to the houses of some of their parents, some of whom were day laborers who spoke in accents of the old Memphis Irish, descendants of the Irish who were imported to build the railroads to Texas. Today some of the girls would inevitably have been black. But they were the daughters also of bank clerks and salesmen and of professional men, too, because they made no distinction among themselves. The parents of some of them had moved to Memphis from cities in other sections of the country or even from Southern small towns. The girls were not interested in such distinctions of origin, were not conscious of them, had not been made aware of them by their parents. They would have been highly approved of by the present generation of young people. Like the present generation in general, these girls—Lee Ann included—tended to be bookish and artistic in a middlebrow sort of way, and some of them had real intellectual aspirations. They did not care who each other's families were or where they had gone to school. They met and got to know each other in roadhouses, on double dates, and in the offices and stores where they worked. As I have said, they tended to be bookish and artistic. If they had found themselves in Proust's Paris, instead of in our Memphis of the nineteen-thirties, possibly they would have played some role in the intellectual life of the place. But of course this is only my ignorant speculation. It is always impossible to know what changes might have been wrought in people under circumstances of the greatest or slightest degree of difference from the actual.

The girls we saw that afternoon at their places of work were generally more responsive to the policemen's questions than to my own. And I became aware that the two policemen—youngish men in their late thirties, for whom this special assignment was somehow distasteful—were more interested in protecting these girls from any embarrassment than in obtaining information about Lee Ann. With all but one of the half-dozen girls we sought out, the policemen sent me in to see the girl first, to ask her if she would rather be questioned by them in her place of business or in the police car. In each case the girl treated my question concerning this as an affront, but always she finally sent word back to the


La Boîte Fantastique
©1923, René-Gaspard de Poitou
J
K
G
H
E
F
C
D
A
B
2 feet
3 feet
(geometrically sound!)
(a feast for the eye!)
A sturdy and simple wooden (oak pref.) box, designed for transporting objects with great ease from one locale to another, or for gathering objects together into a single location.

ANOTHER PAGE FROM THE NEWLY DISCOVERED NOTEBOOKS OF COUNT RENÉ-GASPARD DE POITOU, WIT, SAGE, GADABOUT MILLIONAIRE, AND INVENTOR PAR EXCELLENCE.

NO GAS
NEXT
NO GAS
20 Mi.

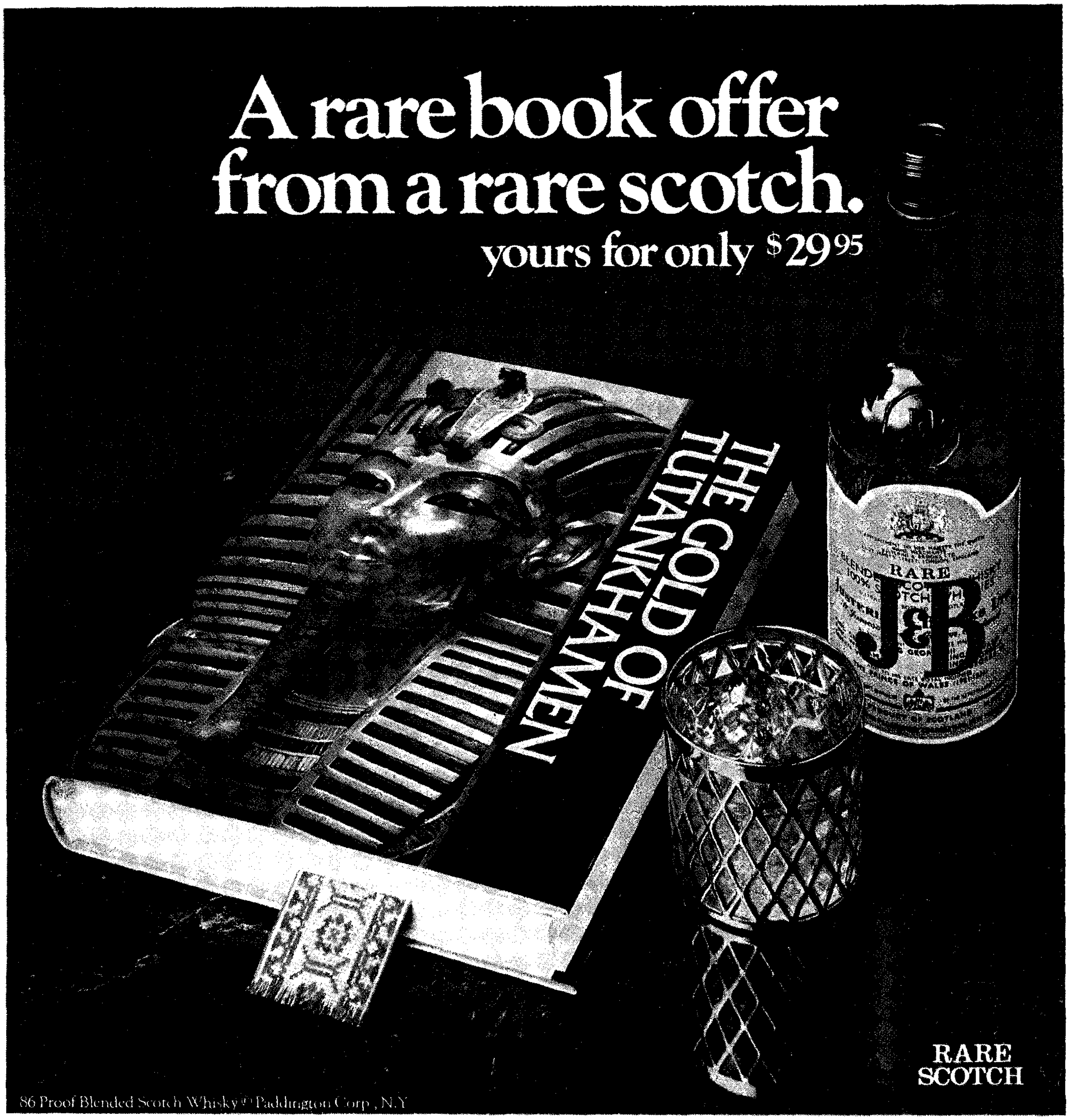
policemen to come inside. And in each case I found myself admiring the girl not only for her boldness in dealing with the situation (they seemed fearless in their talk with the police and refused absolutely to acknowledge close friendship with Lee Ann, insisting—all of them—that they saw her only occasionally at night spots, sometimes with me, sometimes with other young men, that they had no idea who her parents were or where she came to Memphis from) but also for a personal, feminine beauty that I had never before been fully aware of. Perhaps I saw or sensed it now for the first time because I had not before seen them threatened or in danger. It is true, I know, that the effect of all this questioning seemed somehow to put them in jeopardy. Perhaps I saw now how much more vulnerable they were than were the girls in the set my parents more or less intended me to travel in. There was a delicacy about them, a frailty even, that didn't seem to exist in other girls I knew and that contrasted strangely—and disturbingly—with the rough surroundings of the roadhouses they frequented at night and the harsh, businesslike atmosphere of the places where they worked. Within each of them, moreover, there seemed a contrast between the delicate beauty of their bodies, their prettily formed arms and legs, their breasts and hips, their small feet and hands, their soft natural hair—hair worn so becomingly, groomed, in each case, on their pretty little heads to direct one's eyes first of all to the fair or olive complexion and the nicely proportioned features of the face—a contrast, that is to say, between this physical beauty and a bookishness and a certain toughness of mind and a boldness of spirit which were unmistakable in all of them.

The last girl we paid a call on that afternoon was one Nancy Minnifee, who happened to be the girl who was always frankest and crudest in making jokes about families like my own and who had made the crack that the other girls had laughed at so irrepressibly in the beer garden: "I haven't lost anything at the M.C.C." Or it may not have been that she just happened to be the last we called on. Perhaps out of dread of her jokes I guided the police last of all to the farm-implement warehouse where Nancy was a secretary. Or perhaps it wasn't so much because of her personality as because I knew she was Lee Ann's closest friend and I somehow dreaded facing her for that reason. Anyway, at the warehouse she was out on the loading platform with a clipboard and pencil in her hands when we drove up.

"That's Nancy Minnifee up there," I said to the two policemen in the front seat. I was sitting in the back seat alone. I saw them shake their heads. I knew that it was with a certain sadness and a personal admiration that they did so. Nancy was a very pretty girl, and they hated the thought of bothering this lovely creature with the kind of questions they were going to ask. They hated it without even knowing she was Lee Ann's closest friend. Suddenly I began seeing all those girls through the policemen's eyes, just as next day, when I would make a similar expedition in the company of my father and the newspaper editor, I'd see the girls through their eyes. The worst of it, somehow, for the policemen, was that the investigation wasn't really an official investigation but was something the newspapers had forced upon the police in case something had happened which they hadn't reported. The girl hadn't been missing long enough for anyone to declare her "officially" missing. Yet the police, along with the mayor's office and the newspaper editor, didn't want to risk something's having happened to a girl like Lee Ann. They—all of them—thought of such girls, in a sense, as their special wards. It would be hard to say why they did. At any rate, before the police car had fully stopped I saw Nancy Minnifee up there on the platform. She was wearing a fur-collared overcoat but no hat or gloves. Immediately she began moving along the loading platform toward us, holding the clipboard up to shield her eyes from the late-afternoon winter sun. She came down the steps to the gravelled area where we were stopped, and when the policeman at the wheel of the car ran down his window she bent forward and put her arm on his door. The casual way she did it seemed almost familiar—indeed, almost provocative. I found myself resenting her manner, because I was afraid she would give the wrong impression. The way she leaned on the door reminded me of the prostitutes down on Pontotoc Street when we, as teen-age boys, used to stop in front of their houses and leave the motor running because we were afraid of them.

"I've been expecting you two gentlemen," Nancy said, smiling amiably at the two policemen and pointedly ignoring my presence in the back seat. The policemen broke into laughter.

"I suppose your friends have been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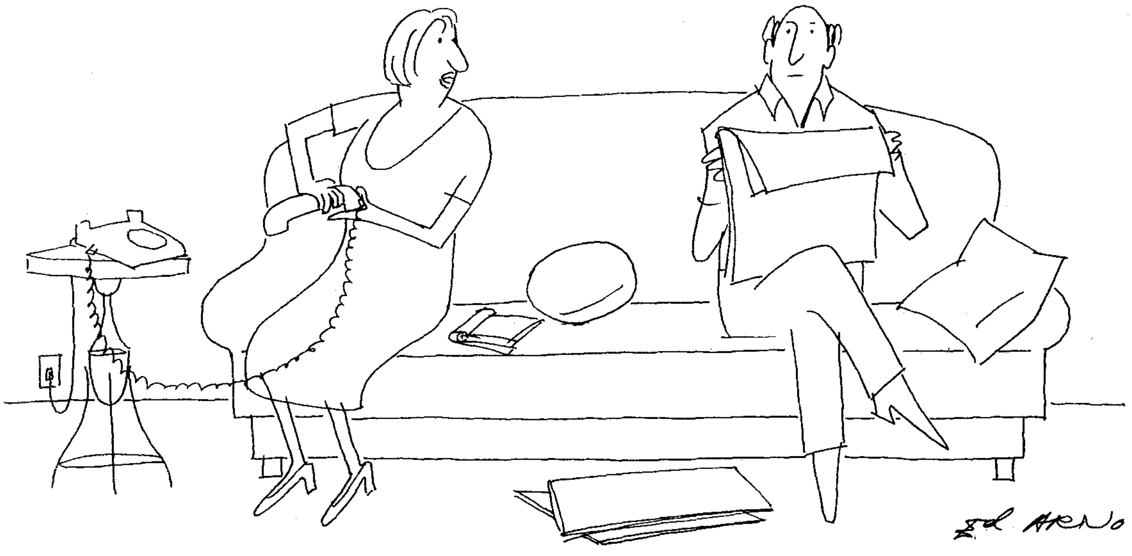
SAAB
900



"It's your mother. It's Mother's Day. You're her only child. Do you want to talk to her?"

calling ahead," the driver said. Then Nancy laughed as though he had said something very funny.

"I could draw you a map of the route you've taken this afternoon," she said. She was awfully polite in her tone, and the two policemen were awfully polite, too. But before they could really begin asking her their questions she began giving them her answers. She hadn't seen Lee Ann since several days before the accident. She didn't know anything about where she might be. She didn't know anything about her family. She had always understood that Lee Ann came from Texas.

"That's a big state," the policeman who wasn't driving said.

"Well, I've never been there," she said, "but I'm told it's a mighty big state."

The three of them burst into laughter again. Then the driver said quite seriously, "But we understand you're her best friend."

"I don't know her any better than most of the other girls do," she said. "I can't imagine who told you that." Now for the first time she looked at me in the back seat. "Hello, Nat," she said. I nodded to her. I couldn't imagine why she was lying to them. But I didn't tell her, as I hadn't told the other girls or the police, about the call I had had in the cotton office. I knew that she must know all about it, but I said nothing.

When we had pulled away, the policeman who was driving the car said, "This Lee Ann must be all right or these girls wouldn't be closing ranks so. They've got too much sense for that. They're smart girls."

Presently the other policeman turned his head halfway around, though not looking directly at me, and asked, "She wouldn't be pregnant by any chance, would she?"

"Uh-uh," I said. It was all the answer it seemed to me he deserved. But then I couldn't resist echoing what he had said. "They've got too much sense for that. They're smart girls." He looked all the way around at me now and gave me what I am sure he thought was a straight look.

"Damn right they are," said the driver, glancing at his colleague with a frown on his forehead and speaking with a curled lip. "Get your mind out of the gutter, Fred. After all, they're just kids, all of them."

We rode on in silence after that. For the first time in several hours, I thought of Caroline Braxley, and I wondered again whether or not she would break our engagement.

When the policemen let me off at my office at five o'clock, I went to my car and drove straight to the apartment house at Crosstown where Nancy Minnifee lived. I was waiting for Nancy in the parking lot when she got home. She invited me inside, but without a smile.

"I want to know where Lee Ann is," I said as soon as she had closed the door.

"Do you imagine I'd tell you if I knew?" she said.

I sat myself down in an upholstered chair as if I were going to stay there till she told me. "I want to know what the hell's going on," I said with what I thought was considerable force, "and why you told such lies to those policemen."

"If you don't know that now, Nat," she said, sitting down opposite me, "you probably won't ever know."

"She wouldn't be pregnant by any chance, would she?" I said, without really having known I was going to say it.

Nancy's mouth dropped open. Then she laughed aloud. Presently she said, "Well, one thing's certain, Nat. It wouldn't be any concern of yours if she were."

I pulled myself up out of the big chair and left without another word's passing between us.

Lee Ann Deehart and Nancy Minifee and that whole band of girls that we liked to refer to as the girls of the Memphis demimonde were of course no more like the ladies of the demimonde as they appear in French literature than they were like some band of angels. And I hardly need say—though it does somehow occur to me to say—their manners and morals bore no resemblance whatsoever to those of the mercenary, filthy-mouthed whores on Pontotoc Street. I might even say that their manners were practically indistinguishable from those of the girls we knew who had attended Miss Hutchison's School and St. Mary's and Lausanne and were now members of the débutante set. The fact is that some of them—only a few perhaps—were from families who were related by blood, and rather closely related, to the families of the débutante set, but families who, for one reason or another, now found themselves economically in another class from their relatives. At any rate, they were all freed from old restraints put upon them by family and community, liberated in each case, so it seems to me, by sheer strength of character, liberated in many respects, but above all else—and I cannot say how it came about—liberated sexually. The most precise thing I can say about them is that they, in their little band, were like hordes of young girls today. It seems to me that in their attitude toward sex they were at least forty years ahead of their time. But I cannot say how it came about. Per-

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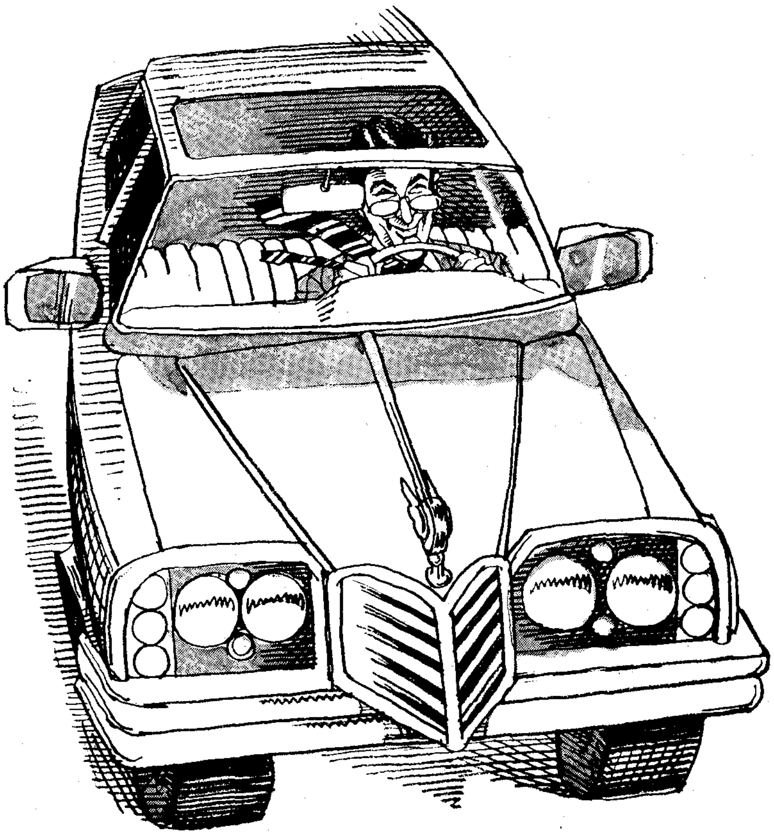

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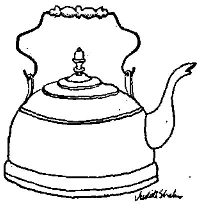
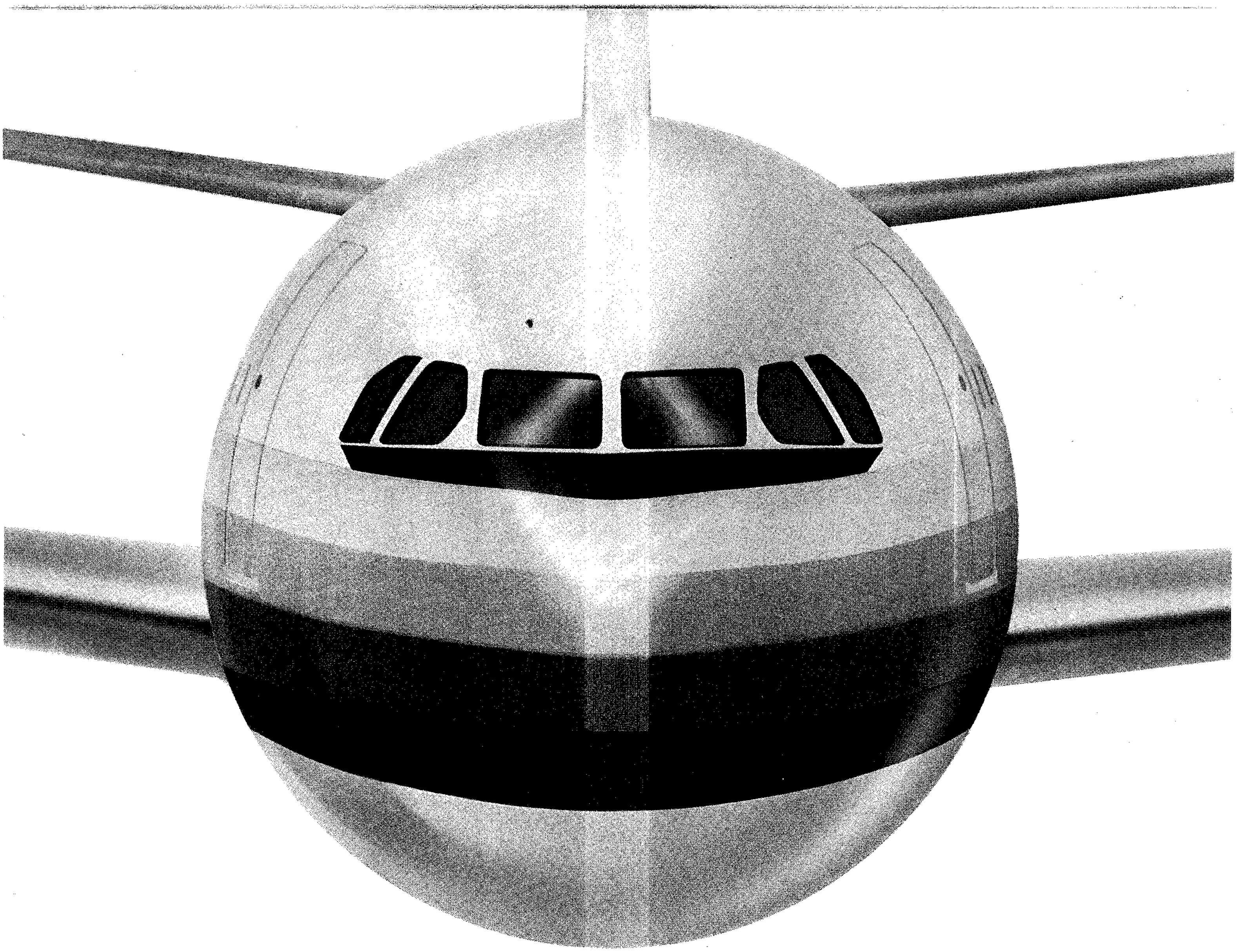
haps it was an individual thing with each of them—or partly so. Perhaps it was because they were the second or third generation of women in Memphis who were working in offices. They were not promiscuous—not most of them—but they slept with the men they were in love with and they did not conceal the fact. The men they were in love with were usually older than we were. Generally speaking, the girls merely amused themselves with us, just as we amused ourselves with them. There was a wonderful freedom in our relations which I have never known anything else quite like. And though I may not have had the most realistic sense of what their lives were, I came to know what I did know through my friendship with Lee Ann Deehart.

She and I first met, I think, at one of those dives where we all hung out. Or it may have been at some girl's apartment. I suspect we both would have been hard put to it to say where it was or exactly when. She was simply one of the good-looking girls we ran around with. I remember dancing with her on several occasions before I had any idea what her name was. We drifted into our special kind of friendship because, as a matter of fact, she was the good friend of Nancy Minnifee, whom my own close friend Bob Childress got very serious about for a time. Bob and Nancy may even have been living together for a while in Nancy's apartment. I think Bob, who was one of six or eight boys of approximately my background who used to go about with these girls, would have married Nancy if she'd consented to have him. Possibly it was at Nancy's apartment that I met Lee Ann. Anyway, we did a lot of double-dating, the four of us, and had some wonderful times going to the sort of rough night spots that we all liked and found sufficiently exciting to return to again and again. We would be dancing and drinking at one of those places until about two in the morning, when most of them closed. At that hour most of us would take our girls home, because we nearly all of us had jobs—the girls and the boys, too—which we had to report to by eight or nine in the morning.



Between Lee Ann and me, as between most of the boys and their girls, I think, there was never a serious affair. That is, we never actually—as the young people today say—"had sex." But in the car on the way home or in the car parked outside her rooming house or even outside the night spot, as soon as we came out, we would regularly indulge in what used to be known as "heavy necking." Our stopping at that I must attribute first of all to Lee Ann's resistance, though also, in part, to a hesitation I felt about insisting with such a girl. You see, she was in all respects like the girls we called "nice girls," by which I suppose we really meant society girls. And most of us accepted the restriction that we were not to "go to bed" with society girls. They were the girls we were going to marry. These girls were not what those society girls would have termed shopgirls. They had much better taste in their clothes and in their general demeanor. And, as I have said, in the particular group I speak of there was at least an intellectual strain. Some of them had been to college for as much as a year or two, whereas others seemed hardly to have finished high school. Nearly all of them read magazines and books that most of us had never heard of. And they found my odd addiction to Latin poetry the most interesting thing about me. Most of them belonged to a national book club, from which they received a new book each month, and they nearly all bought records and listened to classical music. You would see them sometimes in groups at the Art Gallery. Or whenever there was an opera or a good play at the city auditorium they were all likely to be there in a group—almost never with dates. If you hadn't known who they were, you might easily have mistaken them for some committee from the Junior League or for an exceptionally pretty group of schoolteachers—from some fashionable girls' school probably.

But mostly, of course, one saw them with their dates at one of the roadhouses, over in Arkansas or down in Mississippi or out east on the Bristol Highway, or yet again at one of the places we called the "town joints." They preferred going to those roadhouses and town joints to going to the Peabody Hotel Roof or the Claridge—as I suppose nearly everyone else did, really, including society girls like Caroline. You would, as a matter of fact, frequently see girls like Caroline at such places. At her request, I had more than once taken Caroline to a town joint down on Adams Street called The Cellar and once to a roadhouse called The Jungle, over in Arkansas. She had met some of the city girls there and said she found them "dead attractive." And she once recog-



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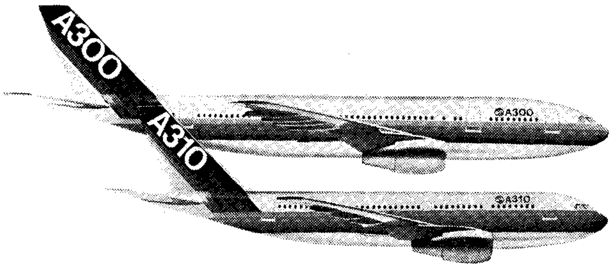

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nized them at a play I took her to see and afterward expressed interest in them and asked me to tell her what they were like.

The fact may be that neither the roadhouses nor the town joints were quite as tough as they seemed. Or they weren't as tough for the demimonde girls, anyway. Because the proprietors clearly had protective feelings about them. At The Jungle, for instance, the middle-aged couple who operated the place, an extremely obese couple who were forever grinning in our direction and who were usually barefoot (we called them Ma and Pa), would often come and stand by our table—one or the other of them—and sing the words to whatever was playing on the jukebox. Often as not, one of them would be standing there during the entire evening. Sometimes Ma would talk to us about her two little daughters, whom she kept in a private school in Memphis, and Pa, who was a practicing taxidermist, would talk to us about the dogs whose mounted heads adorned the walls on every side of the dimly lit room. All this afforded us great privacy and safety. No drunk or roughneck would come near our table while either Ma or Pa was close by. We had similar protection at other places. At The Cellar, for instance, old Mrs. Power was the sole proprietor. She had a huge goitre on her neck and was never known to smile. Not even in our direction. But it was easy to see that she watched our table like a hawk, and if any other patron lingered near us even momentarily she would begin moving slowly toward us. And whoever it was would catch one glimpse of her and move on. We went to these places quite regularly, though some of the girls had their favorites and dislikes among them. Lee Ann would never be taken to The Cellar. She would say only that the place depressed her. And Caroline, when I took her there, felt an instant dislike for The Jungle. She would shake her head afterward and say she would never go back and have those dogs' eyes staring down through the darkness at her.

ON the day after I made the rounds with the two policemen, I found myself following almost the same routine in the company of my father and the editor of the morning paper, and, as a matter of fact, the mayor of Memphis himself. The investigation or search was, you see, still entirely unofficial. And men like my father and the mayor and the editor wanted to keep it so. That's why after that routine and off-the-record series of questionings by the police they preferred to do a bit of investigation themselves rather than entrust the matter to someone else. As I have said, that generation of men in Memphis evidenced feelings of responsibility for such girls—for "working girls of a superior kind," as they phrased it—which I find somewhat difficult to explain. For it wasn't just the men I drove about town with that day. Or the dozen or so men who gathered for conference in our driveway before we set out—that is, Caroline's father, his lawyer, the driver of the other vehicle, his lawyer, my father's lawyer, ministers from three church denominations, the editor of the afternoon newspaper, and still others. That day, when I rode about town with my father and the two other men in our car, I came as near as I ever had or ever would to receiving a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. They were of a generation of American men who were perhaps the last to grow up in a world where women were absolutely subjected and under the absolute protection of men. While my father wheeled his big Cadillac through the side streets on which some of the girls lived and then along the wide boulevards of Memphis, they spoke of the changes they had seen. In referring to the character of the life girls like Lee Ann led—of which they showed a far greater awareness than I would have supposed they possessed—they agreed that this was the second or third generation there of women who had lived as independently, as freely as these girls did. I felt that what they said was in no sense as derogatory or critical as it would have been in the presence of their wives or daughters. They spoke almost affectionately and with a certain sadness of such girls. They spoke as if these were daughters of dead brothers of their own or of dead companions-in-arms during the First World War. And it seemed to me that they thought of these girls as the daughters of men who had abdicated their authority and responsibility as fathers, men who were not strangers or foreign to them, though they were perhaps of a different economic class. The family names of the girls were familiar to them. The fathers of these girls were Americans of the great hinterland like themselves, even Southerners like themselves. I felt that they were actually cousins of ours who had failed as fathers somehow, had been destined to fail, even required to do so in a changing world. And so

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these men of position and power had to act as surrogate fathers during a transitional period. It was a sort of communal fatherhood they were acting out. Eventually, they seemed to say, fathers might not be required. I actually heard my father saying, "That's what the whole world is going to be like someday." He meant like the life such girls as Lee Ann were making for themselves. I often think nowadays of Father's saying that whenever I see his prediction being fulfilled by the students in the university where I have been teaching for twenty years now, and I wonder if Father did really believe his prediction would come true.

Yet while he and the other two men talked their rather sanguine talk that day, I was thinking of a call I had had the night before after I came back from seeing Nancy Minnifee. One of the servants answered the telephone downstairs in the back part of the house, and she must have guessed it was something special. Because instead of buzzing the buzzer three times, which was the signal when a call was for me, the maid came up the back stairs and tapped gently on my door. "It's for you, Nat," she said softly. "Do you want to take it downstairs?"

There was nothing peculiar about her doing this, really. Since I didn't have an extension phone in my room, I had a tacit understanding with the servants that I preferred to take what I considered my private calls down in that quarter of the house. And so I followed the maid down the back stairway and shut myself in the little servants' dining room that was behind the great white-tiled kitchen. I answered the call on the wall phone there.

A girl's voice, which wasn't the same voice I had heard on the office telephone at noon, said, "Lee Ann doesn't want another day like this one, Nat."

"Who is this?" I said, lowering my voice to be sure even the servants didn't hear me. "What the hell is going on?" I asked. "Where is Lee Ann?"

"She's been keeping just one apartment or one rooming house ahead of you all day."

"But why? Why is she hiding this way?"

"All I want to say is she's had about enough. You let up on pursuing her so."

"It's not me," I protested. "There's nothing I can do to stop them."

Over the phone there came a contemptuous laugh. "No. And you can't get married till they find her, can you?" Momentarily I thought I heard Lee Ann's voice in the background. "Anyhow," the same voice continued, "Lee Ann's had about as much as she can take of all this. She was depressed as it was, when she called you in the first place. Why else do you think she would call you, Nat? She was desperate for some comic relief."

"Relief from what?"

"Relief from her depression, you idiot."

"But what's she depressed about?" I was listening carefully to the voice, thinking it was that of first one girl and then another.

"Nat, we don't always have to have something to be depressed about. But Lee Ann will be all right, if you'll let her alone."

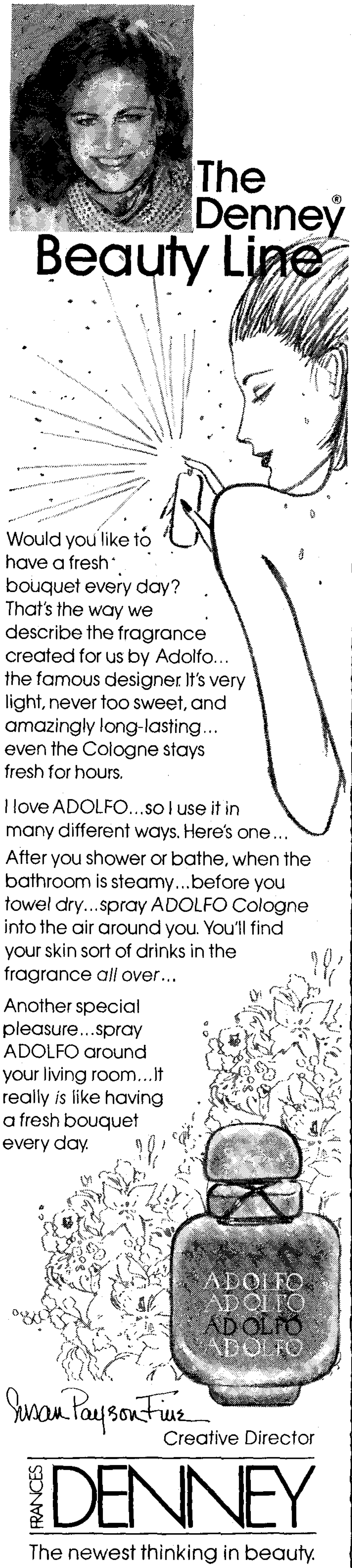
"But what is she depressed about?" I persisted. I had begun to think maybe it was Lee Ann herself on the phone, disguising her voice.

"About life in general, you bastard! Isn't that enough?" Then I knew it wasn't Lee Ann, after all.

"Listen," I said, "let me speak to Lee Ann. I want to speak to Lee Ann."

And then I heard whoever it was I was talking with break off the connection. I quietly replaced the receiver and went upstairs again.

In those days I didn't know what it was to be depressed—not, anyway, about "life in general." Later on, you see, I did know. Later on, after years of being married and having three children and going to grownup Memphis dinner parties three or four times a week and working in the cotton office six days a week, I got so depressed about life in general that I sold my interest in the cotton firm to a cousin of mine (my father and uncles were dead by then) and managed to make Caroline understand that what I needed was to go back to school for a while so that we could start our life all over. I took degrees at three universities, which made it possible for me to become a college professor. That may be an awful revelation about myself—I mean to say, awful that what decided me to become a teacher was that I was so depressed about life in general. But I reasoned that being an English professor—even if I was relegated to teaching composition and simpleminded survey courses—would be something useful and would throw us in with a different kind of people. (Caroline tried to persuade me to go into the sciences, but I told her she was just lucky that I didn't take up classics again.) Anyway, teach-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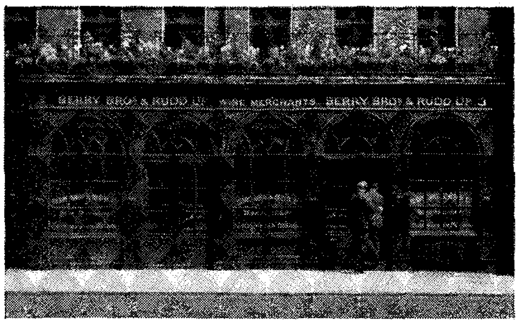
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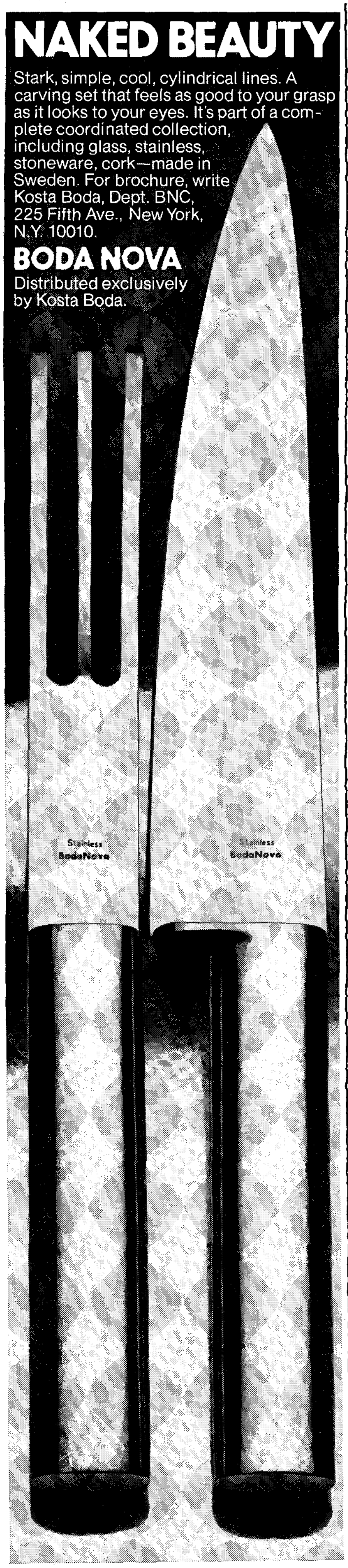
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ing has made me see a lot of young people over the years, in addition to my own children, and I think it is why, in retrospect, those Memphis girls I'm writing about still seem interesting to me after all these many years.

But the fact is, I was still so uneasy about the significance of both those calls from Lee Ann's friends that I was unwilling to mention them to Caroline that night. At first I thought I would tell her, but as soon as I saw her tall and graceful figure in her white, pleated evening dress and wearing the white corsage I had sent, I began worrying again about whether or not she might still break off the engagement. Besides, we had plenty of other matters to discuss, including the rounds I had made with the two policemen that day and her various activities in preparation for the wedding. We went to a dinner that one of my aunts gave for us at the Memphis Country Club that night. We came home early and spent twenty minutes or so in her living room, telling each other how much we loved each other and how we would let nothing on earth interfere with our getting married. I felt reassured, or I tried to feel so. It seemed to me, though, that Caroline still had not really made up her mind. It worried me that she didn't have more to say about Lee Ann. After I got home, I kept waking all night and wondering what if that had not been Lee Ann's voice I had heard in the background and what if she never surfaced again. The circumstances of her disappearance would have to be made public, and that would certainly be too embarrassing for Caroline and her parents to ignore.

Next day, I didn't tell my father and his two friends, the editor and the mayor, about either of the two telephone calls. I don't know why I didn't, unless it was because I feared they might begin monitoring all my calls. I could not tolerate the thought of having them hear the things that girl said to me.

In preference to interviewing the girls whose addresses I could give them, those three middle-aged men seemed much more interested in talking to the girls' rooming-house landladies, or their apartment landlords, or their mothers. They did talk to some of the girls themselves, though, and I observed that the girls were so impressed by having these older men want to talk to them that they could hardly look at them directly. What I think is that the girls were *afraid* they would tell them the truth. They would reply to their questions respectfully, if evasively, but they were apt to keep their eyes on me. This was not the case, however, with the mothers and the landlords and the landladies. There was an immediate rapport between these persons and the three men. There hardly needed to be any explanation required of the unofficial nature of the investigation or of the concern of these particular men about such a girl as Lee Ann. One woman who told them that Lee Ann had roomed with her for a time described her as being always a moody sort of girl. "But lots of these girls living on their own are moody," she said.

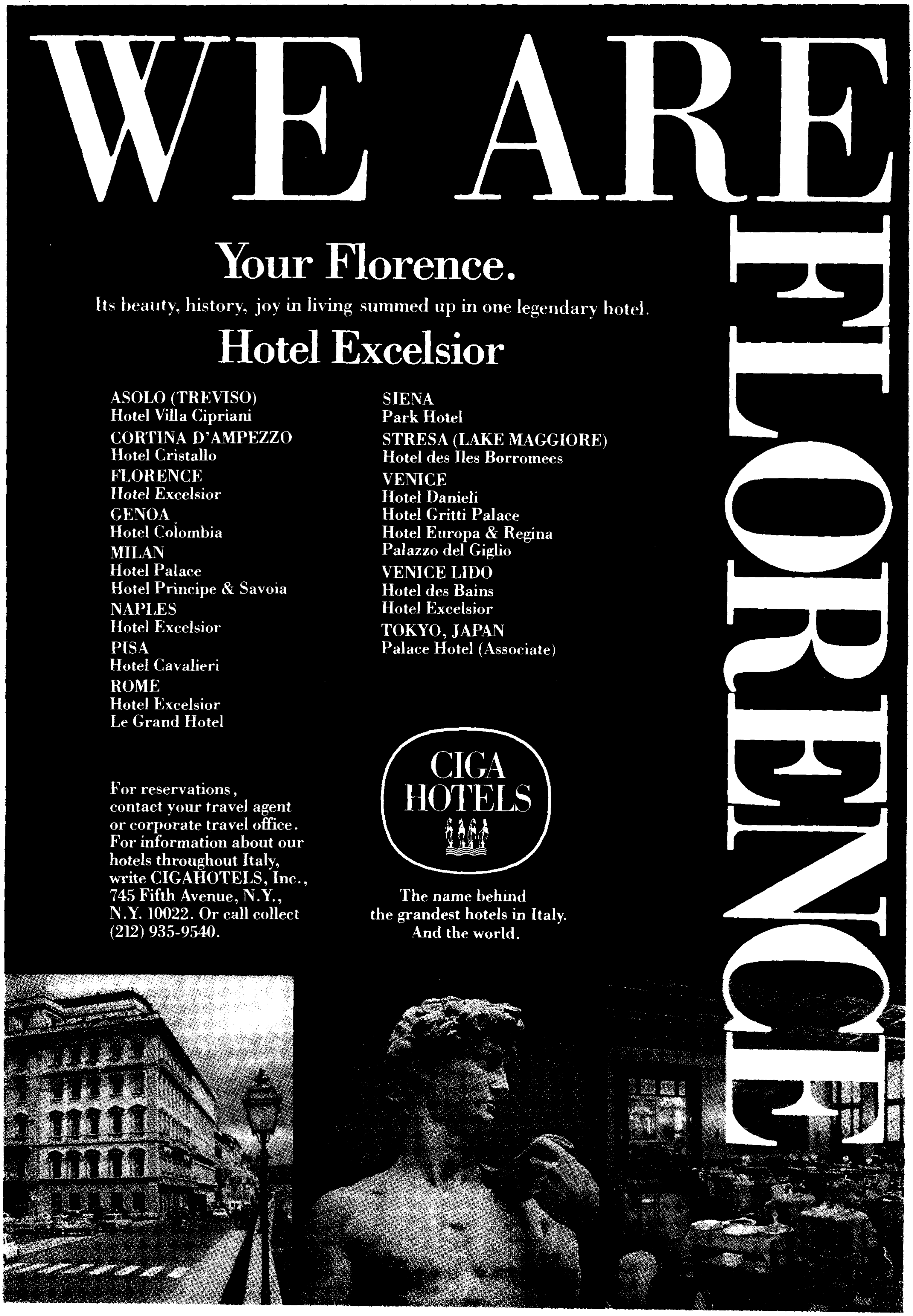
"Where did Miss Deehart come from?" my father asked. "Who were her people?"

"She always claimed she came from Texas," the woman said. "But she could never make it clear to me where it was in Texas."

Later the mayor asked Lee Ann's current landlady, Mrs. Troxler, where she supposed Lee Ann might have gone. "Well," Mrs. Troxler said, "a girl, a decent girl, even among these modern girls, generally goes to her mother when there's trouble. Women turn to women," she said, "when there's real trouble."

The three men found no trace of Lee Ann, got no real clue to where she might have gone. When finally we were leaving the editor at his newspaper office on Union Avenue, he hesitated a moment before opening the car door. "Well," he began, but he sat for a moment beating his leg thoughtfully with a newspaper he had rolled up in his hand. "I don't know," he said. "It's going to be a matter for the police, after all, if we can't do any better than this." I still didn't say anything about my telephone calls. But the calls were worrying me a good deal, and that night I told Caroline.

And when I had told her about the calls and told her how the police and my father and his friends had failed to get any information from the girls, Caroline, who was then sitting beside me on the couch in her living room, suddenly took my hand in hers and, putting her face close to mine and looking me directly in the eye, said, "Nat, I don't want you to go to work at all tomorrow. Don't make any explanation to your father or to anybody. Just get up early and come over here and get me. I want you to take me to meet some of those girls." Then she



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asked me which of the girls she might possibly have met on the rare occasions when I had taken her dancing at The Jungle or at The Cellar. And before I left that night she got me to tell her all I knew about "that whole tribe of city girls." I told her everything, including an account of my innocent friendship with Lee Ann Deehart, as well as an account of my earlier relations, which were not innocent, with a girl named Fern Morris. When, next morning, I came to fetch Caroline for our expedition, there were only three girls that she wanted to be taken to see. One of the three was of course Fern Morris.

There was something that had happened to me the day before, when I was going about Memphis with my father and his two friends, that I could not tell Caroline about. You see, I had been imagining, each place we went, how as we came in the front door Lee Ann was hurriedly, quietly going out the back. This mental picture of her in flight I found not merely appealing but strangely exciting. And it seemed to me I was discovering what my true feelings toward Lee Ann had been during the past two years. I had never dared insist upon the occasional advances I had naturally made to her, because she had always seemed too delicate, too vulnerable, for me to think of suggesting a casual sexual relationship with her. She had seemed too clever and too intelligent for me to deceive her about my intentions or my worth as a person. And I imagined I relished the kind of restraint there was between us because it was so altogether personal and not one placed upon us by any element or segment of society, or by any outside circumstances whatever. It kept coming to my mind as we stood waiting for an answer to the pressure on each doorbell that she was the girl I ought and wanted to be marrying. I realized the absolute folly of such thoughts and the utter impossibility of any such conclusion to present events. But still such feelings and thoughts had kept swimming in and out of my head all that day. I kept seeing Lee Ann in my mind's eye and hearing her soft, somewhat husky voice. I kept imagining how her figure would appear in the doorway before us. I saw her slender ankles, her small breasts, her head of ash-blond hair, which had a way of seeming to fall about her face when she talked but which with one shake of her head she could throw back into perfect place. But of course when the door opened there was the inevitable landlady or mother or friend. And when the next day came and I saw Caroline rolling up her sleeves, so to speak, to pitch in and settle this matter once and for all, then my thoughts and fantasies of the day before seemed literally like something out of a dream that I might have had.

The first two girls Caroline had wanted to see were the two that she very definitely remembered having met when I had taken her—"on a lark"—to my favorite night spots. She caught them both before they went to work that morning, and I was asked to wait in the car. I felt like an idiot waiting out there in the car, because I knew I'd been seen from some window as I gingerly hopped out and opened the door for Caroline when she got out—and opened it again when she returned. But there was no way around it. I waited out there, playing the car radio even at the risk of running down the battery.

When she came back from seeing the first girl, whose name was Lucy Phelan, Caroline was very angry. She reported that Lucy Phelan had pretended not to remember ever having met her. Moreover, Lucy had pretended that she knew Lee Ann Deehart only slightly and had no idea where she could be or what her disappearance meant. As Caroline fumed and I started up the car, I was picturing Lee Ann quietly tiptoeing out the back door of Lucy's rooming house just as Lucy was telling Caroline she scarcely knew the girl or while she was insisting that she didn't remember Caroline. As Caroline came back down the walk from the big Victorian house to the car, Lucy, who had stepped out onto the narrow porch that ran across the front of the house and around one corner of it, squatted down on her haunches at the top of the wooden porch steps and waved to me from behind Caroline's back. Though I knew it was no good, I pretended not to see her there. As I put the car into second gear and we sped away down the block, I took a quick glance back at the house. Lucy was still standing on the porch and waving to me the way one waves to a little child. She knew I had seen her stooping and waving moments before. And knew I would be stealing a glance now.

For a short time Caroline seemed undecided about calling on the second girl. But she decided finally to press

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on. Lucy Phelan she remembered meeting at The Cellar. The next girl, Betsy Morehouse, she had met at The Jungle and at a considerably more recent time. Caroline was a dog fancier in those days and she recalled a conversation with Betsy about the mounted dogs' heads that adorned the walls of The Jungle. They both had been outraged. When she mentioned this to me there in the car, I realized for the first time that by trying to make these girls acknowledge an acquaintance with her she had hoped to make them feel she was almost one of them and that they would thus be more likely to confide in her. But she failed with Betsy Morehouse, too. Betsy lived in an apartment house—an old residence, that is, converted into apartments—and when Caroline got inside the entrance-hall door she met Betsy, who was just then coming down the stairs. Betsy carried a purse and was wearing a fur coat and overshoes. When Caroline got back to the car and told me about it, I could not help feeling that Betsy had had a call from Lucy Phelan and even perhaps that Lee Ann was hiding in her apartment, having just arrived there from Lucy's. Because Betsy didn't offer to take Caroline back upstairs to her apartment for a talk. Instead, they sat down on two straight-backed chairs in the entrance hall and exchanged their few words there. Betsy at once denied the possibility of Caroline's ever having met her before. She denied that she had, herself, ever been to The Jungle. I knew this to be a lie, of course, but I didn't insist upon it to Caroline. I said that perhaps both she and I were mistaken about Betsy's being there on the night I had taken Caroline. As soon as Caroline saw she would learn nothing from Betsy, she got up and began to make motions of leaving. Betsy followed her to the door. But upon seeing my car out at the curb—so Caroline believed—she turned back, saying that she had remembered a telephone call she had to make. Caroline suspected that the girl didn't want to have to face me with her lie. That possibly was true. But my thought was that Betsy just might, also, have a telephone call she wanted to make.

There was now no question about Caroline's wanting to proceed to the third girl's house. This was the girl I had told her about having had a real affair with—the one I had gone with before Lee Ann and I had become friends. Caroline knew that she and Fern Morris had never met, but she counted on a different psychology with

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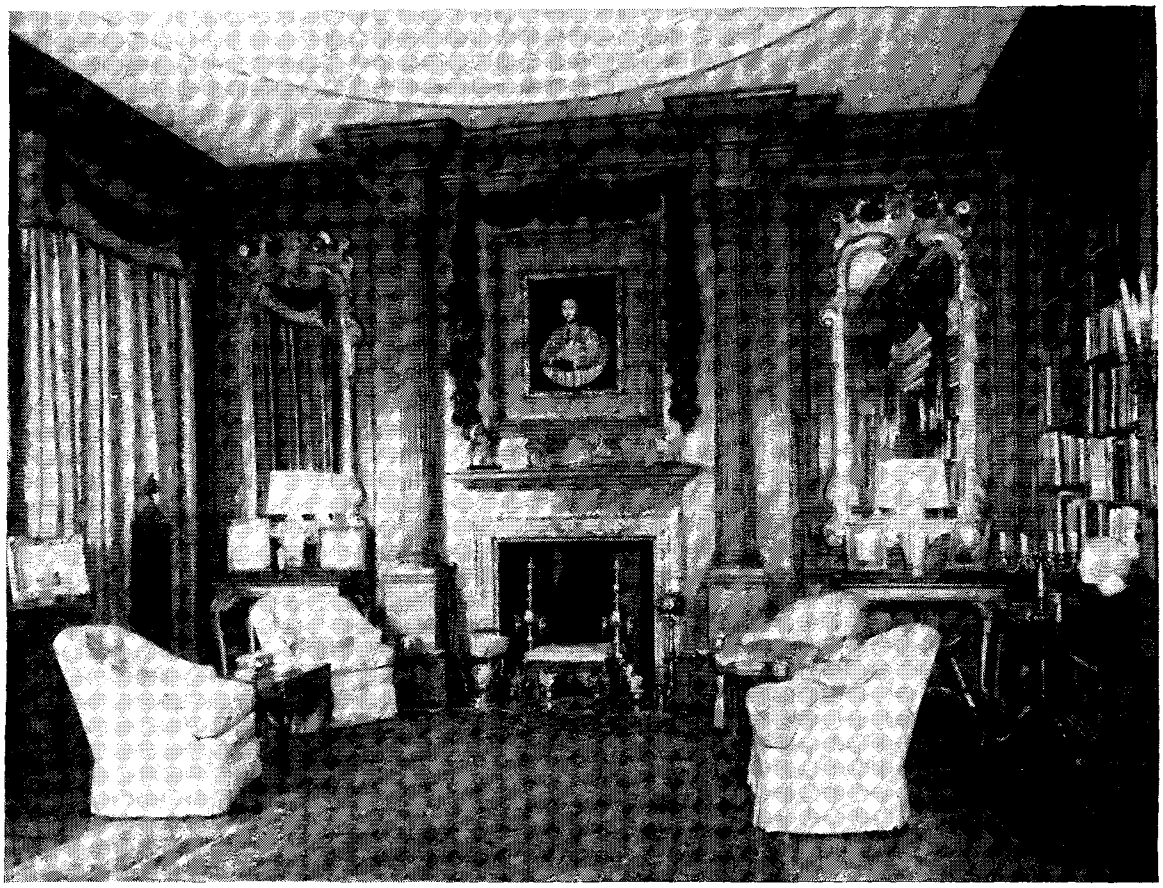

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Fern. Most probably she had hoped it wouldn't be necessary for her to go to see Fern. She had been sure that one of those two other girls would give her the lead she needed. But as a last resort she was fully prepared to call on Fern Morris and to take me into the house with her.

Fern was a girl who still lived at home with her mother. She was in no sense a mama's girl or even a home-loving girl, since she was unhappy unless she went out on a date every night of her life. Perhaps she was not so clever and not so intellectual as most of her friends—if reading books, that is, on psychology and on China and every new volume of André Maurois indicated intellectuality. And though she was not home-loving, I suppose you would have to say she was more domestic than the other girls were. She had never "held down" a job. Rather, she stayed at home in the daytime and kept house for her mother, who was said to "hold down" a high-powered job under Boss Crump down at City Hall. Mrs. Morris was a very sensible woman, who put no restrictions on her grown-up daughter and was glad to have her as a housekeeper. She used to tell me what a good cook and housekeeper Fern was and how well fixed she would leave her when she died. I really believe Mrs. Morris hoped our romance might end in matrimony, and, as a matter of fact, it was when I began to suspect that Fern, too, was entertaining such notions that I stopped seeing her and turned my attentions to Lee Ann Deehart.

Mrs. Morris still seemed glad to see me when I arrived at their bungalow that morning with Caroline and when I proceeded to introduce Caroline to her as my fiancée. Fern herself greeted me warmly. In fact, when I told her that Caroline and I were going to be married (though she must certainly have already read about it in the newspaper) she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me. "Oh, Natty," she said, "I'm so happy for you. Really I am. But poor Lee Ann." And in later life, especially in recent years, whenever Caroline has thought I was being silly about some other woman, usually a woman she considers her mental and social inferior, she has delighted in addressing me as "Natty." On more than one such occasion I have even had her say to me, "I am so happy for you, Natty. Really I am."

The fact is, Mrs. Morris was just leaving the house for work when we arrived. And so there was no delay in Caroline's interview with Fern. "I assume you know about Lee Ann's disappearance?" Caroline began as soon as we had seated ourselves in the little front parlor, with which I was very familiar.

"Of course I do," said Fern, looking at me and laughing gleefully.

"You think it's a laughing matter, then?" Caroline asked.

"I do indeed. It's all a big joke," Fern said at once. It was as though she had her answers all prepared. "And a very successful joke it is."

"Successful?" both Caroline and I asked. We looked at each other in dismay.

"It's only my opinion, of course. But I think she only wants to make you two suffer."

"Suffer?" I said. This time Caroline was silent.

Fern was now addressing me directly. "Everybody knows Caroline is not going to marry you until Lee Ann turns up safe."

"Everybody?" Both of us again.

"Everybody in the world practically," said Fern.

Caroline's face showed no expression. Neither, I believe, did mine.

"Fern, do you know where Lee Ann is?" Caroline asked gently.

Fern Morris, her eyes on me, shook her head, smiling.

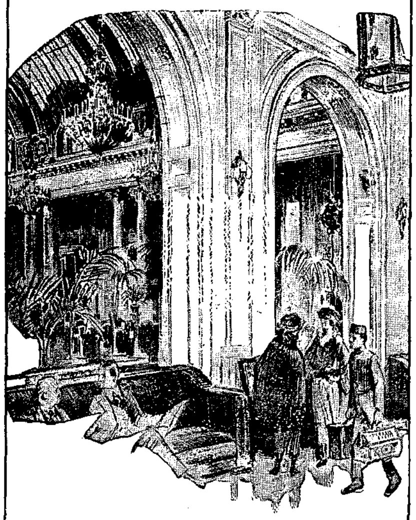
"Do you know where her people are?" Caroline asked. "And whether *she's with them* or *hiding with her friends?*"

Fern shook her head again, but now she gazed directly at Caroline. "I'm not going to tell you anything!" she asserted. But after a moment she took a deep breath and said, still looking at Caroline, "You're a smart girl. I think you'll likely be going to Lee Ann's room in that place where she lives. If you do go there, and if you are a smart girl, you'll look in the left-hand drawer of Lee Ann's dressing table." Fern had an uneasy smile on her face after she had spoken, as if Caroline had got her to say something she hadn't really meant to say, as if she felt guilty for what she had just done.

Caroline had us out of there in only a minute or so and on our way to Lee Ann's rooming house.

It was a red brick bungalow up in north Memphis. It looked very much like the one that Fern lived in but was used as a rooming house. When Mrs. Troxler opened the front door to us, Caroline said, "We're friends of Lee Ann's, and she wants us to pack a suitcase and bring it to her."

"You know where she is, then?" Mrs. Troxler asked. "Hello, Nat," she



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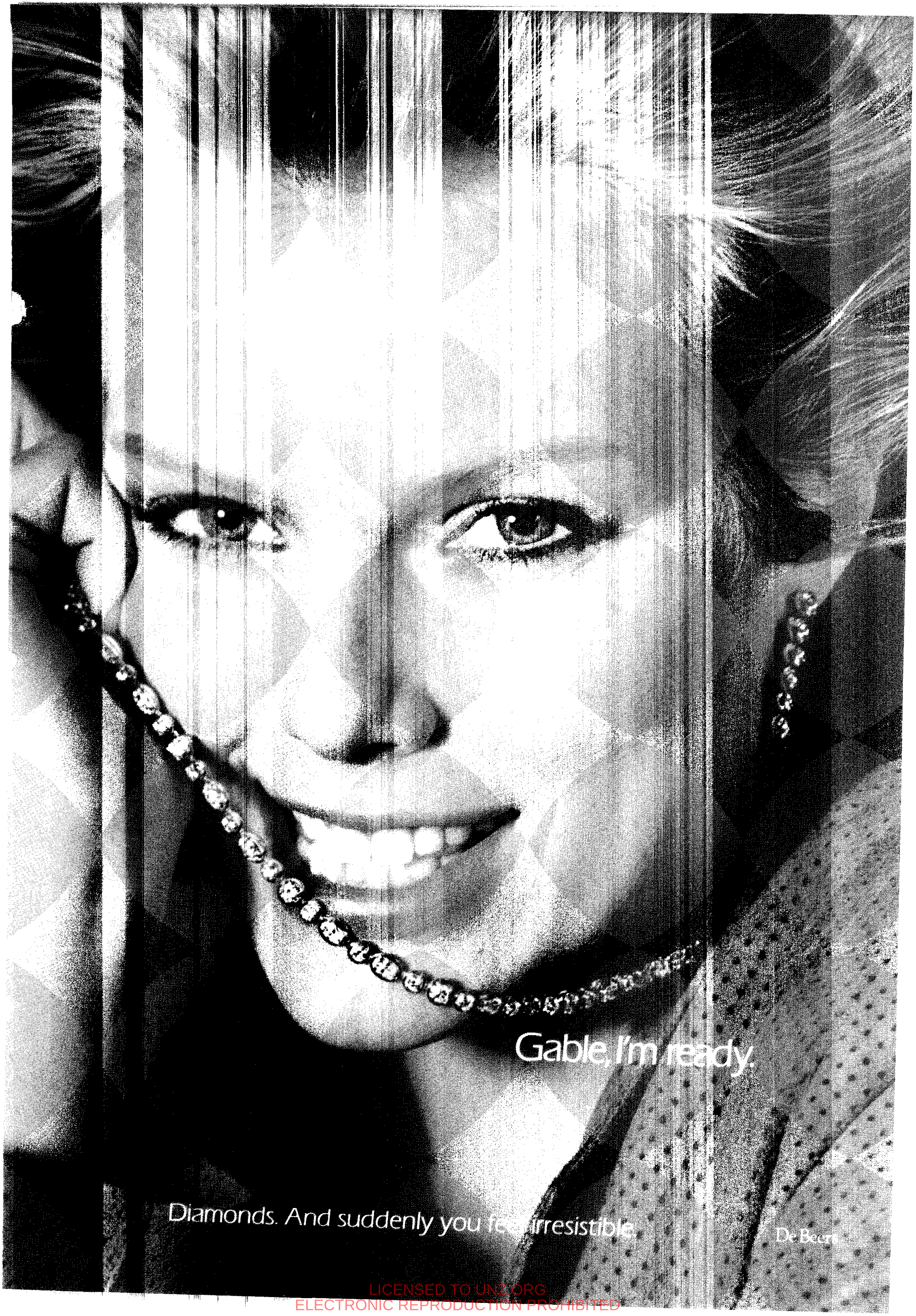
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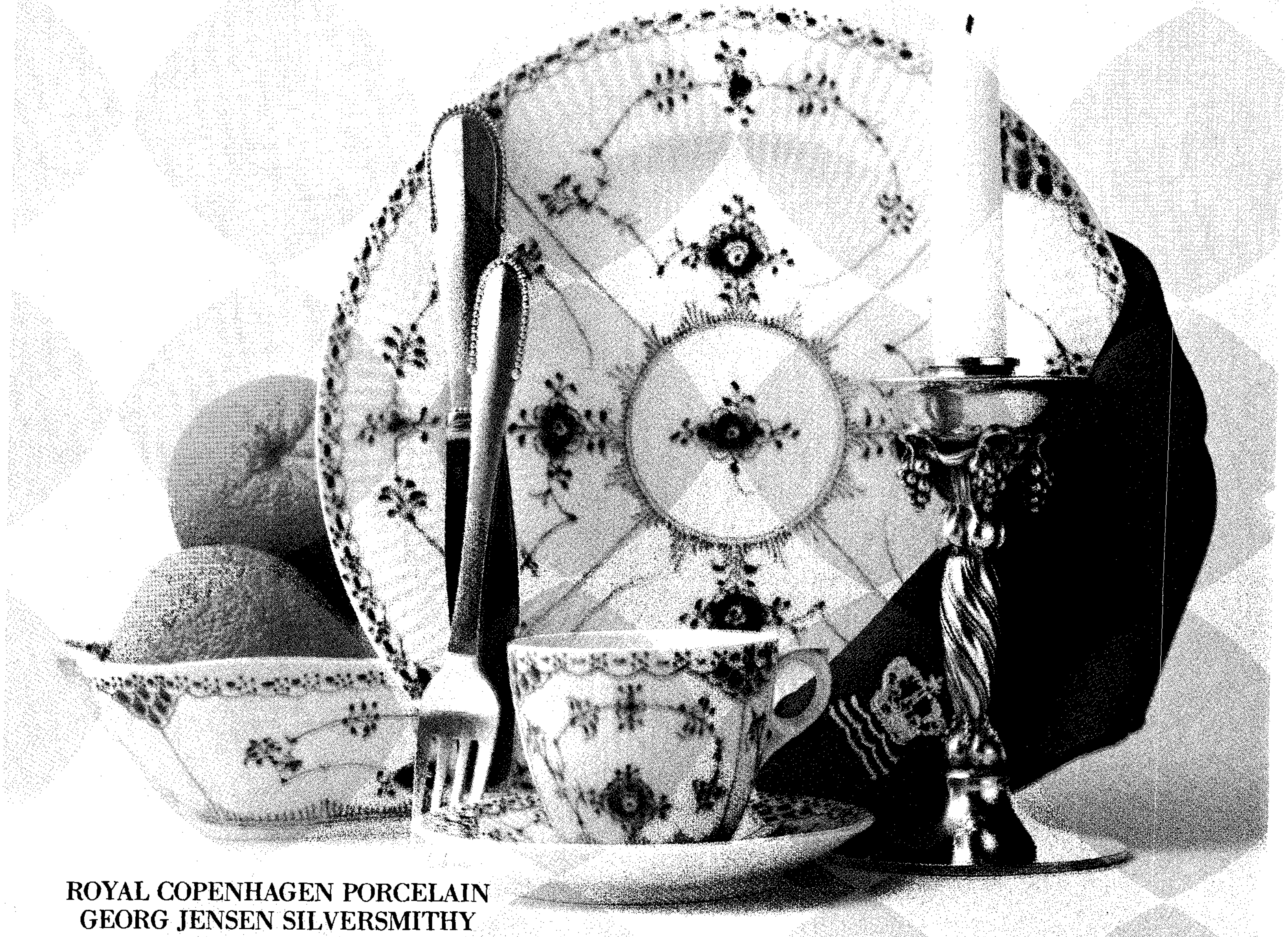

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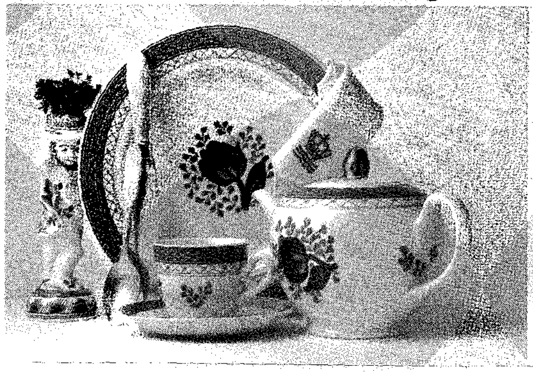

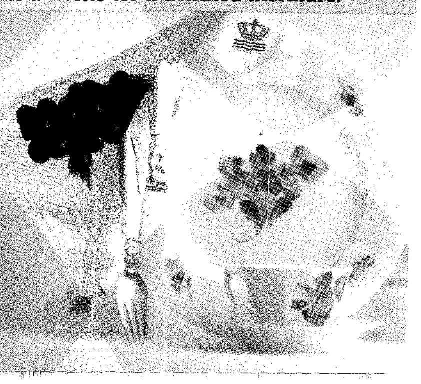

said, looking at me over Caroline's shoulder.

"Hello, Mrs. Troxler," I said. I was so stunned by what I had just heard Caroline say that I spoke in a whisper.

"She's with her mother—or with her family, at least," Caroline said. By now she had slipped into the hallway, and I had followed without Mrs. Troxler's really inviting us in.

"Where are her family?" Mrs. Troxler asked, giving way to Caroline's forward thrust. "She never volunteered to tell me anything about them. And I never think it's my business to ask."

Caroline nodded her head at me, indicating that I should lead the way to Lee Ann's room. I knew that her room was toward the back of the house and I headed in that direction.

"I'll have to unlock the room for you," said Mrs. Troxler. "There have been a number of people coming here and wanting to look about her room. And so I keep it locked."

"A number of people?" asked Caroline casually.

"Yes. Nat knows. There were the police. And then there were some other gentlemen. Nat knows about it, though he didn't come in. And there were two other girls. The girls just seemed idly curious, and so I've taken to locking the door. Where do her people live?"

"I don't know," said Caroline. "She's going to meet us downtown at the bus station and take a bus."

When Mrs. Troxler had unlocked the door she asked, "Is Lee Ann all right? Do you think she will be coming back here?"

"She's fine," Caroline said, "and I'm sure she'll be coming back. She just wants a few things."

"Yes, I've wondered how she's been getting along without a change of clothes. I'll fetch her suitcase. I keep my roomers' luggage in my storage closet down the hall." We waited till she came back with a piece of plaid luggage and then we went into the room and closed the door. Caroline went to the oak dresser and began pulling things out and stuffing them in the bag. I stood by, watching, hardly able to believe what I saw Caroline doing. When she had closed the bag, she looked up at me as if to say, "What are you waiting for?" She had not gone near the little mahogany dressing table, and I had not realized that was going to be my part. I went over and opened the left-hand drawer. The only thing in the drawer was a small snapshot. I took it up and examined it carefully. I said nothing to Caroline, just handed her the picture. Finally I said, "Do you know who that is? And where the picture was taken?" She recognized the woman in the picture at once. It was the old woman with the goitre who ran The Cellar. The picture had been taken with Mrs. Power standing in one of the flower beds against the side of the house. The big cut stones of the house were unmistakable. After bringing the snapshot up close to her face and peering into it for ten seconds or so, Caroline looked at me and said, "That's her family."

By the time we had stopped the car in front of The Cellar, I had told Caroline all that I knew about Lee Ann's schooling and about how it was that, though she had a "family" in Memphis, no one had known her when she was growing up. She had been to one boarding school in Shreveport, Louisiana, to one in East Texas, and to still another in St. Charles, Missouri. I had heard her make references to all of those schools. "They kept her away from home," Caroline speculated. "And so when she had finished school she wasn't prepared for the kind of 'family' she had. That's why she moved out on them and lived in a rooming house."

She reached that conclusion while I was parking the car at the curb, near the front entrance to the house. Meanwhile, I was preparing myself mentally to accompany Caroline to the door of the old woman's living quarters, which were on the main floor and above The Cellar. But Caroline rested her hand on the steering wheel beside mine and said, "This is something I have to do without you."

"But I'd like to see Lee Ann if she's here," I said.

"I know you would," said Caroline. "Of course you would."

"But, Caroline," I said, "I've made it clear that ours was an innocent—"

"I know," she said. "That's why I don't want you to see her again." Then she took Lee Ann's bag and went up to the front entrance of the house.

The main entrance to The Cellar was to the side of and underneath the high front stoop of the old house. Caroline had to climb a flight of ten or twelve stone steps to reach the door to the residence. From the car I saw a vague figure appear at one of the long first-floor windows. I was relatively certain that it was Lee Ann I saw. I could barely restrain myself from jumping from the car and running up that flight of steps and forcing myself past Caroline and into the

HOW WINE IS MADE

Elvira

3 I began this series with some historical facts on how my family came to be winemakers and how our wines benefit from this heritage. I want to give due credit, also, to my grandmother Elvira - not a winemaker but a winemaker's wife.

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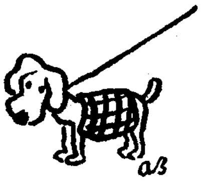
house. During the hundred hours or so since she had fled into the woods of Overton Park, Lee Ann Deehart had come to represent feelings of mine that I didn't try to comprehend. The notion I had had yesterday that I was in love with her and wanted to marry her didn't really adequately express the emotions that her disappearance had stirred in me. I felt that I had never looked at her really or had any conception of what sort of person she was or what her experience in life was like. Now it seemed I would never know. I suddenly realized—at that early age—that there was experience to be had in life that I might never know anything about except through hearsay and through books. I felt that this was my last moment to reach out and understand something of the world that was other than my own narrow circumstances and my own narrow nature. When, nearly fifteen years later, I came into a comfortable amount of money—after my father's death—I made my extraordinary decision to go back to the university and prepare myself to become a teacher. But I knew then, at thirty-seven, that I was only going to try to comprehend intellectually the world about me and beyond me and that I had failed somehow at some time to reach out and grasp direct experience of a larger life which no amount of intellectualizing could compensate for. It may be that the moment of my great failure was when I continued to sit there in the car and did not force my way into the house where the old woman with the goitre lived and where it now seemed Lee Ann had been hiding for four days.



I was scarcely aware of the moment when the big front door opened and Caroline was admitted to the house. She was in there for nearly an hour. During that time I don't know what thoughts I had. It was as though I ceased to exist for the time that Lee Ann Deehart and Caroline Braxley were closeted together. When Caroline reappeared on the high stone stoop of the house, I was surprised to see she was still carrying Lee Ann's suitcase. But she would soon make it all clear. It *was* Lee Ann who received her at the door. No doubt she had seen that Caroline was carrying her own piece of luggage. And no doubt Caroline had counted on just that mystification and its efficacy, because Caroline is an extremely clever psychologist when she sets her mind to it. At any rate, in that relatively brief interview between them Caroline learned that all she had surmised about Lee Ann was true. Moreover, she learned that Lee Ann had fled the scene of the accident because she feared that the publicity would reveal to everyone who her grandmother was.

Lee Ann had crossed the little strip of snow-covered golf course and had entered the part of the woods where the old-forest trees were. And something had made her want to remain there for a while. She didn't know what it was. She had leaned against one of the trees, feeling quite content. It had seemed to her that she was not alone in the woods. And whatever the other presences were, instead of interfering with her reflections they seemed to wish to help her clear her thoughts. She stood there for a long time—perhaps for an hour or more. At any rate, she remained there until all at once she realized how cold she had grown and realized that she had no choice but to go back to the real world. Yet she wasn't going back to her room or to her pretty possessions there. That wasn't the kind of freedom she wanted any longer. She was going back to her grandmother. But still she hoped to avoid the publicity that the accident might bring. She decided to go, first of all, and stay with some of her friends, so that her grandmother would not suppose she was only turning to her because she was in trouble. And while making this important change in her life she felt she must be protected by her friends. She wanted to have an interval of time to herself and she wanted, above all, not to be bothered during that time by the silly society boy in whose car she had been riding.

During the first days she had gone from one girl's house to another. Finally she went to her grandmother. In the beginning she had, it was true, been mightily depressed. That was why she had telephoned me to start with, and had wanted someone to cheer her up. But during these four days she had much time for thinking and had overcome all her depression and had no other thought but to follow through with the decision to go and live openly with her old grandmother in her quarters above The Cellar.

Caroline also, in that single interview, learned other things about Lee Ann which had been unknown to me. She learned that Lee Ann's own mother had abandoned her in infancy to her grandmother but had always through the years sent money back for her education. She had had—the mother—an extremely successful career as a buyer

The Omega watch pictured above and worn on the opposite page is part of the new 18 karat gold collection. The styling is crisp, classic, distinctive. Diamonds highlight the frame, set off the face. The new collection includes men's and women's watches. As shown, $1,295*

For a list of stores carrying the full line of Omega watches, priced from $195 to $7,000, please write: Omega, 301 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
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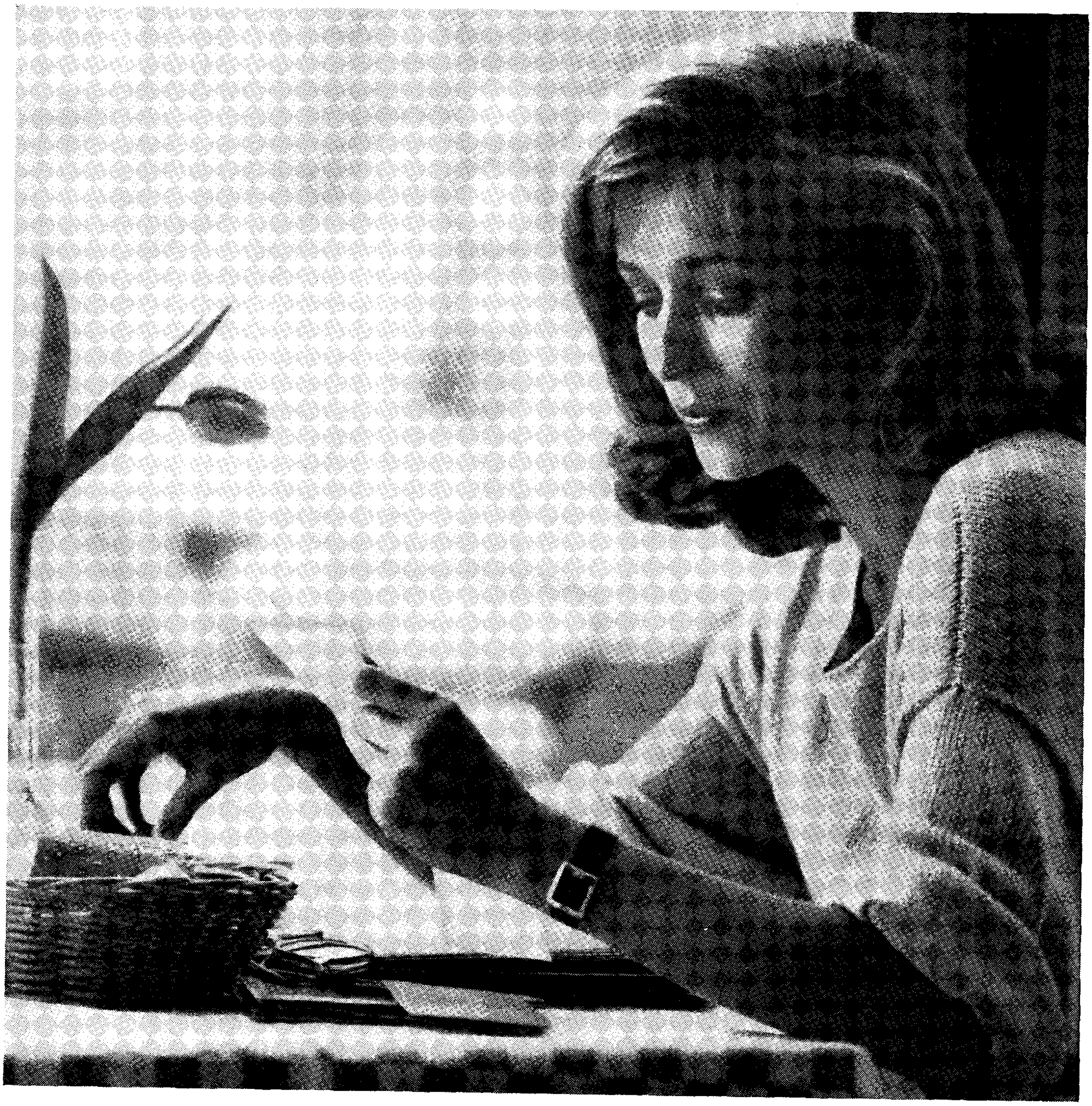

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for a women's-clothing store in Lincoln, Nebraska. But she had never tried to see her daughter and had never expressed a wish to see her. The only word she ever sent was that children were not her dish, but that she didn't want it on her conscience that, because of her, some little girl in Memphis, Tennessee, had got no education and was therefore the domestic slave of some man. When Caroline told me all of this about the mother's not caring to see the daughter, it brought from her her first emotional outburst with regard to the whole business. But that was at a later time. The first thing she had told me when she returned to the car was that once Lee Ann realized that her place of hiding could no longer be concealed, she was quickly and easily persuaded to speak to the newspaper editor on the telephone and to tell him that she was safe and well. But she did this only after Caroline had first spoken to the editor herself, and obtained a promise from him that there would be no embarrassing publicity for Lee Ann's grandmother.

The reason Caroline had returned with Lee Ann's suitcase was that Lee Ann had emptied it there in her grandmother's front parlor and had asked that we return to her rooming house and bring all of her possessions to her at her grandmother's. We obliged her in this, making appropriate, truthless explanations to her landlady, whom Lee Ann had meanwhile telephoned and given whatever little authority Mrs. Troxler required in order to let us remove her things. It seemed to me that that poor woman scarcely listened to the explanations we gave. Another girl was already moving into the room before we had well got Lee Ann's things out. When we returned to the grandmother's house with these possessions in the car, Caroline insisted upon making an endless number of trips into the house, carrying everything herself. She was firm in her stipulation that Lee Ann and I not see each other again.

THE incident was closed then. I could be certain that there would be no broken engagement—not on Caroline's initiative. But from that point—from that afternoon—my real effort and my real concern would be to try to understand why Caroline had not been so terribly enraged or so sorely wounded upon first discovering that there had been another girl with me in the car at the time of the accident, and by the realization that I had not immediately disclosed her presence, that she had not at least once threatened to end the engagement. What her mental processes had been during the past four days, knowing now as I did that she was the person with whom I was going to spend the rest of my life, became of paramount interest to me.

But at that age I was so unquestioning of human behavior in general and so accepting of events as they came, and so without perception or reflection regarding the binding and molding effect upon people of the circumstances in which they are born, that I actually might not have found Caroline's thoughts of such profound interest and so vitally important to be understood had not Caroline, as soon as we were riding down Adams Street and were out of sight of The Cellar and of Mrs. Power's great stone house above it, suddenly requested that I drive her out to the Bristol Highway, and once we were on the Bristol Highway asked me to drive as fast and as far out of town as I could or would, to drive and drive until she should beg me to turn around and take her home; and had she not, as soon as we were out of town and beyond city speed limits, where I could press down on the accelerator and send us flying along the three-lane strip of concrete which cut through the endless expanse of cotton fields and swamps on either side, had she not then at last, after talking quietly about Lee Ann's mother's sending back the money for her education, burst into weeping that began with a kind of wailing and grinding of teeth that one ordinarily associates more with a very old person in very great physical pain, a wailing that became mixed almost immediately with a sort of hollow laughter in which there was no mirth. I commenced slowing the car at once. I was searching for a place where I could pull off to the side of the road. But through her tears and her harsh, dry laughter she hissed at me, "Don't stop! Don't stop! Go on. Go on. Go as far and as fast as you can, so that I can forget this day and put it forever behind me!" I obeyed her and sped on, reaching out my right hand to hold her two hands that were resting in her lap and were making no effort to wipe away her tears. I was not looking at her—only thinking thoughts of a kind I had never before had. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a victim of genuine hysteria. Indeed, I wasn't to hear such noises again until six or seven years later, during the Second World War. I heard them from men during days

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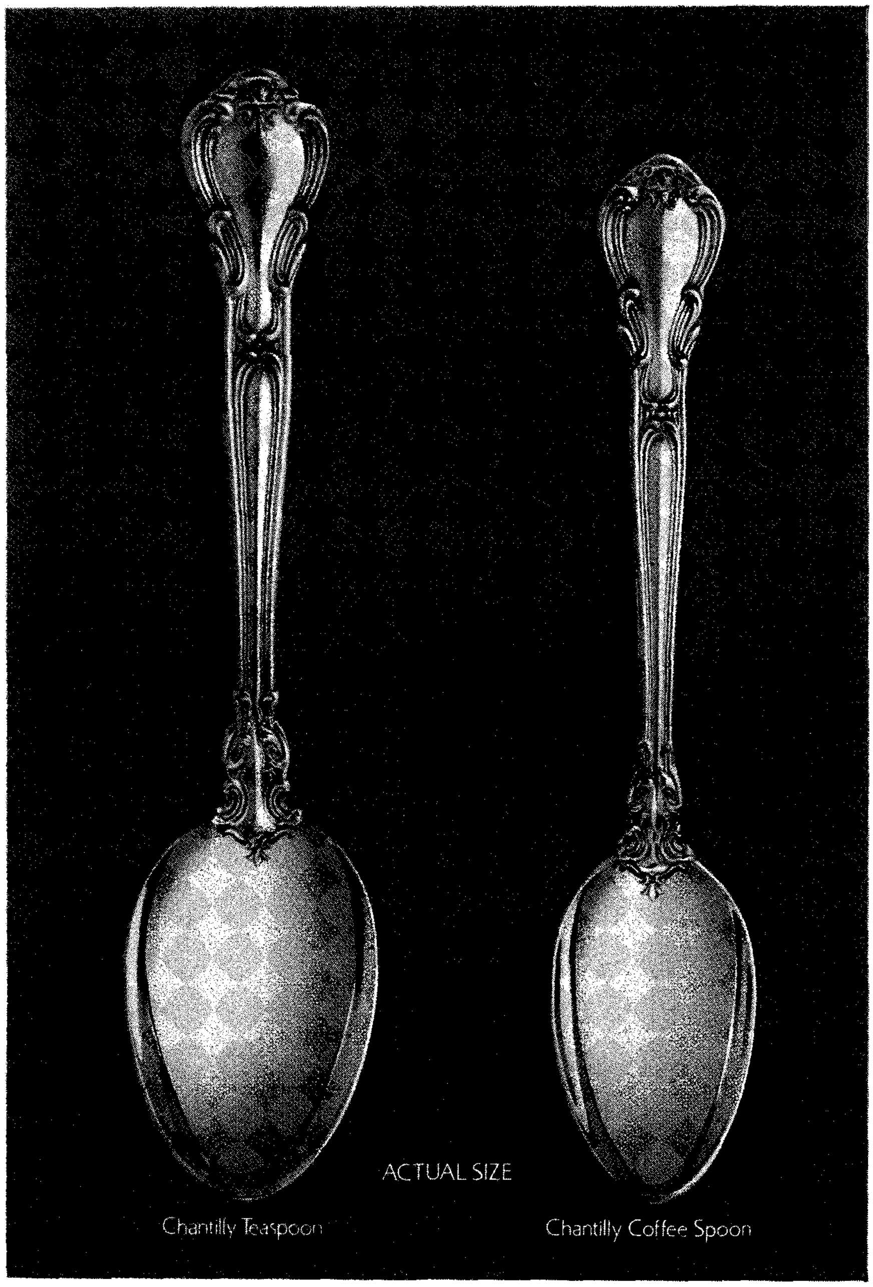

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after a battle, men who had stood with great bravery against the enemy—particularly, as I remember now, men who had been brought back from the first onslaught of the Normandy invasion, physically whole but shaken in their souls. I think that during the stress of the four previous days Caroline Braxley had shed not a tear of self-pity or of shame and had not allowed herself a moment of genuine grief for my possible faithlessness to her. She had been far too busy with thinking—with thinking her thoughts of how to cope with Lee Ann's unexplained disappearance, with, that is, its possible effect upon her own life. But now the time had come when her checked emotions could be checked no longer.

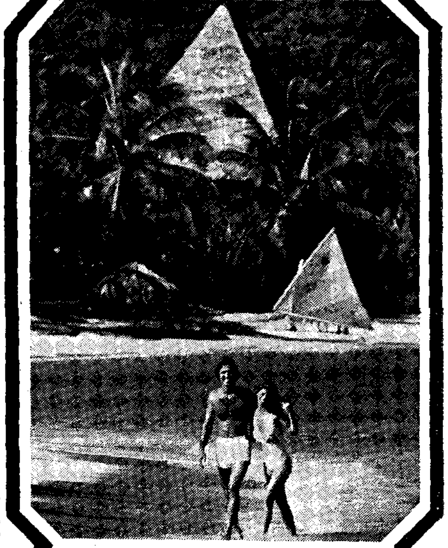
The Bristol Highway, along which we were speeding as she wept hysterically, was a very straight and a very wide roadway for those days. It went northeast from Memphis. As its name implied, it was the old road that shot more or less diagonally across the long hinterland that is the state of Tennessee. It was the road along which many of our ancestors had first made their way from Virginia and the Carolinas to Memphis, to settle in the forest wilderness along the bluffs above the Mississippi River. And it occurred to me now that when Caroline said go as fast and as far as you can she really meant to take us all the way back into our past and begin the journey all over again, not merely from a point of four days ago or from the days of our childhood but from a point in our identity that would require a much deeper delving and a more radical return.

When we had got scarcely beyond the outskirts of Memphis, the most obvious signs of her hysteria had abated. Instead, however, she began to speak with a rapidity and in tones I was not accustomed to in her speech. This began after I had seen her give one long look over her shoulder and out the rear window of the car. Sensing some significance in that look and sensing some connection between it and the monologue she had now launched upon, I myself gave one glance into the rearview mirror. What met my eye was the skyline of modern Memphis beyond the snow-covered suburban rooftops—the modern Memphis of 1937, with its two or three high-rise office buildings. It was not clear to me immediately what there was in that skyline to inspire all that followed. She was speaking to me openly about Lee Ann and about her own feelings of jealousy and resentment of the girl—of *that* girl and of all those other girls, too, whose names and personalities and way of life had occupied our thoughts and had seemed to threaten our future during the four-day crisis that had followed my accident in the Park.

"It isn't only Lee Ann that disturbs me," she said. "It began with her, of course. It began not with what she might be to you but with her freedom to jump out of your car, her freedom *from* you, her freedom to run off into the woods—with her capacity, which her special way of living provided her, simply to vanish, to remove herself from the eyes of the world, literally to disappear from the glaring light of day while the whole world, so to speak, looked on."

"*You* would like to be able to do that?" I interrupted. It seemed so unlike her role as I understood it.

"*Any*body would, wouldn't they?" she said, not looking at me but at the endless stretch of concrete that lay straight ahead. "*Men* have always been able to do it," she said. "In my own family, for as many generations back as our family stories go, there have been men who seemed to disappear from the face of the earth just because they wanted to. They used to write 'Gone to Texas' on the front door and leave the house and the farm to be sold for taxes. They walked out on dependent old parents and on sweethearts or even on wives and little children. And though they were considered black sheep for doing so, they were something of heroes, too. It seemed romantic to the rest of us that they had gone Out West somewhere and got a new start or had begun life over. But there was never a woman in our family who did that! There was no way it could happen. Or perhaps in some rare instance it did happen and the story hasn't come down to us. Her name simply isn't recorded in our family annals or reported in stories told around the fire. The assumption of course is that she is a streetwalker in Chicago or she resides in a red-plush whorehouse in Cheyenne. But with girls like Lee Ann and Lucy and Betsy it's all different. They have made their break with the past. Each of them has had the strength and intelligence to make the break for herself. But now they have formed a sort of league for their own protection. How I do admire and envy them! And how little you understand them, Nat. How little you understand Lee Ann's loneliness and depression and bravery. She and all the others are wonderful—even Fern. They occupy



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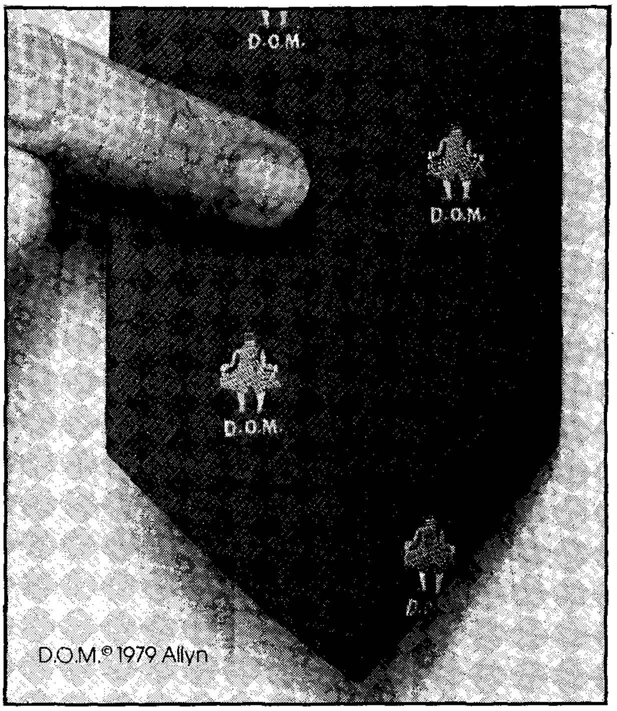

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the real city of Memphis as none of the rest of us do. They treat men just as they please. And not the way men are treated in *our* circles. And men like them better for it. Those girls have learned to enjoy life together and to be mutually protective, but they enjoy a protection also, I hope you have observed, a kind of communal protection, from men who admire their very independence, from a league of men, mind you, not from individual men, from the police and from men like my father and your father, from men who would never say openly how much they admire them. Naturally we fear them. Those of us who are not like *them in temperament—or in intelligence*, because there is no use in denying it—we must fear them and find a means to give delaying action. And of course the only way we know is the age-old way!"

She became silent for a time now. But I knew I was going to hear what I had been waiting to hear. If I had been the least bit impatient with her explanation of Lee Ann and her friends, it was due in part to my impatience to see if she would explain *herself* to me. We were now speeding along the Bristol Highway at the very top speed the car would go. Except when we were passing through some crossroad or village I consciously kept the speed above ninety. In those days there was no speed limit in Tennessee. There were merely signs placed every so often along the roadside saying "Speed Limit: Please Drive Carefully." I felt somehow that, considering Caroline's emotional state and my own tension, it would be altogether unreasonable, it would constitute careless and unsafe driving, for me to reduce our speed to anything below the maximum capability of the car. And when we did of necessity slow down for some village or small town it was precisely as though we had arrived at some at once familiar and strange point in the past. And on each occasion I think we both experienced a sense of danger and disappointment. It was as though we expected to experience a satisfaction in having gone so far. But the satisfaction was not to be had. When we had passed that point, I felt only the need to press on at an even greater speed. And so we drove on and on, at first north and east through the wintry cotton land and corn land, past the old Orgill Plantation, the mansion house in plain view, its round brick columns on which the plaster was mostly gone, and now and then another white man's antebellum house, and always at the road-

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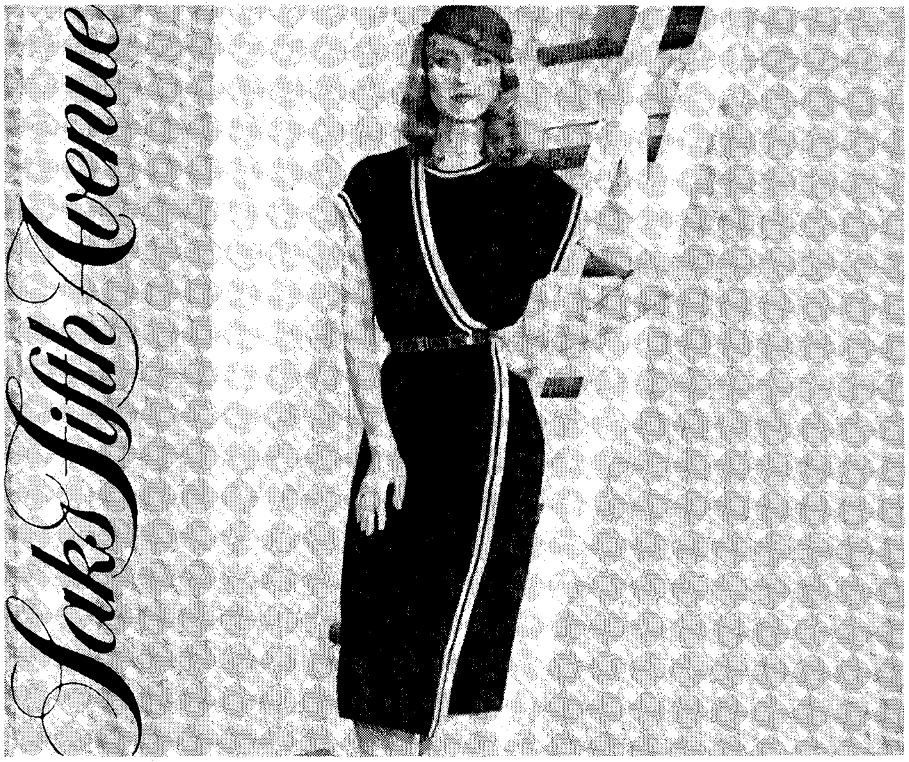

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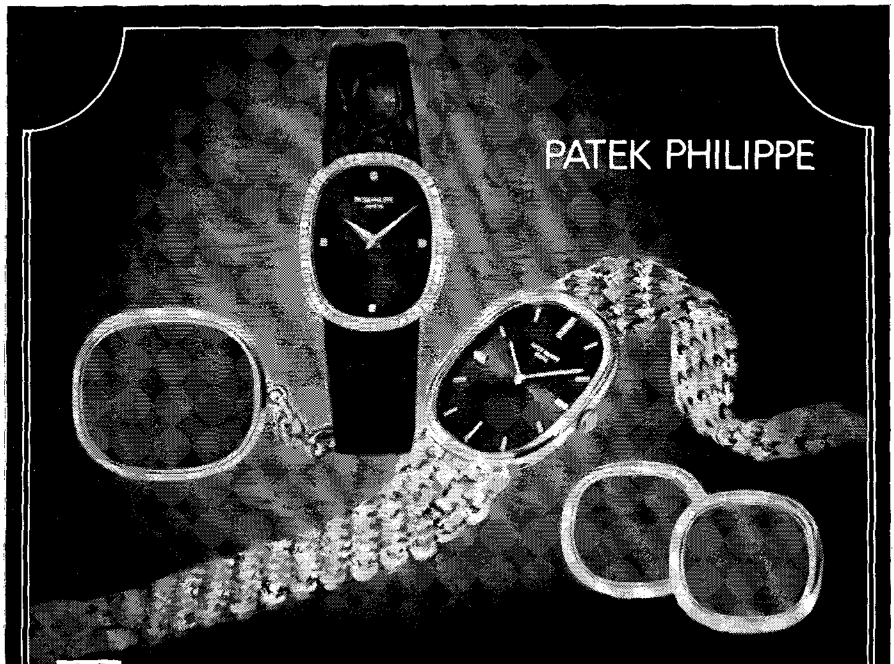

There is a store where 18-karat gold, through the artistry of Patek Philippe, is tinted a regal blue. Here, from the Ellipse collection, in the key ring and cufflinks, the blue is surrounded by yellow; the watches are enhanced by either diamonds or a basket-woven band. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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side or on the horizon, atop some distant ridge, a variety of black men's shacks and cabins, each with a little streamer of smoke rising from an improvised tin stovepipe or from an ill-made brick chimney bent away from the cabin at a precarious angle.

We went through the old villages of Arlington and Mason and the town of Brownsville—down streets of houses with columned porticoes and double galleries—and then we turned south to Bolivar, whose very name told you when it was built, and headed back to Memphis through Grand Junction and La Grange. (Mississippi towns really, though north of the Tennessee line.) I had slowed our speed after Bolivar, because that was where Caroline began her second monologue. The tone and pace of her speech were very different now. Her speech was slow and deliberate, her emotions more under control than usual, as she described what she had felt and thought in the time since the accident and explained how she came to reach the decision to take the action she had—that is, action toward searching out and finding Lee Ann Deehart. Though I had said nothing on the subject of what she had done about Lee Ann and not done about our engagement, expressed no request or demand for any explanation unless it was by my silence, when she spoke now it was almost as though Caroline were making a courtroom defense of accusations hurled at her by me. "I finally saw there was only one thing for me to do and saw why I had to do it. I saw that the only power in the world I had for saving myself lay in my saving you. And I saw that I could only save you by 'saving' Lee Ann Deehart. At first, of course, I thought I would have to break our engagement, or at least postpone the wedding for a year. That's what *every*body thought, of course—everybody in the family."

"Even your father and mother?" I could not help interjecting. It had seemed to me that Caroline's parents had—of all people—been most sympathetic to me.

"Yes, even my mother and father," she went on, rather serenely now. "They could not have been more sympathetic to you personally. Mother said that, after all, you were a mere man. Father said that, after all, you were only human. But circumstances were circumstances, and if some disaster had befallen Lee Ann, if she was murdered or if she was pregnant or if she was a suicide or whatever other horror you can conjure up, and it all came

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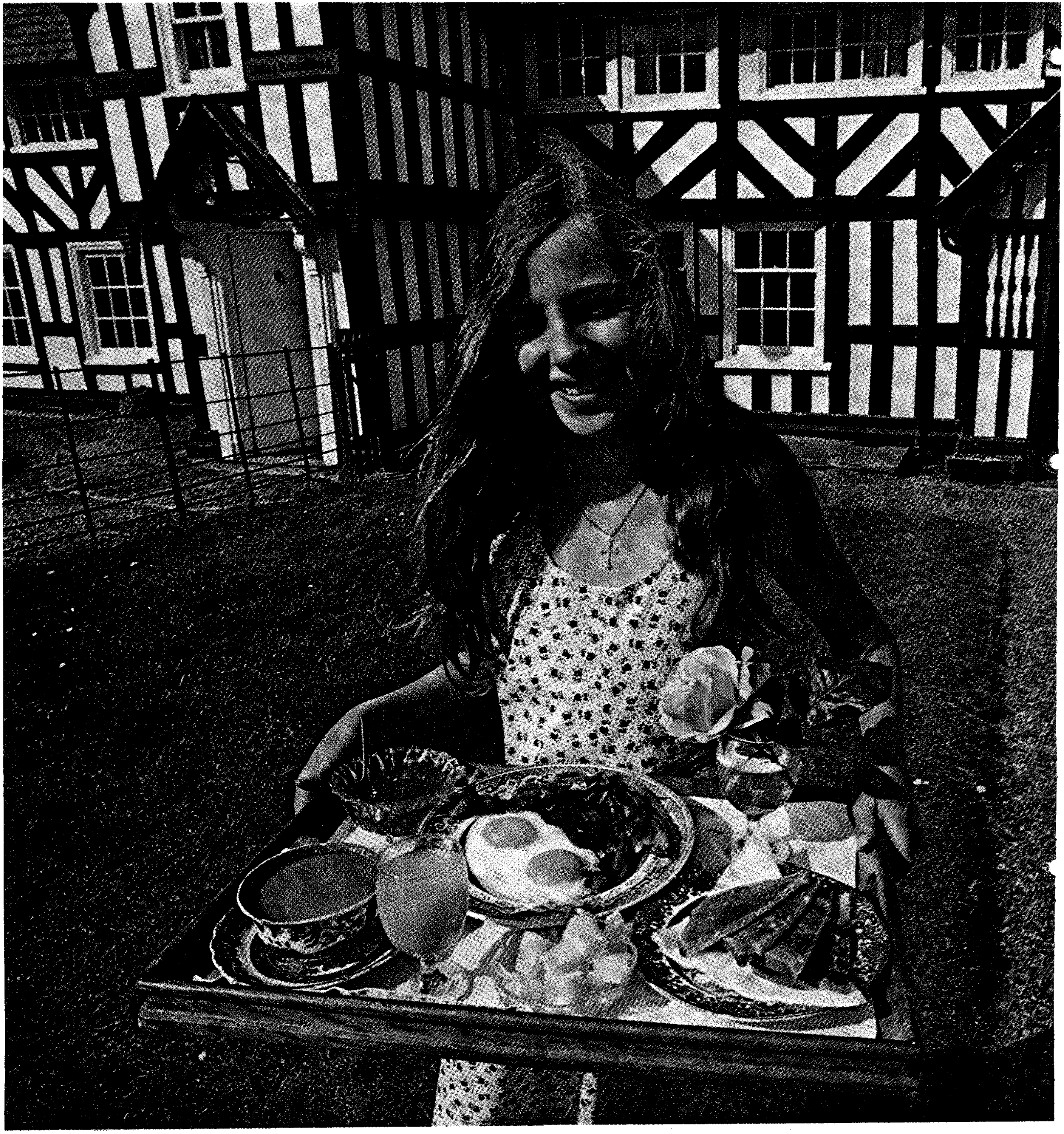
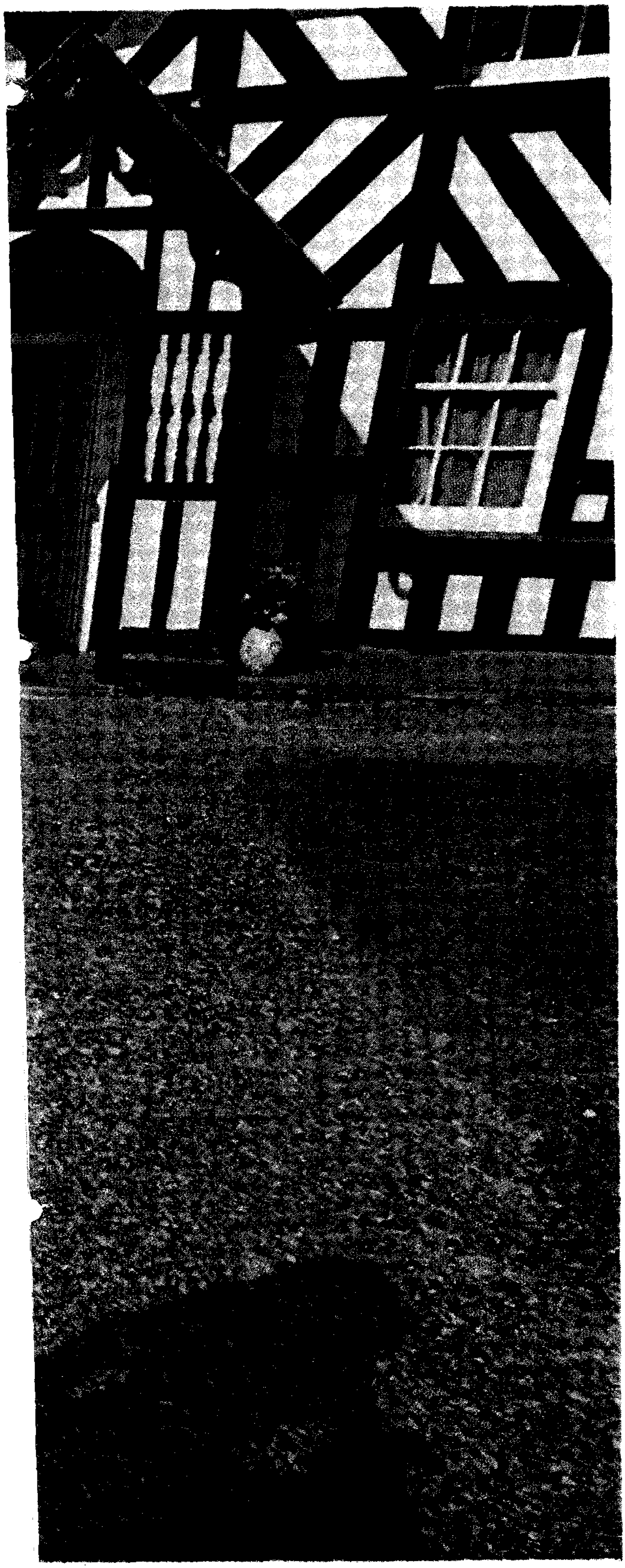


speckled Welsh hen this morning."

Jane Lloyd, Llandinam, Wales.



"My name is Jane. I'm twelve. I live in Wales. I think it's the most beautiful part of Britain. We have a nice house. We serve B&B. That's Bed and Breakfast. The beds are comfy. Everything is fresh in the morning. Eggs, bacon, tomatoes, jams and jellies. My mum bakes the bread. Sometimes she lets me serve breakfast to our guests. I chat with them. I like that. I think you should come to Britain and see Wales. I think you should stay at Bed and Breakfast places. It's the best way to meet nice British families. Like mine."

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out, say, on our wedding day or came out afterward, for that matter—well, what then? *They* and *I* had to think of that. On the other hand, as I kept thinking, what if the wedding *was* called off? What then for me? The only power I had to save myself was to save you, and to save you by rescuing Lee Ann Deehart. It always came to that, and comes to that still. Don't you see, it was a question of how very much I had to lose and how little power I had to save myself. Because *I* had not set *my*self free the way those other girls have. One makes that choice at a much earlier age than this, I'm afraid. And so I knew already, Nat, and I know now what the only kind of power I can ever have must be."

She hesitated then. She was capable of phrasing what she said much more precisely. But it would have been indelicate, somehow, for her to have done so. And so I said it for her in my crude way: "You mean the power of a woman in a man's world."

She nodded and continued. "I had to protest *that*. Even if it had been *I* that broke our engagement, Nat, or even if you and I had been married before some second scandal broke, still I would have been a jilted, a rejected girl. And some part of my power to protect myself would be gone forever. Power, or strength, is what everybody must have some of if he—if she—is to survive in any kind of world. I have to protect and use whatever strength I have."

Caroline went on in that voice until we were back in Memphis and at her father's house on East Parkway. She kissed me before we got out of the car there, kissed me for my silence, I believe. I had said almost nothing during the whole of the long ride. And I think she has ever since been grateful to me for the silence I kept. Perhaps she mistook it for more understanding than I was capable of at the time. At any rate, I cannot help believing that it has much to do with the support and understanding—rather silent though it was—which she gave me when I made the great break in my life in my late thirties. Though it clearly meant that we must live on a somewhat more modest scale and live among people of a sort she was not used to, and even meant leaving Memphis forever behind us, the firmness with which she supported my decision, and the look in her eyes whenever I spoke of feeling I must make the change, seemed to say to me that she would dedicate her pride of power to the power of freedom I sought.

—PETER TAYLOR

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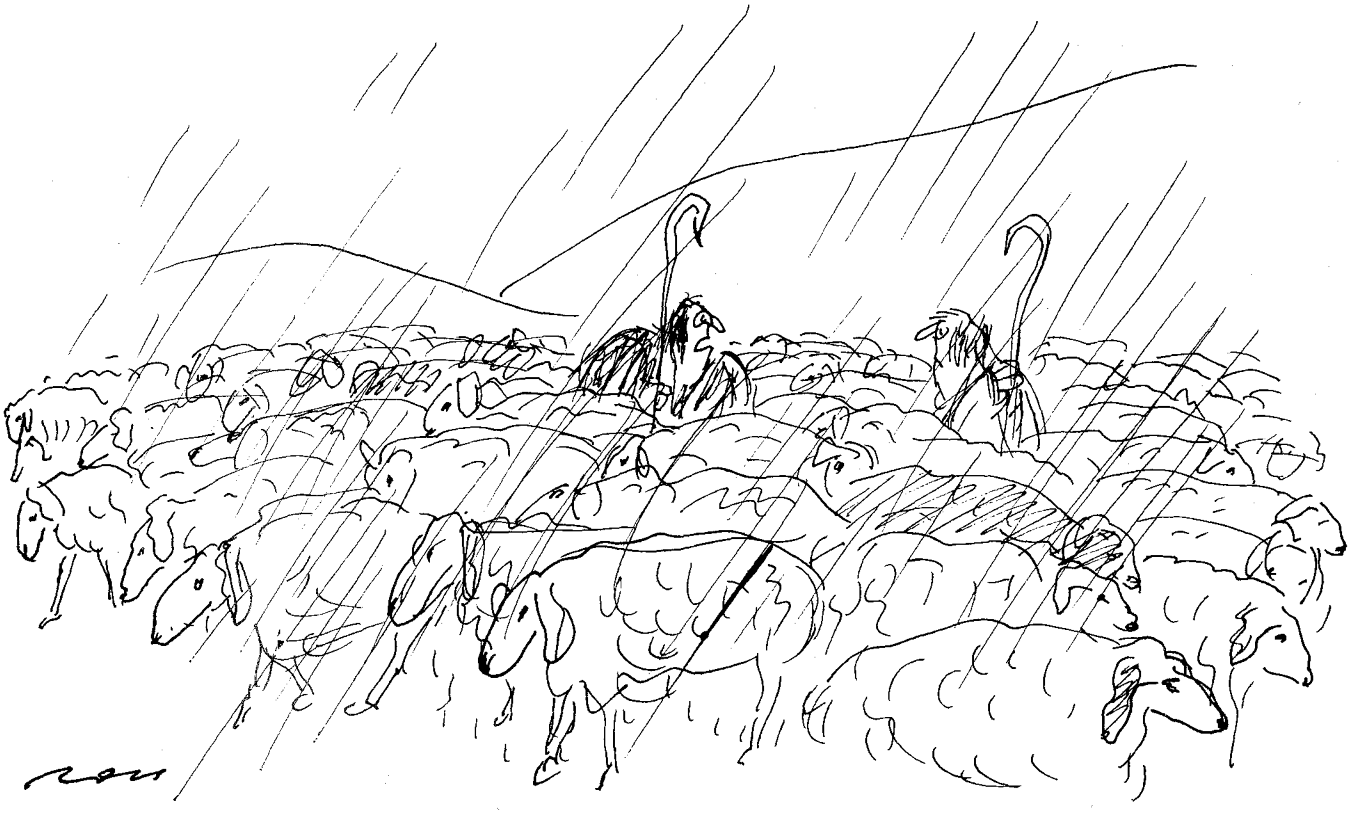
THE THEATRE

Family Troubles

WITH every play that John Guare writes, he offers increasing evidence of his talents; at the same time, he offers increasing perplexities for his audiences. Much as we may enjoy his plays from one line to the next, we almost always end by wondering what on earth they are intended to be about. Specifically, what is his latest work, "Bosoms and Neglect," about? (Having opened at the Longacre last week, it gave up the ghost after four performances.) With his usual high spirits, the playwright might reply that it was about bosoms and neglect—how could anything be more straightforward and readily comprehensible than that? But there is little that is straightforward and comprehensible about the play as we experience it; certainly a bosom is much spoken of, and neglect exists not alone in regard to it (the bosom is hideously ravaged by an unattended-to cancer) but also in regard to the sorry consequences of the neglect of affection in family life. Nevertheless, both the ravaged bosom and the two species of neglect remain more like stated topics than developed themes. Wallace Stevens said of a poem that it is the cry of its occasion, and in a Guare play we often listen in vain for that cry. Although the author is very good indeed at writing funny one-liners, and from time to time gives us one-liners that are, by calculation, not at all funny, the lines have a tendency to remain attached to him, and not to his characters. They are the exclamations of a mischievously self-delighting artist, and behind them we seem to hear, to our unease, a whispered "What a bright boy am I!"

There are but three characters in "Bosoms and Neglect"—Henny, a blind, dying, and foulmouthed harridan of eighty-three; Scooper, her son, close to forty; and Deirdre, a young book dealer, who is under the care of the same psychoanalyst as Scooper. Henny and Scooper have little fondness for each other. She had remained a virgin into her forties and had then married a man who, having fathered a child by her, drifted with debonair unconcern out of her life. Scooper and Deirdre have frequently observed each other in the analyst's waiting room; now they are nervously having their first date. The plot of the play is a bleak little windup toy, which the playwright has scarcely remembered (more neglect!) to set in motion. In a prologue, the mother exposes her repellent body to her son, who hastens to install her, too late, in a hospital. In the first act, we are in Deirdre's book-cluttered apartment, where she and Scooper feint and parry in the early stages of what they hope may prove a relationship, and in the second and final act we are in Henny's hospital room, where she lies rambunctiously railing against life and death. (Playwrights under fifty—and Guare is one of them—rejoice to imagine the angry vigor with which old people die; playwrights over fifty think they know better.) Deirdre is a compulsive liar, and Henny a compulsive truthteller, and poor Scooper is no match for either of them. In the last few minutes of the play, something true and touching emerges: Why had Henny provided Scooper with such a miserable, unloving childhood? And just then the curtain falls. Horseman, pass by!

That marvellous actress Kate Reid hurled herself headlong into the role of Henny, counting on her energy and skill to mask the absence of true character, and in this risky enterprise she mostly succeeded. Marian Mercer was amusing as Deirdre, and Paul Rudd was miscast as Scooper, looking far too young for a hard-pressed man whimpering his way into his fifth decade. John Wulp designed some appropriately grim scenery; the costumes were



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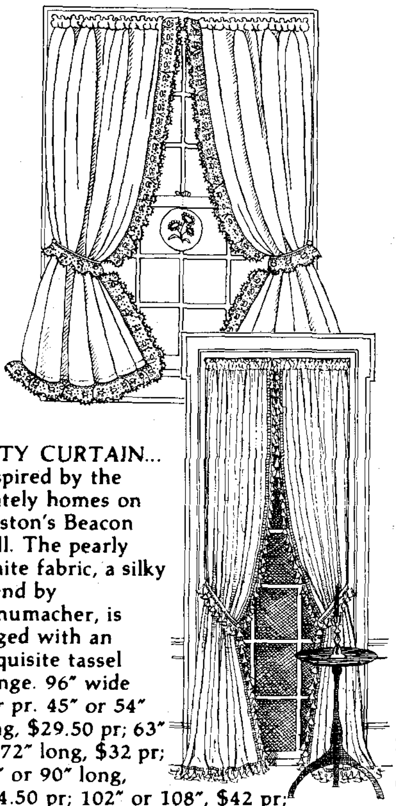

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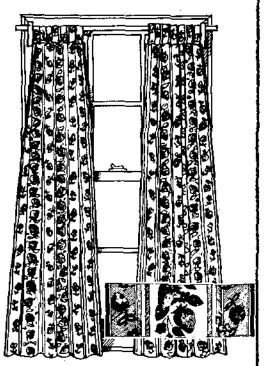

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by Willa Kim; the lighting was by Jennifer Tipton; and the direction was by Mel Shapiro, who failed to curb the author's gallows antics as often as he should have.

"KNOCKOUT," at the Helen Hayes, is a new play by Louis La Russo II, who wrote "Lamppost Reunion," and who has preëmpted, for literary purposes, the Italian-American lower-middle-class subculture of Hoboken—a city that, though it lies only a few hundred yards west of Manhattan, might just as well lie, for most of us, in Afghanistan. The natives of La Russo Land live harsh, passionate, ill-rewarded lives; they are not surprised by failure, and success is likely to unnerve them. Mr. La Russo has a bent for melodrama. Much of "Knockout" amounts to a sweetly old-fashioned but not very plausible fable about good people and bad people. The good people have few faults except cowardice, which at a critical moment they manage to transform into courage; the bad people have no virtues except courage, which they devote largely to bullying. The hero of "Knockout" is an aging ex-boxer who runs a gym. He never made the big time, in part because his manager betrayed him. As the play begins, he is training a young boxer, who proves incompetent; meanwhile, the treacherous manager has acquired a superb heavyweight, sadistic by nature and in possession of a pretty, much-put-upon wife. The gym owner falls in love with the wife but is reluctant to have an affair because she belongs to another. (Yes! Adultery is a no-no in Hoboken.) Soon his noble resolve weakens; they begin an affair, and at the climax of the play the hero, tainted like Launcelot, confronts the villain in the makeshift ring in his gym. Out of condition though he is, for his honor's sake and for the sake of the woman he loves he must seek to defeat the younger, stronger man. Zounds! What a situation! Thanks to the fact that the hero is played by Danny Aiello and the villain by Edward O'Neill, the desperate contest between them gains an uncanny power over us—a power that could doubtless be traced back to Lascaux. Their fight, staged with the technical assistance of José Torres, is a thrilling one. How Mr. Aiello takes the battering he does, in and out of the ring, is his secret. I hope he and the play survive without concussion over many performances to come.

The admirably seedy gym setting of "Knockout" is by Karl Eigsti, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis. The director is Frank Corsaro.

FOR the record, let me note that a revival of a play by Herb Gardner called "The Goodbye People" opened and closed last week after a single performance. It was a terrible play eleven years ago, when it ran for a few skittish performances (Milton Berle was the star), and it is a terrible play today. Mr. Gardner appears to think he possesses a whimsical fancy; nothing could be farther from the truth. He is so earthbound as to be, for all practical purposes, prone. The play had a pleasing setting by Santo Loquasto, lighting by Jennifer Tipton, costumes by Elizabeth Palmer, and direction by Jeff Bleckner. Herschel Bernardi did what he could with the part once played by Uncle Miltie. No doubt Mr. Gardner will be reviving this play some ten or twelve years hence. "Never say die" is among the most fatuous of aphorisms.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

At the Boathouse

"TALLEY'S FOLLY," by Lanford Wilson, at the Circle Repertory, is set in a boathouse—very gingerbready in design—during an evening in 1944 when Sally Talley, aged thirty-one, a spinster with leftish leanings, is courted and won by Matt Friedman, aged forty-two, an accountant from St. Louis, who met her and spent a week in her company the summer before, and who has now come to her family's large farm to take her away with him. The Talleys are the richest and most conventional family in their small Missouri town, and Sally is somewhat of an embarrassment to them: Matt is a Jew with a slight foreign inflection to his speech. He and Sally are both sensitive and secretive, hating to talk about their past lives, endlessly evasive in different ways—like two eggs, Matt says at one point, that will no doubt crack if they bump into each other—and both are humorous, in-and-out believable, and, as portrayed by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, good company. All the action is the difficult, ultimately successful attempt by each of them to pin the other down. Matt, teasing, devious, and jokey, eventually talks of his family's being on the run from country to country in Europe during his childhood, and Sally, proud and private, eventually tells of her engagement as a young girl to a local boy—an engagement that was terminated when she became ill

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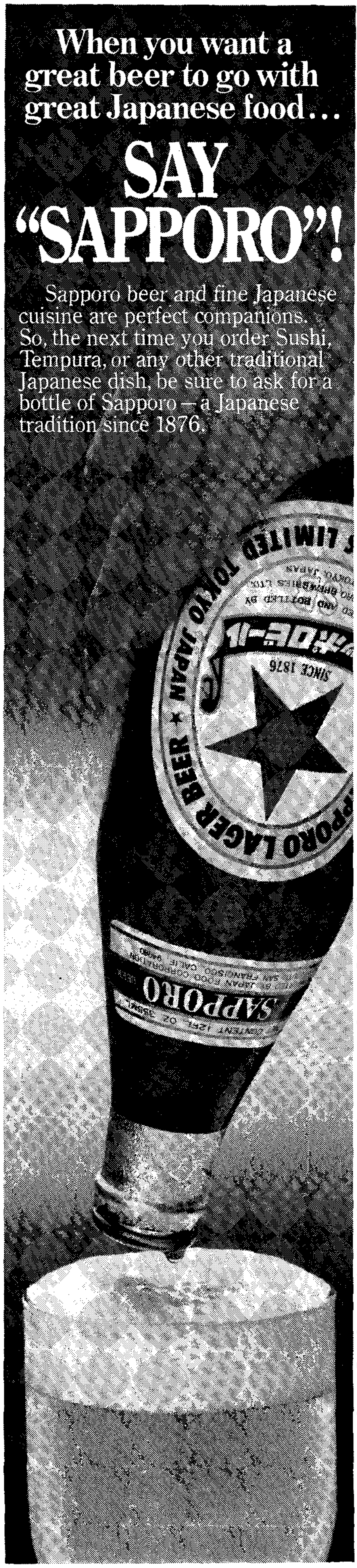
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with tuberculosis—and when they have finished we are aware that the reason that neither of them has married before is exactly the reason that they should marry now. Mr. Hirsch opens the proceedings by telling the audience that the play will run exactly ninety-four minutes, and concludes them with the line "All's well that ends on the nose." The ninety-four minutes, it must be said, are rather short on content, but Mr. Wilson has become so skillful a craftsman and writer that he can catch and hold an audience's attention. The playful mood that he establishes and its serious undertone are right, and the show is always at least diverting. Most of the humor and humorous business are in the capable hands of Mr. Hirsch, who appears to be having the time of his life, and Miss Hawkins is, as ever, a pleasure to watch. "Talley's Folly," by the way, is a kind of prelude to Mr. Wilson's "The 5th of July," of last year. Both are set on the Talley farm, and the tense, unhappy Sally Talley of 1944 has become the open, generous Aunt Sally of July 5, 1977. Again, John Lee Beatty's scenery is impressive, as lighted (this time) by Dennis Parichy. Marshall W. Mason, the artistic director of the Circle Repertory, is, of course, the good director.

HEREWITH a brief salute to the magnificent production of "Le Misanthrope" by the Comédie-Française, which will run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music only through May 9th. After the misguided British version of "The Misanthrope" with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg a few years ago, and the asinine American musical version of last season, here, at last, is the real thing—a comedy of such incomparable richness in humor, satire, irony, wisdom, and emotion that it reaffirms one's faith in comedy itself. The performance, which is surely all that Molière could have wanted, combines polish and freshness, the actors being so at home in the classics—and in their characters and in the poetry they speak—that they breathe Alexandrines. As Alceste, all principles and passion, François Beaulieu is a strong, virile leading man, and his slight resemblance to Yves Montand does him no harm; as Philinte, Michel Duchaussoy is a fine actor in a plum of a part; and Bernard Dhéran is delightful as Oronte, the maladroit sonneteer who asks Alceste for criticism and gets it. The men, as a whole, come off better than the women, but Béatrice Agenin is a pretty, coquettish, and ultimately touching Célimène, and Bérengère Dautun is a properly poisonous Arsinoé. Pierre Dux, the director, deserves a large share of the credit for perfection. The beautiful scenery and costumes are by Jacques Marillier. The Comédie-Française will play six performances of Georges Feydeau's "La Puce à l'Oreille" at the Academy before leaving for a tour of this lucky nation.

"SIGHTLINES," by Mark Eisman, at the Little Church Around the Corner through May 12th, is set in "a place where people go to read to the blind, and the blind go to be read to." The people of this play are Davis Pape, a blind ex-photographer, and Ruth Thorner, a home-economics teacher who is going blind but can still see, and who has come to the place for help and information; in the second act, it is Ruth who is blind and Davis who can see. What is read and recited and referred to in the first act is "Alice in Wonderland;" in the second act it is "Through the Looking-Glass." How Lewis Carroll, himself a photographer, filled his stories with images of eyes and seeing! And how neatly those images fit Mr. Eisman's thoughtful, humorous, tender drama! "Sightlines," which was originally done at the O'Neill Playwrights' Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut, is small in scale, but it often extends beyond its boundaries, and it is decently performed by Douglass Watson and Marge Redmond, under the direction of John Henry Davis.

—EDITH OLIVER

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[*From the Springfield (Mass.) Morning Union*]

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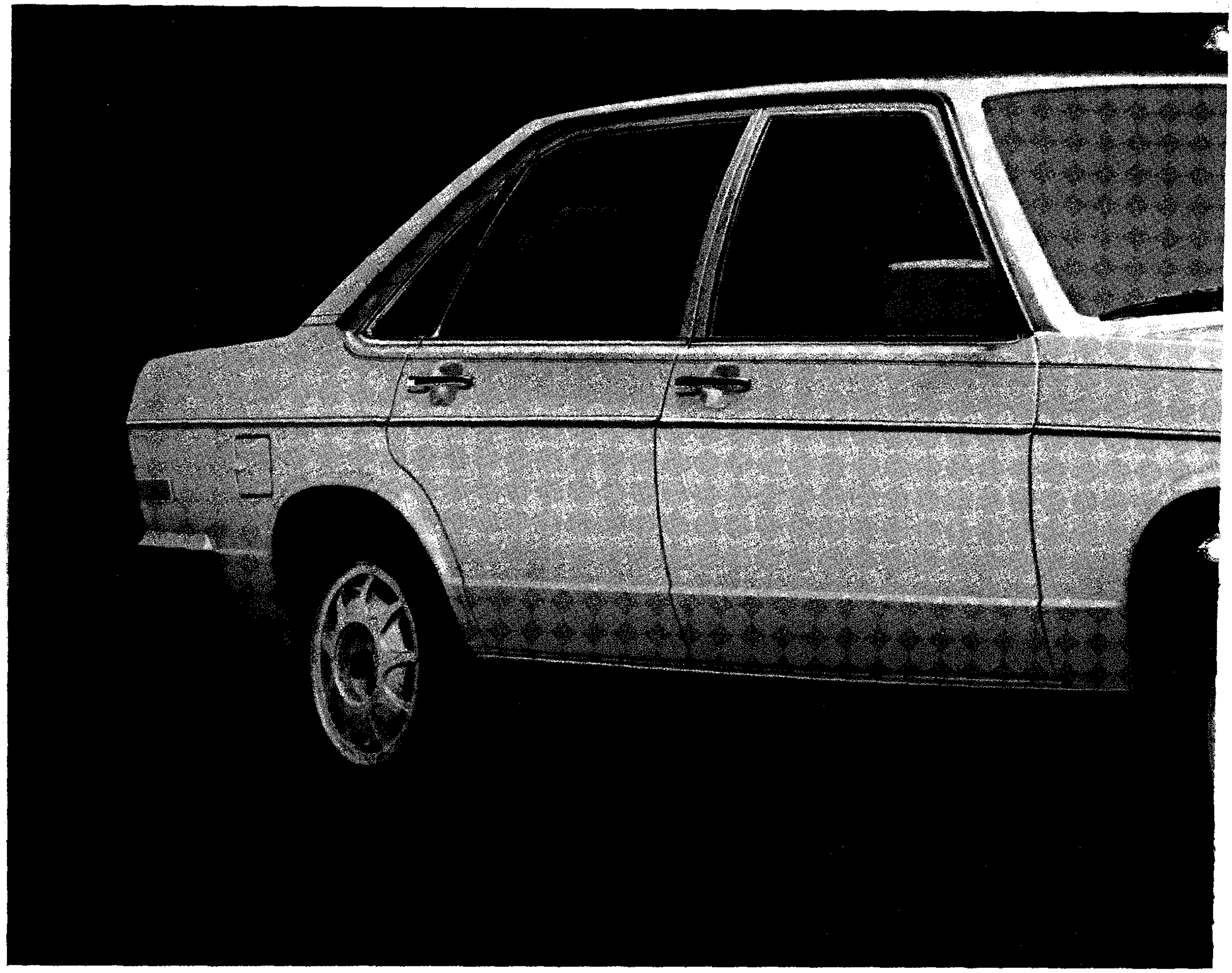

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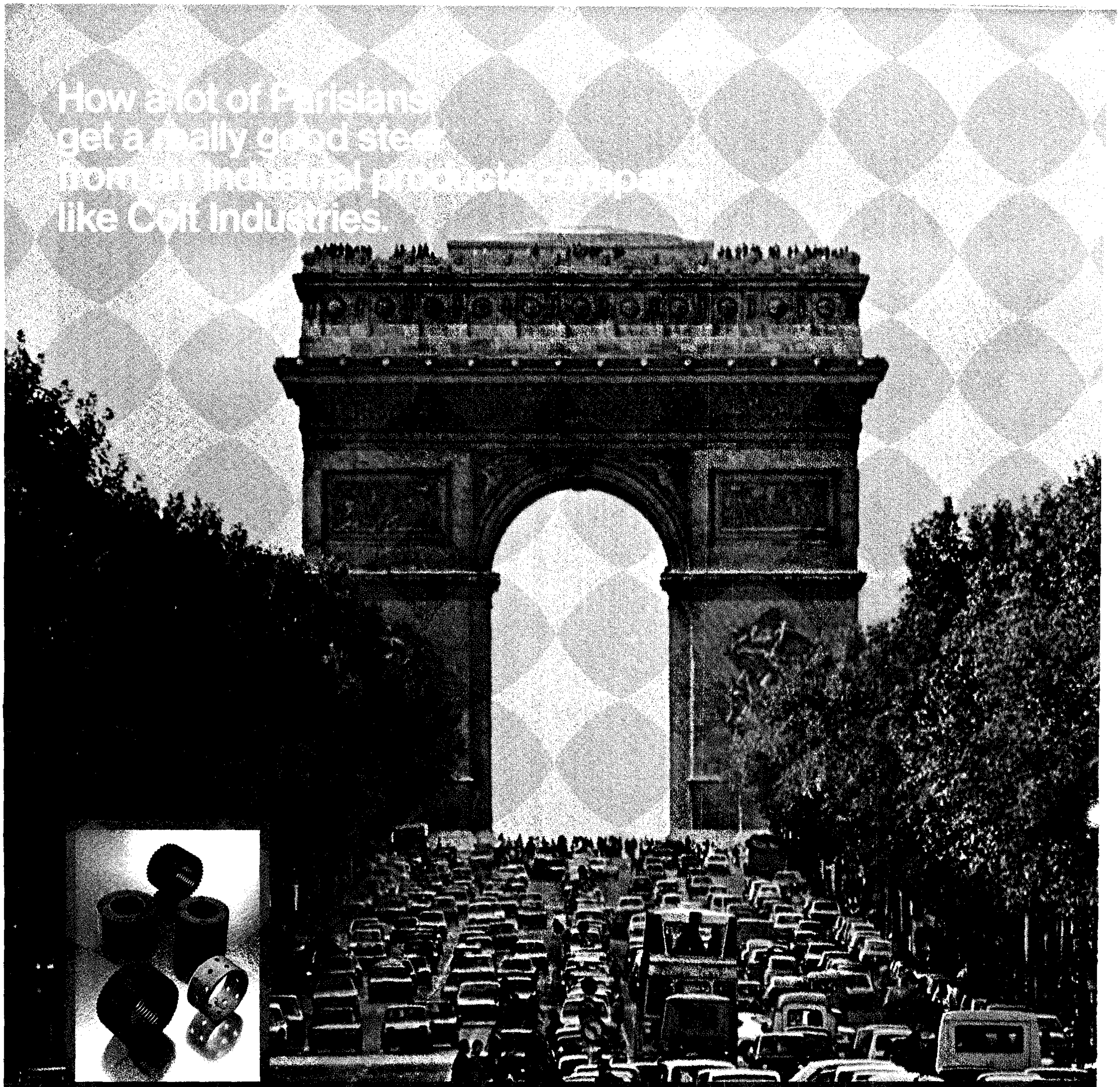

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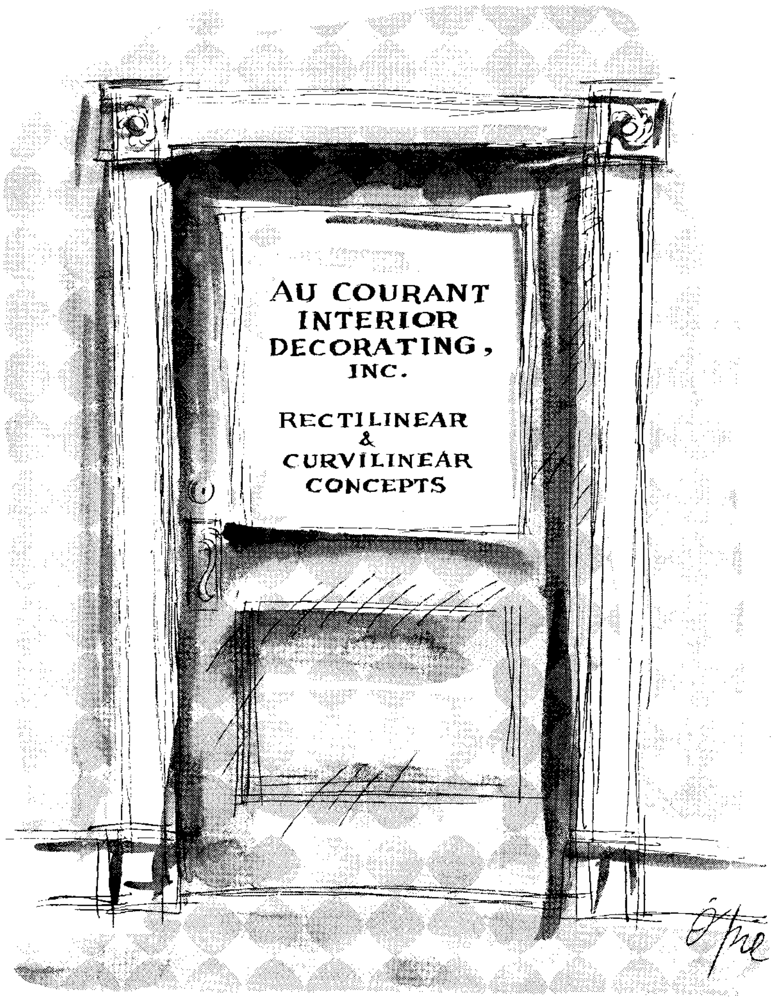
THE SPORTING SCENE

AGAIN, AUGUSTA

THE rise of the Masters to a position among the world's four major golf championships has been the result of a set of unique factors: the demanding and dramatic eighteen holes of the Augusta National Golf Club, which were co-designed in 1931 by Bobby Jones, the club's president, and the experienced Scottish golf-course architect Dr. Alister MacKenzie; the atmosphere of sport at its best created by Jones, who acted as the tournament's host for a quarter of a century; the inventive and infinitely painstaking administration of the event under the direction of Clifford Roberts, until 1977 the chairman of the Masters; the frequency with which on the fourth and final round the golfers in contention have pulled off the most astounding shots imaginable as the tournament swept to incredible peaks of excitement; and, finally, the fact that the Masters ordinarily takes place at the perfect time, the last four days of the first full week of April, when, for one thing, so many of the country's golfers, cooped up fretfully during the long winter, are just starting to return to the fairways, and when, for another, our Southern spring, which is almost incomparable, is at its best in Georgia—the air soft and sweet, the azaleas, dogwood, wisteria, golden bell, redbud, and other flowering trees and shrubs busting out all over. On the Wednesday of Masters week, the day before the start of the tournament, the thousands of Masters regulars move around the sprawling clubhouse complex, the terrace, the vast practice green, the two practice areas, the par-3 course, and the big course itself, greeting friends and privately congratulating themselves on their brilliance in having cultivated the habit of attending the event each April.

Most of the regulars have developed certain set itineraries for the Wednesday that precedes the opening round. My own schedule for that day always includes a walk to the players' locker room, where Gene Sarazen, before and after he goes over to play his round in the tournament that afternoon on the par-3 course, can usually be found on the porch, leaning back in a chair and chatting away with friends. As every golfer knows, Sarazen helped immeasurably to make the sports world conscious of the Masters when, in 1935, the second year it was played, he tied for first place with Craig Wood on the last round by holing out his second shot, a full 4-wood, for a double-eagle 2 on the par-5 fifteenth—it was then four hundred and eighty-five yards long—and went on from there to win the playoff. Sarazen today is seventy-seven. It is a few years since he last appeared in the Masters, for the severe climbs around the rugged layout, which measures 7,040 yards from the back of the back tees, are a shade too much for him. He remains, nevertheless, an oak of a man. He still wears knickers, and when he makes a remark that particularly pleases him his deeply tanned face breaks into the smile that always reminded Bernard Darwin, the English writer, of the grin of Lewis Carroll's Cheshire cat.

ON Wednesday afternoon, I prefer to pass up the tournament on the par-3 course—the nine-hole layout can become as crowded as the Manhattan subways at rush hour—and, instead, I go for a leisurely stroll over the big course. I invariably take the route that is favored by most of the people who walk the Augusta National that afternoon, when the course is closed to play in order to allow the ground crew to get it into optimum condition. From the clubhouse, at the top of a long, gradual slope that drops a hundred and twenty feet to Rae's Creek, a half mile or so away, I start down the tenth hole, where a stand of pines over a hundred feet high towers behind the green—a sight all the more overwhelming since the trunks of the trees are almost perfectly vertical. The tenth, a par 4 that plays to a maximum yardage of four hundred and eighty-five yards, envelops you instantly in the special atmosphere of the Augusta National, perhaps the most beautiful inland course in the world. On leaving the tenth green, I swing a bit to the right and continue down the mild incline of the eleventh, a 445-yard par 4, gazing as I walk at the left side of the green, which sits four or five feet above a small man-made pond—an extension, really, of Rae's Creek. This vista is one of the most alluring in all of golf, for behind the eleventh green the luminous surface of Rae's Creek cuts just in front of the green on the twelfth, a one-shotter a hundred and fifty-five yards long. Behind the twelfth green, one can make out the elevated tee of what well may be the course's best and most famous hole—the thirteenth, a 485-yard par 5 that breaks sharply to the left in the



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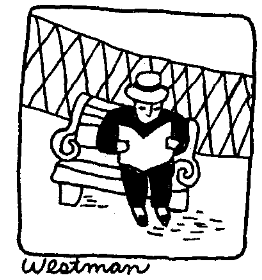
drive zone and can ordinarily be reached in two by an international-class player if he follows a good drive with a long iron or a fairway wood hit solidly enough to carry the branch of Rae's Creek which cuts in front of the green and then edges back close along its right-hand side. All of this magnificent golf landscape is set off by a thick background of pines, long stretches of dogwood, and banks of azaleas.

As you walk these holes, a hundred and one shots you watched in earlier Masters re-create themselves in your mind. For example, when I study the eleventh, it is a rare occasion if I do not find myself thinking of how, in those days when the ball could not be hit so far, Ben Hogan used to play his second shot with a 2-iron or 3-iron most of the time and deliberately aim for the right-hand fringe of the green to be sure of avoiding the water. One of Hogan's most incisive statements has to do with the eleventh: "If you ever see me on that green in two, you'll know I missed my approach shot." On the par-3 twelfth, a player has a lot more than Rae's Creek to worry about. Behind the thin, diagonal green there is a high bank in which two bunkers have been cut, and behind the bank is a line of trees which separates the Augusta National at this point from the neighboring Augusta Country Club. As if this weren't enough to make a proper selection of the right iron a difficult task, as often as not a tricky wind comes barging around the corner from the thirteenth fairway. Sometimes the flag on the twelfth green will be hanging limp, yet if a player is attentive he can see the wind ruffling the branches of some of the bordering trees, and if he wets a finger and holds it up he can feel the wind blowing across the hole or dead against him. One of the most courageous shots I have ever witnessed—though it didn't have the slightest effect on the outcome of the tournament—was played on the twelfth in the late nineteen-fifties by Bob Rosburg. On this particular day, every spectator in the horde of thousands which is always massed along this stretch of the course was aware that a fairly strong wind was blowing smack into the face of the golfers. With the pin positioned at the back left-hand corner of the green, Rosburg, after lengthy cogitation, decided to play a 4-iron and to hit hard. A split second before he made contact with the ball, the wind suddenly shut down, as if someone had closed a window. Rosburg's shot sailed over the flagstick, over the bank behind the green, and through the branches of the trees behind the bank—out of bounds. In those days, Rosburg's temperament wasn't quite as pacific and sunny as Doris Day's. He grumbled and grouched on the tee for a long minute or so and then realized he had to get down to the business of hitting another tee shot—playing three now, including a penalty stroke. The wind was blowing hard again, and with the open-palms gesture of Kismet, Rosburg finally decided to stay with his 4-iron. He hit that shot just as firmly as he had his earlier 4-iron and watched intently as the ball, held up by the wind, lost its power to penetrate farther and came fluttering down onto the green a yard from the pin.



And, certainly, it is difficult to walk down the thirteenth without thinking of how Arnold Palmer played it in 1958, when he won his first Masters, in a style that presaged the tremendous appeal he was soon to have for people who followed tournament golf. Heavy rains the preceding night had made the fairways soggy, and most players, since they got no roll to speak of on their drive, elected to lay up short of the creek before the green on their second shot. Not Palmer. Plucking a 3-wood from his bag, he took his grip an inch or so down the shaft, and, from a sidehill stance, ripped the ball on a low parabola toward the right edge of the green and the twisting creek. As the ball neared the green area, it rose slightly and started to draw to the left. It cleared the hazard with yards to spare and finished on the green eighteen feet above the cup. Palmer rolled in the putt for his eagle 3, and that, in retrospect, was the tournament.

When I have reached the midway point on the thirteenth on my Wednesday walk, I usually find myself glutted by all the natural beauty and golf beauty I have been taking in. I turn to the right and start up the long gradient home, crossing the fourteenth, fifteenth, and seventeenth fairways before finishing the climb to the clubhouse area by plodding up the eighteenth. On this return route, I pause from time to time to study the condition of the grass on the fairways and greens and to examine any changes in the course which have been made over the last year—resurfaced greens, extended tees, remodelled bunkers, and so on. I do this because each April I tell myself that the reason for undertaking this Wednesday walk is to check the changes and also to get an idea of how the course will play. By now, I know that this walk of mine never works out as I have planned, and I am sure that the other walkers of the course, whatever their intentions, also find themselves succumbing to long, long thoughts. Continuity is a powerful force in golf. For example, each time one returns to St. Andrews, in Scotland, his earlier visits to the Old Course take on a deeper meaning. The Augusta National may be even more potent, since it is the only course on which a major golf tournament is played annually.

WHEN I am back at the top of the hill, I generally cut behind the tenth tee and make the short walk to the cabin—the Augusta National's word for cottage—that Bob Jones used to occupy when at the club. I stand there for a moment and then move on. Jones died in December, 1971, but the last Masters he attended was in 1968. He was too ill after that to make the trip from his home in Atlanta. The Masters, it goes without saying, wasn't the same when Jones wasn't there. My habit during the years he was there was to call in at the cabin with a couple of friends late Wednesday morning. We'd stay for about forty-five minutes. Jones was such a fascinating talker that we always set out to get him to tell us about different phases of his career or to give us his estimate of some of the rising young players or the reasons behind the recent changes in the course—things like that. He acquiesced up to a point, but he was one of those people who have the knack of getting others to talk about themselves and their interests before they realize what they are doing. Nevertheless, his singular personality—his sensibility, his breadth of view, his humor, his clarity of thought, and his easy companionableness—always came through, and it stayed with you long after you said goodbye to him. I think we all perceived what an extraordinarily fine mind he had, but I really hadn't appreciated how far-ranging it was until this winter, when I happened to read Appendix III of Clifford Roberts' "The Story of the Augusta National Golf Club." The veteran statistician of the Masters, Bill Inglish, of the *Daily Oklahoman*, had compiled that third appendix with his

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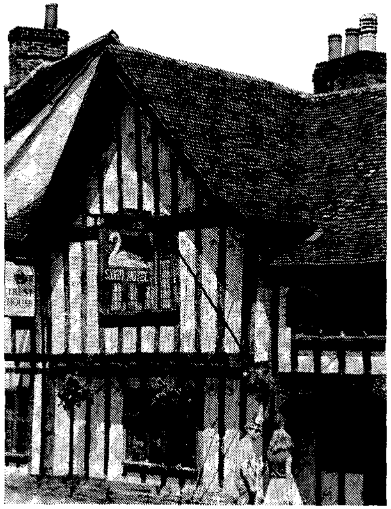

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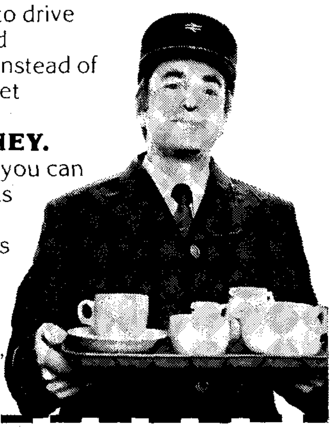

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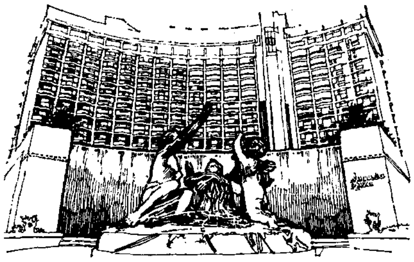

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customary thoroughness, and now I learned that at Georgia Tech, where Jones studied mechanical engineering and graduated with a B.S. degree at the age of twenty, he received the following marks: 85 in physics; 85 in electrical engineering; 91, 89, 84, and 83 in chemistry; two 90s in English; 97 in geology; and 95, 96, and 98 in mathematics. He spent the next two years at Harvard pursuing a special course of studies in the liberal arts. For years, the impression I had was that Jones sat in, in a gentlemanly way, on a few courses in history and English literature, but thanks to Inglish, that bulldog researcher, I have learned that Jones studied elementary German, elementary French, and German prose, along with courses in English history, the History of the Roman Republic, the History of Continental Europe From 1815 Through 1871, Dryden and His Times, Swift and His Times, Shakespeare, Comparative Literature, and English Composition. (This helps to explain why he was such an able writer.) Jones went on from Harvard, where he earned a second B.S. degree, to Emory University Law School, in Atlanta. After completing his first year there, he left school during the next semester—this would have been in the autumn of 1927—and passed the Georgia bar examination. Only two Americans have been made Honorary Burgesses of the Borough of St. Andrews—Bobby Jones and Benjamin Franklin. And the similarity between the two men does not end there.

Famous men and women are all too seldom remembered in appropriate ways, but Jones, happily, is. In 1973, John H. Macdonell, a Scot, suggested to *his* alma mater, the University of St. Andrews, that a fitting memorial to Jones should be established. Macdonell's own idea was that a Robert T. Jones, Jr., Hall might be erected within the bounds of the university. After mulling things over, the top officers of the university concluded that it would be both more feasible and more suitable to set up a program whereby each year students from St. Andrews would spend a year at Emory University and, in exchange, students from Emory would spend a year at St. Andrews. In 1976, they made known their plans and solicited contributions for the Robert T. Jones, Jr., Memorial Trust. The exchange of Jones Scholars got under way in the academic year of 1976-77. The Scottish trust took care of sending a student to Emory, and a fund set up by Emory underwrote the sending of a student to St. Andrews. (The resuscitated Southern Open Championship, which was won by Jones in 1927 and now is held each autumn in Columbus, Georgia, made a major contribution to the fund that year.) A Jones Scholar, incidentally, need not be a golfer or have any connection with the game. In 1977-78, two Jones Scholars from each university were exchanged. Early in 1977, some personal friends of Jones's had begun to make contributions to the fund administered by Emory. (Francis M. Bird, the senior partner of Jones's old law firm, has been one of the key men in directing the Emory Fund; John P. Imlay, Jr., a young Atlanta businessman, and the Southern Open, which is run by G. Gunby Jordan, of Columbus, have made extremely sizable annual donations.) Late that year, a Robert T. Jones, Jr., Memorial Scholarship Fund was formally inaugurated in this country, since contributions by Americans to the Scottish trust were not deductible for income-tax purposes. This organization, which has its headquarters in New York City, was initiated by Joseph C. Dey, Jr., and W. Ward Foshay, two veteran wheelhorses of the United States Golf Association. This academic year, with the three funds working in concert, the total of Jones Scholars was increased to six—three are young women—and next year it will reach eight, the number originally envisaged, and it will remain at eight for the forseeable future. (On the Saturday of the recent Masters, the Jones Scholars currently at Emory were on hand at the Augusta National at a breakfast attended by some of the men who are active in the operation of the three funds.)

THIS year, as I was making my way through the clubhouse in mid-morning on the Wednesday before the Masters, I had the good luck to run into an old friend, Jerome Franklin, and we found a quiet corner for a good talk. A genial, soft-voiced, and comfortable man, Franklin, who is now white-haired and seventy-eight, is the sole survivor of the original members of the Augusta National Golf Club. The club took its first steps toward organization in 1931, but its story really began the year before. In 1930, Jones pulled off his unprecedented Grand Slam, winning the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur, in that order, in May, June, July, and September, respectively. As an amateur, he was not eligible to compete in the Professional Golfer's Association Championship—the P.G.A., as it is usually called. What he had done was to sweep the four traditional major championships in which an amateur could play. This was a feat no one imagined was possible for any golfer. (Today, when amateur golf competitions mean comparatively little, the Grand Slam is made up of the British and U.S. Opens, the P.G.A., and the Masters.) Jones was only twenty-eight in 1930, but at the conclusion of the tournament season he made the decision to retire from competition. There were several good reasons for his doing so: he appreciated that he could never top the Grand Slam and that he had more than fulfilled his ambitions in golf; over the dozen years he had engaged in tournament play, he had been under considerable strain; also, there were many other things he wanted to devote his time to. One of them was to build the "dream course" he had long been thinking about. Late in 1930, when Jones was visiting Augusta, the home town of his wife, Mary, and a city for which he had always had a strong affection, Thomas Barrett, Jr., the mayor, recommended that he inspect a three-hundred-and-sixty-five-acre tract that had been an indigo plantation before it was purchased, in 1857, by a Belgian horticulturist, Baron Louis Berckmans, who developed the estate, which he named Fruitlands, into what is said to have been the first large commercial nursery in the South. By 1930, the nursery had ceased operation and the estate was no longer controlled by the descendants of the baron, but the land—wide, grassy fields broken up by stands of native pine and by trees and shrubs gathered from all over the world—looked much as it had during Fruitlands' heyday. Jones was taken to the crest of the hill behind the old manor house. He looked at the gently undulating terrain stretching down toward Rae's Creek—he could not see all the way to the creek, but he could see a great deal of the acreage—and he knew instantly that this was the ideal site for the course he had in mind. There was one obstacle that had to be cleared, as Jerry Franklin remembers it. The Fleetwood Hotels, a Florida chain, had set up a deal to purchase the property and build a ten-story resort hotel, but, fortunately, the Fleetwood management defaulted on its payments, and the way was open for Jones and his group. With his co-designer, Dr. MacKenzie, Jones completed the plans for the eighteen holes relatively quickly, and work on the course was

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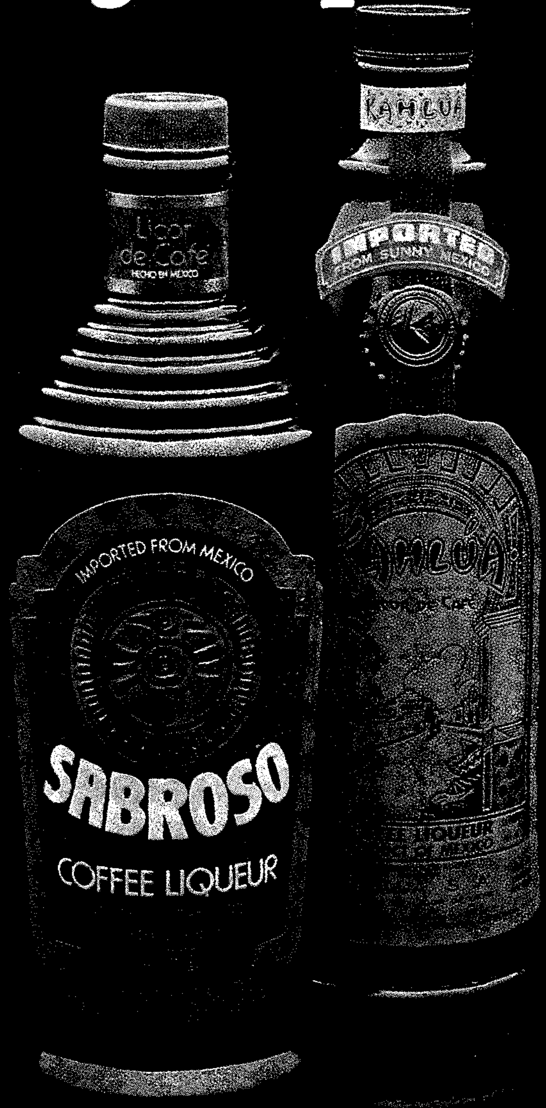

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begun that spring—1931. Jones gave the course top priority among his activities, and as the holes began to take shape he hit thousands of balls from the tees, fairways, and hazards to make certain that the challenges were inviting but fair and that the shot values were sound.

In 1931, before construction of the course began, an organizing committee was established, and its first task was to procure a charter for the club. "From the outset both Bob Jones and Cliff Roberts wanted the club to have a national membership," Franklin said. "Bob wanted to invite a lot of his friends from all over to join the club. I also think he was greatly influenced by the structure of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, of St. Andrews, which draws its basic membership from throughout the British Isles and, in addition, includes members from all over the world. A couple of important matters were settled early. To begin with, the Augusta National was to be a nice little club. There was no need to build one of those palatial clubhouses like the one at the Westchester-Biltmore—the old manor house would do fine. The members were expected to put up at the Bon Air Vanderbilt Hotel, which was only three miles or so away. The club was to be a golf club pure and simple, like those in Britain—there were to be no fancy functions like tea parties and dances. It was also agreed to limit the number of members who resided in Augusta to thirty. At the same time, during those early days some local assistance was needed, and there were four of us in particular from Augusta who were asked to help out: Alfred S. Bourne, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company family, who had been a longtime winter resident; Fielding Wallace, who later became president of the U.S.G.A.; our mayor, Tom Barrett; and myself. When neither Jones nor Roberts was on the spot and some problem arose, they'd call on us to take care of things."

In December, 1932, the Augusta National's course was ready for play. The formal opening of the course and the club took place on January 13, 1933. Jones, as the club's president, was to present a detailed financial report at the close of a dinner to be attended by the membership. Besides the members from Georgia, many of the other eighty members were on hand, having made the trip from New York to Augusta aboard a private train that had been chartered by Roberts and Grantland Rice, the distinguished

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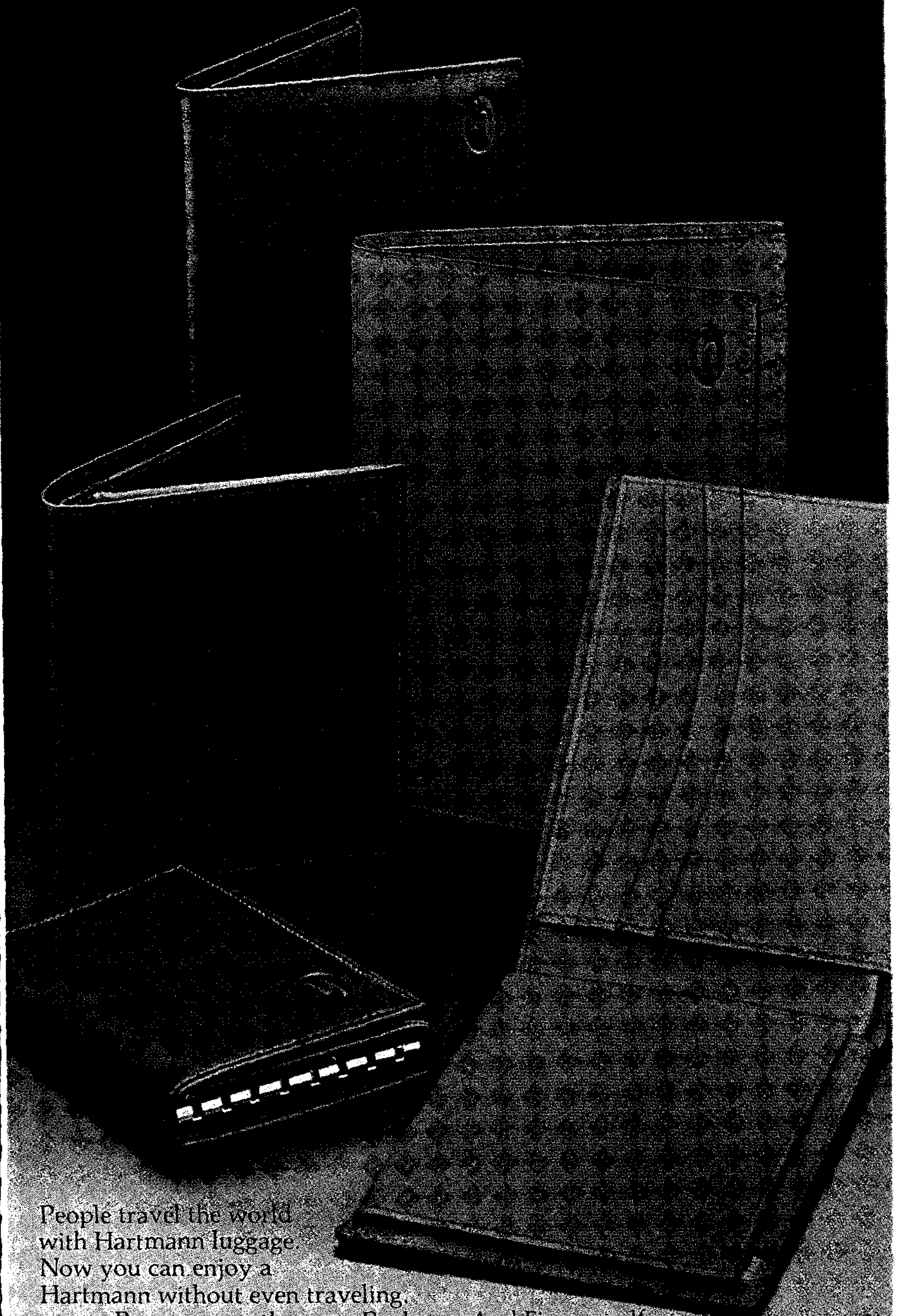

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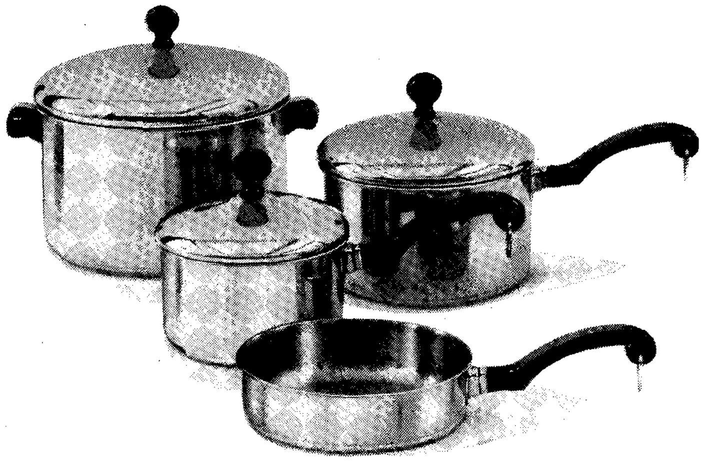

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sports columnist, who played a significant role in the club's formative years. Rice turned out to be the star of that first club dinner. As Jones was getting his papers and his ledger in order at the head table, Rice stood up and asked to be heard. He thereupon suggested that in these perilous days of the Depression he thought it would be a mistake to have a club meeting—he had been a member of too many golf clubs that had started out full of enthusiasm and high hopes, and, after holding their first meeting, had all gone broke. He proposed a resolution whereby Jones and Roberts should be empowered to run the Augusta National without the incubus of formal meetings. "It was a funny scene," Franklin remembers. "All the members rose to their feet and began shouting 'Aye.' Bob looked up from the ledger, which he had opened to the first page—he had spent three months getting all the dope and putting it together. As he heard the 'Aye's ring out, he broke into a smile, slammed the ledger shut, and joined in the laughter."

When the club was getting started, Franklin was appointed head of the Local Operating Committee, a post he continues to hold. One can easily see why he was selected. Diplomatic by nature and industrious by habit, he also knew Augusta inside and out. His mother's ancestors had lived there since the time of the Revolutionary War. His father, the president of several textile mills in this country and in South America, was a native of Charleston who had moved to Augusta to take over one of the city's cotton-spinning plants. From the middle of the nineteenth century through the close of the First World War, Augusta was one of the largest cotton markets in the United States, but in the nineteen-twenties, when cotton began to be grown in Texas and the Far West, the city's plants lost their prominent position. Augusta underwent another change at that time. In the late eighteen-eighties, it had become, along with Aiken, across the Savannah River in South Carolina, a popular winter resort for wealthy Northerners. Augusta was a special favorite of golfers. By the nineteen-twenties, it had three fine private courses—two at the Augusta Country Club and the third at the Forest Hills Ricker Hotel—along with a municipal course. At that time, however, the town started to decline as a winter spa, for railroad transportation to Florida improved immensely, and, as the land developers went to work, thousands of vacationers poured into the Palm Beach and Miami areas to enjoy the subtropical climate and the ocean. For all that, quite a few Augusta regulars continued to winter there. One who did was Roberts, a New York investment banker and a low-handicap golfer. Franklin, a member of the Augusta Country Club, first met Roberts at that club in 1928. Franklin had come to know Jones well before that, when they were both in their early twenties. Jones spent a lot of his time in Augusta at this period, courting his future wife, and he frequently asked Franklin to round up a date and make it a foursome. Franklin played many friendly rounds with Jones before and after the formation of the Augusta National. He enjoyed them enormously, for Jones, apart from being excellent company, always tried to play his very best golf, and when he got rolling it was thrilling to be standing only a few steps from him as he bashed out a long drive or hit an iron that covered the flag all the way. Franklin describes himself as having been a 4-handicap golfer, but he was actually somewhat better than that. He won the city championship of Augusta in 1930, and in 1932 he got down to scratch—that is, in handicap events no strokes were deducted from his score.

Franklin headed an organic-chemicals business that prospered from the start and permitted him, as the head of the Augusta National's Local Operating Committee, to devote considerable time to club affairs whenever he was asked by Jones or Roberts to look into some complication that required prompt attention. After the Second World War, he had even more free time to devote to the club, for in 1949 he organized the Winterlawn Chemical Corporation, which eventually put out only one product, a rain-resistant dye that could be sprayed on grass and was found to be invaluable by athletic directors at schools and colleges throughout the country who wanted to spruce up their football fields (which many of them now do by using artificial turf). After retiring from business, in 1966, Franklin was on hand at the club every day, except in the summer months, when the Augusta National shuts down because of the intense heat. These days, he still drops in at the club every morning from October through May. "I've got a good excuse," he told me as we stood up near the end of our conversation. "Two years ago, I had some heart trouble and had to have a bypass operation. My doctor instructed me to get out and walk a couple of miles every day, and I'd rather walk on a golf course than anyplace else. Whenever the sun is out, I also usually manage to play the par-3 course."

Franklin became the last surviving original member when Roberts died at eighty-four in the autumn of 1977. It is never very pleasant lingering on as the last leaf, but in a way Franklin has experienced it somewhat differently. "The Augusta National Golf Club, as I needn't tell you, has had a profound effect on my life," he said as his eyes surveyed the clubhouse room we were in and then took in through the windows the crowds gathered on the terrace. "I've always loved being out here. This is my second home."

THE 1979 Masters will unquestionably be best remembered as the first Masters decided by a sudden-death playoff. Frank Urban (Fuzzy) Zoeller, Jr.—his nickname derives from his initials—won it by defeating Tom Watson and Ed Sneed with a superb birdie on the second extra hole. Sixteen years ago, after Bob Charles, of New Zealand, had outlasted Phil Rodgers, of San Diego, in a 36-hole playoff for the British Open at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, the men in charge of that august championship agreed that so extended a playoff was unnecessary and tedious, and that in the future a single round would suffice. Lytham was the last stand of the 36-hole playoff. The summer of 1977 saw another change. For the first time, one of the four major professional championships determined its winner, after a tie had resulted, not by an eighteen-hole playoff but by sudden death. This was the P.G.A. Championship, which was held at Pebble Beach. When Gene Littler and Lanny Wadkins both finished with totals of 282, they went out on the course again, and Wadkins proceeded to win the title on the third extra hole. As for the Masters, in 1976 it announced that, in the event of a tie, it would be shifting from eighteen holes to sudden death, but this April was the first time since then that a playoff had been required. For many years, of course, nearly all of the tournaments on the P.G.A. tour have employed the sudden-death playoff, principally because the tour operates on a very tight schedule as it moves around the country from week to week, and the loss of a whole day can muddle things up. The major championships, however, long resisted the abbreviated playoff on the ground that their importance made a full

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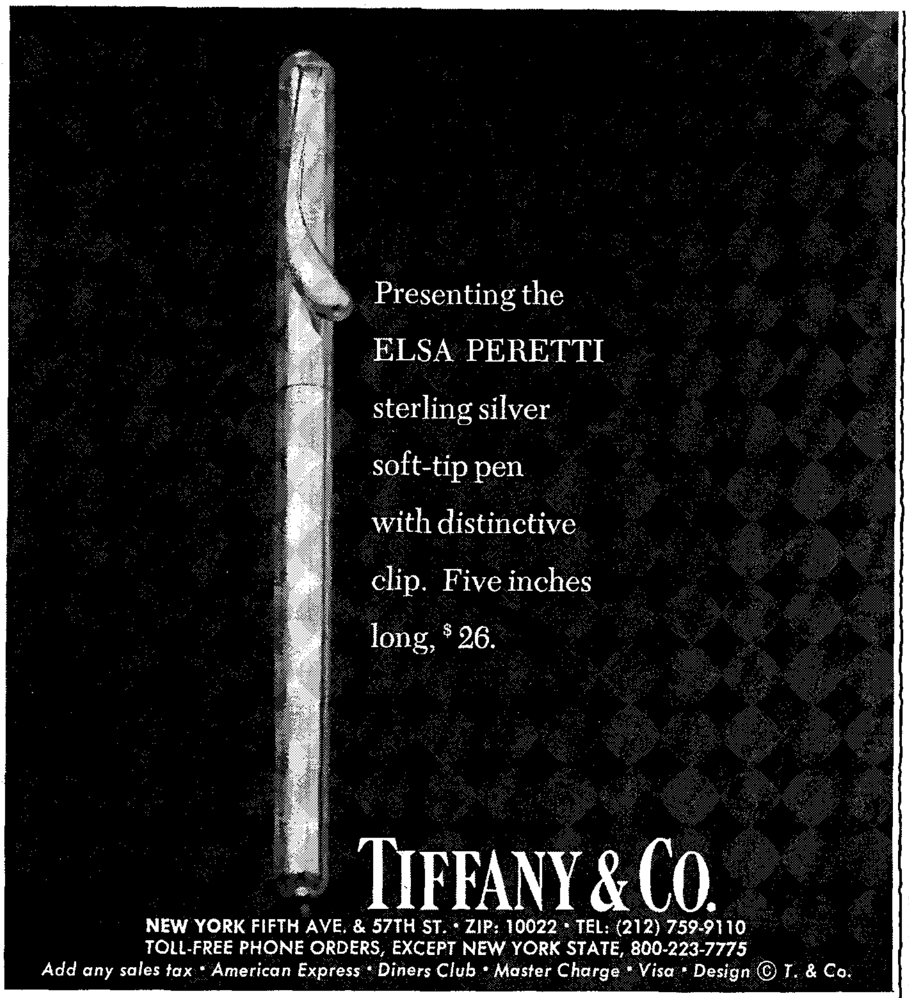
round of golf a much more fitting and fairer way of settling a tie—in sudden death there is always the possibility that the winning and losing of the championship may depend on some freakish bounce of the ball, which is not uncommon in golf. For this reason, the United States Open and the British Open have continued to stay with the 18-hole playoff and are likely to in the years ahead. Sudden-death playoffs *are* chancy. In its first adventure with this format, the Masters was exceedingly lucky: the three men involved could not have played more brilliant golf, and Zoeller climaxed the high tension and excitement of the two extra holes with a smashing coup de grâce—an eight-foot putt that he stroked into the heart of the cup.

The dramatic epilogue of this Masters deserves to be examined in more detail, but, before turning to this, some of the highlights of the four rounds of the tournament proper should be mentioned. Thursday, the day of the opening round, was warm and bright. The course, looking greener than it has in years, was in wonderful shape, the result of an extra helping of fertilizer in September, a rainy winter, and the smooth, close cutting of some new fairway mowers. The greens held approaches well and were only moderately fast for putting, and so the scoring ran extremely low: twenty-three players broke par, 72, and another ten matched par.

Friday was something else again. The sky was overcast, the air was heavy, and the forecast called for possible thunderstorms in the afternoon. A little after two o'clock, the sky suddenly grew dark. Lightning flashed in the distance, and the crews manning the leader boards around the course posted the ominous words: TORNADO WATCH IN EFFECT. Immediately after the lightning was seen—less than a third of the field had completed the round—play was suspended. Shortly after that, a heavy rainstorm hit. As the huge galleries streamed off the course, word was received that a tornado warning, one step more serious than a tornado watch, had been announced. It was followed by a tornado alert. Hord Hardin, the acting chairman of the Masters—William Lane, the chairman, had come down with a serious illness on the eve of the tournament—handled the difficult situation calmly and adroitly. At three-twenty, when the rain was subsiding, the local weather station informed Hardin and the tournament committee that the threat of lightning was over; the storm had passed to the south. The threat of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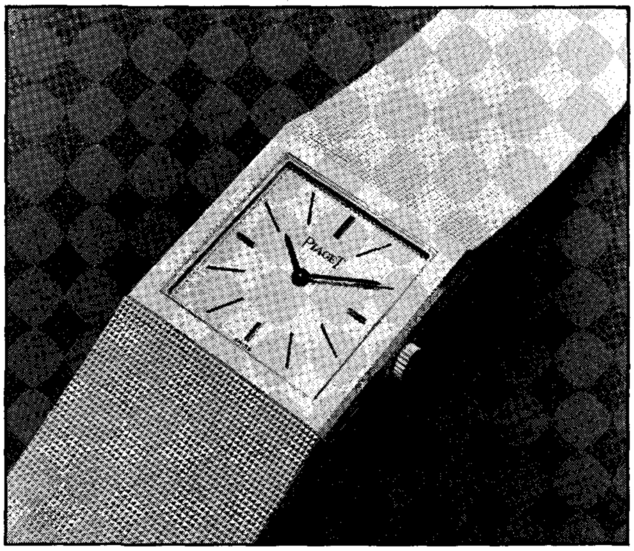
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a tornado also was over, they learned, but it had been a near thing; a tornado had struck only twenty-two miles from Augusta. The golfers and officials were then instructed that play would be resumed at three-forty-five, and that they should be out on the course ready to continue at that time. Thanks to some effective squeegeeing of a few soaked greens, the resumption of play commenced promptly at three-forty-five. As the afternoon wore on, it began to rain again, and fairly hard, but the course's drainage system did a terrific job. When darkness finally brought the day's play to a halt, only the last six twosomes had not finished the full eighteen holes, and they were able to do this early Saturday morning before the start of the third round. Saving Friday's round from being washed out was a real triumph of administration and execution for everyone concerned with the operation of the tournament, from Hardin down to the two rugged workmen who waded into Rae's Creek to knock down a small wooden dam and so expedite the flow of the surging water through the arches of the Hogan Bridge.

Despite the delay and the hampering conditions, the scores on the second day were remarkably good. Sneed, who finished his round moments before the storm struck, added a 67 to his opening 68 to share the lead at 135 at the halfway mark with Craig Stadler, who had brought in a 66—although, as one of the late starters, he had played most of his round in the rain. In the Masters, the forty-four lowest-scoring players and ties as well as all the players within ten strokes of the leading score qualify for the third and fourth rounds after the 36-hole cut. This year's cutoff figure was 145, three strokes below the previous record for the tournament. Forty-five players made it. Arnold Palmer, at 146, missed by a stroke. This was probably the cruellest cut of all for Palmer during his quarter of a century in professional golf. After standing five over par after the first five holes on his opening round, he had got things together and played the next thirty-one holes in three under par. Furthermore, his scoring gave no indication of the quality of his golf from tee to green. As so often has been the case in recent years, his putting was his undoing. On the second day, for example, he had almost a dozen birdie putts in the twelve-to-sixteen-foot range, but he holed none of them. That other foundation stone of the Masters, Jack Nicklaus, fared better. This winter he had suffered through the worst slump of his long career: He had entered five P.G.A.-tour tournaments, and an eleventh-place finish in the Bob Hope Desert Classic was by far his best showing. No one knew what to expect of Nicklaus in the Masters, not even Nicklaus. On his opening round, he ran into several erratic patches—he cut across the ball badly on a couple of shots—but he hung in there with that formidable pertinacity of his, and three birdies on the second nine gave him a 69. Second round, same pattern. Three bogeys and no birdies going out, four birdies and no bogeys coming in—a 71. It is a while since I have seen Nicklaus as happy as he was after his round on Thursday. He patiently explained what he felt had caused his mediocre play in the winter. The key to his problems, he said, was that he had fallen unwittingly into the habit of addressing the ball with his head positioned too far forward. This had tipped his body forward and cramped his whole swing. The key correction he had made before coming to the Masters was to move his head back. This enabled him to get his body aligned in the proper position, and then, for the first time in months, his feet and legs, the source of his power, started to work again. Nicklaus's swing during this Masters varied from time to time, and he made more technical mistakes than he normally does, but at the halfway mark he was up with the leaders, and, what with his great competitive temperament, he would have to be watched.

The third day belonged to Ed Sneed. A thirty-four-year-old Virginian who graduated from Ohio State University in 1967, he has been on the tour since 1969, but compared with the two other current touring pros who also attended O.S.U.—Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf—he has not attained the status of a sports celebrity. He has won only three tournaments, and they have been rather minor ones: the Kaiser International Open, in 1973; the Milwaukee Open, in 1974; and the Tallahassee Open, in 1977. For another thing, until this Masters he had never before been a contender in any of the big championships. This does not mean that Sneed is not an impressive golfer. Quite the reverse. A handsome sandy-haired man who stands six-two and weighs one-ninety, he has one of the finest swings in the game, and it has long been a mystery why he hasn't emerged as a bona-fide star. Sneed is an attractive person. For starters, he has one of the best minds on the tour. (He took his degree in marketing. His wife, whom he met at college, took hers in journalism.) He is the best backgam-

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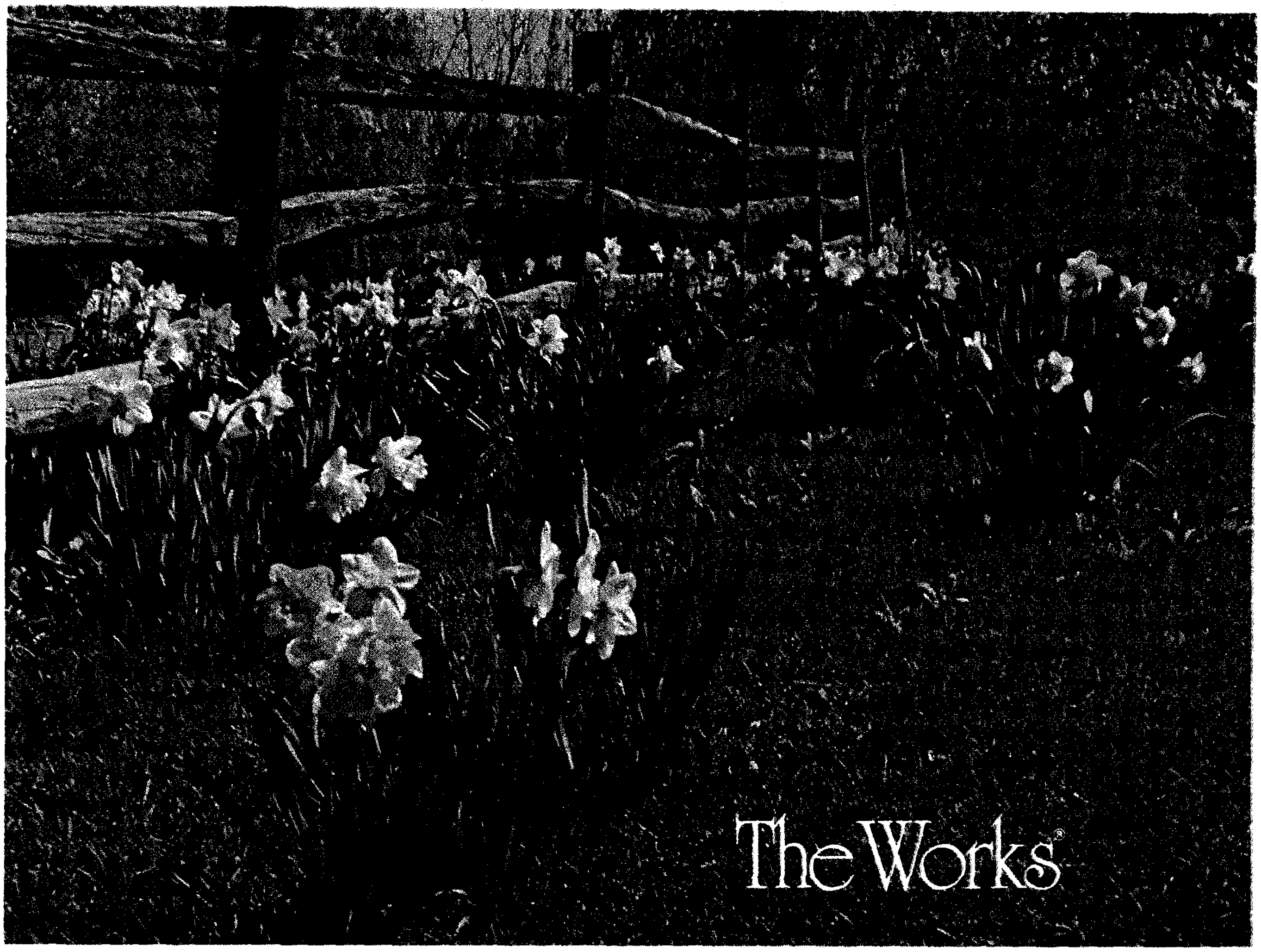

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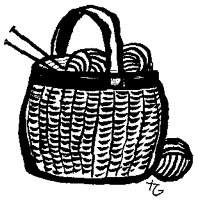
mon player on the golf tour and no slouch at bridge, chess, and billiards. He is known for his dry sense of humor and for his talent for mimicking the swings and mannerisms of his colleagues. He does a very good Gary Player and a hilarious Miller Barber, but most people think that his chef-d'œuvre is his Arnold Palmer, which he does backward: He starts with the follow-through and finishes with the hitching up of the trousers before the assumption of address. He is an authentically nice man and a charming one.



On Saturday, the day of the third round, he quickly moved ahead of Stadler and into the undisputed lead. From then on, everyone at the Augusta National was wondering how well he would be able to cope with the considerable burden of being out in front in the Masters. In his first two rounds, he had not gone over par on a single hole. In the third round, played on a glorious spring day, he made his first bogey of the tournament, on the fifth hole—his approach rolled over the back of the green—but this was his one lapse en route to a 69. I had never before seen him hit the ball so well. Indeed, I have seldom seen anyone play a sounder round of golf than Sneed did. He is a very stylish player. On his backswing, he takes the club back as smooth as silk and makes a full body turn. He moves into the ball unhurriedly and finishes high. There are times when some of us think we detect a little looseness at the top of his backswing or a lack of decisiveness in the hitting area, but on this day he was something to watch. He was firm through the ball, and his swing had that rare elegance of tempo which only a few players, like Littler and the young Sam Snead, have possessed. (The old Sam Snead isn't too tough to watch, either. Today he swings the club and hits the ball better than any sixty-six-year-old golfer who ever lived.) Throughout this third round, it should be mentioned, there was no trace of nervousness in Sneed's play. He was out in 35, one under par. He opened up a four-shot lead on the field when he hit a 6-iron four feet from the pin on the short twelfth to set up a birdie, and he then birdied the par-5 thirteenth. He finished with a flourish on the eighteenth. After driving into the lower of the two bunkers at the left-hand edge of the curving fairway, he picked the ball cleanly off the sand with a 4-iron and stopped it eighteen feet from the hole. His three-round total of 204 gave him a five-shot lead on the nearest men, Stadler and Watson, and a six-shot lead on Zoeller and Bruce Lietzke. Nicklaus lay another two strokes back.

It is not at all difficult to drop a five-stroke lead in a golf tournament. All you have to do is botch up a couple of shots and have one of your challengers roll in a putt or two, and, just like that, your comfortable margin has vanished. On Sunday, the day of the fourth and final round, the question on everyone's mind was whether or not Sneed would be able to stand up to the pressure as serenely as he had on the third round. The gustiest wind in many seasons was swirling across the Augusta National course, and this could conceivably work to his disadvantage. While Sneed is a man who nearly always maintains an outward placidity, it became apparent early in the afternoon that he was finding it much harder to stay relaxed than he had the day before. His walk had speeded up discernibly, and, while his swing had its customary legato tempo, there was something less functional about it. He quickly ran into a series of telltale errors. He three-putted the second. He did not make sharp contact with the ball on his iron to the short fourth. He misplayed an explosion shot on the sixth and left the ball in the bunker. He needed three shots to get down from off the front edge of the tenth. At this point in the long day, his lead was down to a single shot over his closest challenger, Watson, paired with Zoeller in the twosome just ahead of Sneed, who was playing with Stadler. Early in the round, when Watson had birdied the second and third holes, it appeared that he might be off on one of those charges for which the Masters is famous, but it came to an abrupt halt on the very next hole. If he was right at the leader's shoulder about an hour and a half later, it was chiefly because of the mistakes Sneed had made. On this difficult day for scoring, only one of the players in the battle was, in fact, making any headway against par. This was Nicklaus, perhaps the most phenomenal fourth-round player in the history of the game. He was three under through the thirteenth—only two shots off the pace now—and behaving as if he thought anything was possible.

At this crucial juncture, Sneed got hold of himself. He saved his par on the twelfth, where he was bunkered behind the green, with a delicate sand shot. Playing into the wind, he wisely laid up short of the creek before

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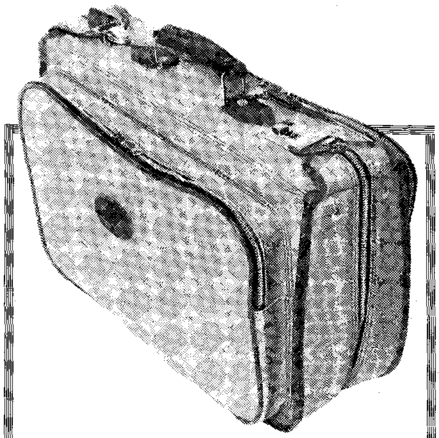

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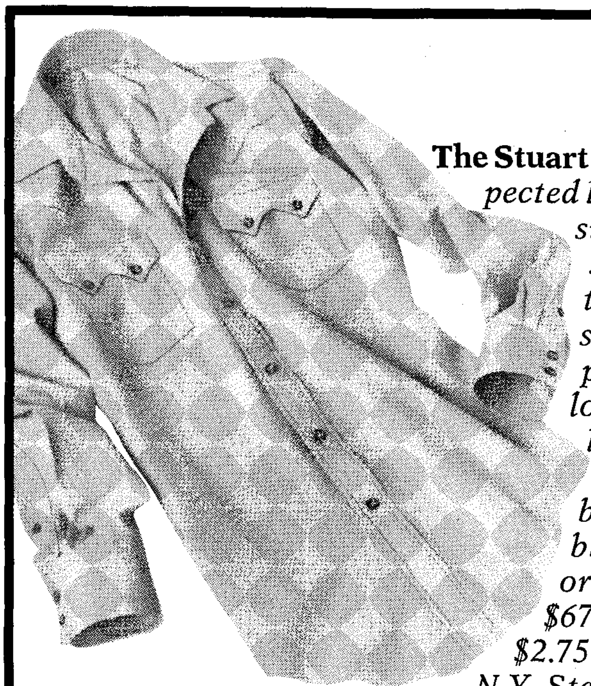
the green on the thirteenth, and then set up another birdie with a well-gauged pitch. He went on to birdie the other par 5 on the in nine, the 520-yard fifteenth, where he laid up short of the pond before the green and got down in two with a good wedge to ten feet and a resolute putt. This brave burst reëstablished Sneed's control of the tournament. With only three holes to play, he led Watson by three shots, Nicklaus and Zoeller by four. (Nicklaus's rush had come to a halt on the seventeenth, when his pitch to the plateau green had bobbled over the back edge.) And then, with his first victory in a major championship within his grasp, Sneed played three shaky holes. He lost one stroke of his lead when he took three putts on the sixteenth from about forty feet. He lost a second stroke when he three-putted the seventeenth from the back fringe. He lost the third stroke on the eighteenth. After his 7-iron approach had ended up on the edge of the right-hand bunker—it looked as if he might have hit the ball on the toe of the club—he played a heady chip that left him about five and a half feet below the cup. He read the putt to break about a quarter of an inch to the right. The ball broke not at all, and hung on the very lip of the cup. I cannot remember when last I saw a gallery as genuinely unhappy for a player as the thousands packed around the home green who watched Sneed tap the ball in for his third consecutive bogey. He had played such a valiant tournament through the sixty-ninth hole that it saddened you to see him throw the Masters away when he had it won. For the record, he finished with a 76 for a four-round total of 280. (Nicklaus's total, incidentally, was 281.)

Of course, Sneed could still win in the three-way sudden-death playoff coming up with Watson and Zoeller. Watson's last round was a 71. He may very well be the best golfer in the world today, but there are times when one feels that he doesn't rise to the big occasion the way great golfers often manage to. Putting, of course, frequently makes the difference, and on the final round Watson had the misfortune to miss a slew of eminently makable birdie putts. It was Zoeller, appearing in his first Masters, who had poured it on down the stretch, birdieing three of the last six holes. A powerful young man of twenty-seven, he reached the two par 5s, the thirteenth and the fifteenth, in two, and made the critical third birdie by sinking a twelve-foot putt on the seventeenth. On the eighteenth green, he demonstrated his



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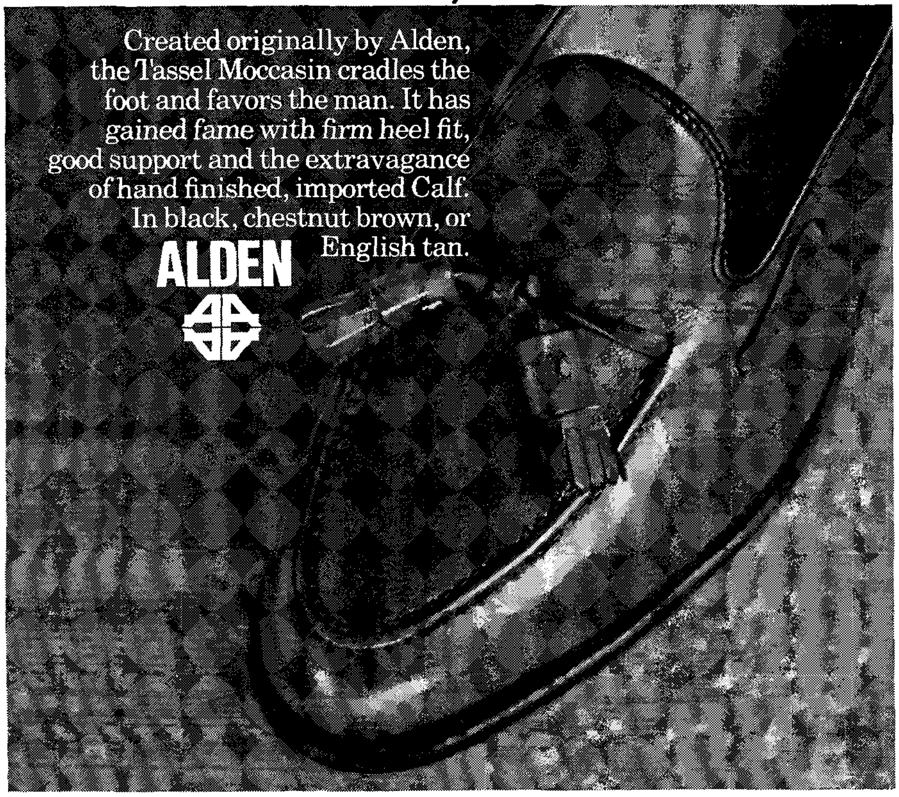

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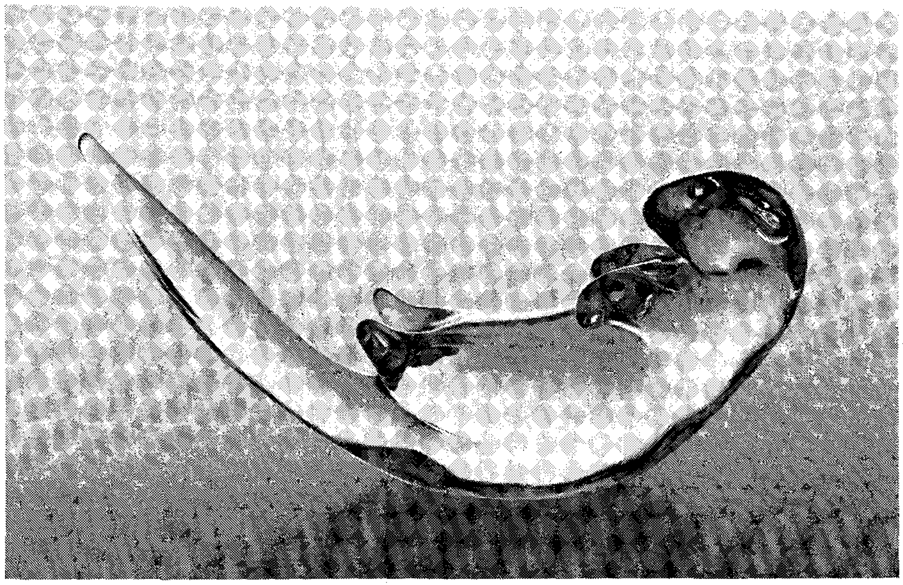

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poise again. He was left with a touchy seven-footer to save his par, and with little hesitation he stepped up and rapped it in.

WHEN the Masters adopted the sudden-death format three years ago, the plan was that play would begin on the first hole. Early this year a change was announced: play would begin on the tenth. This would expedite the movement of the spectators to the scene of the action, for the tenth fairway runs roughly parallel to the eighteenth. More important, the holes on the second nine offer much better viewability than those on the first nine. Since the Masters does not release attendance figures (and never has), one must guess at the number of people who congregate on the course each day. My own estimate the last few years has been around forty thousand, but many veteran observers are of the opinion that the crowds now approach fifty thousand. Knowing in advance that the playoff was bound to be a crush, what with everyone converging on the particular hole being played, how many people elected to try to follow the playoff? I'd say that more than fifteen thousand walked out and searched for vantage points along the tenth and, later, along the eleventh. Watching was difficult, but the shotmaking was so spectacular, and the very fact of a sudden-death playoff at the Masters so stirring, that it was well worth the trouble.

The tenth, as I have mentioned, is a majestic hole, a 485-yard par 4 that tumbles down a long slope to an elevated green bordered on three sides by those lofty pines. The most rewarding tee shot is a right-to-left draw, for the right half of the fairway descends much more gradually than the left, and if the golfer catches the precipitous incline on the left his ball will pick up momentum and end up fifty yards or so nearer the green than a drive hit out to the right. Sneed won the toss and teed off first. He hit a perfect tee shot, far down the left-hand side. So did Watson, who followed him. And so did Zoeller. The three balls, in fact, were grouped close together. Sneed, the farthest from the flagstick, played his approach first. He took a 6-iron and from a slightly downhill lie played a lovely shot that was right at the stick, positioned this day about fifteen feet from the left fringe of the green and about halfway up the green. As the ball rolled to a stop about ten feet past the hole, a tremendous roar of acclamation went up. Watson's shot next: He had about a hundred and seventy yards to

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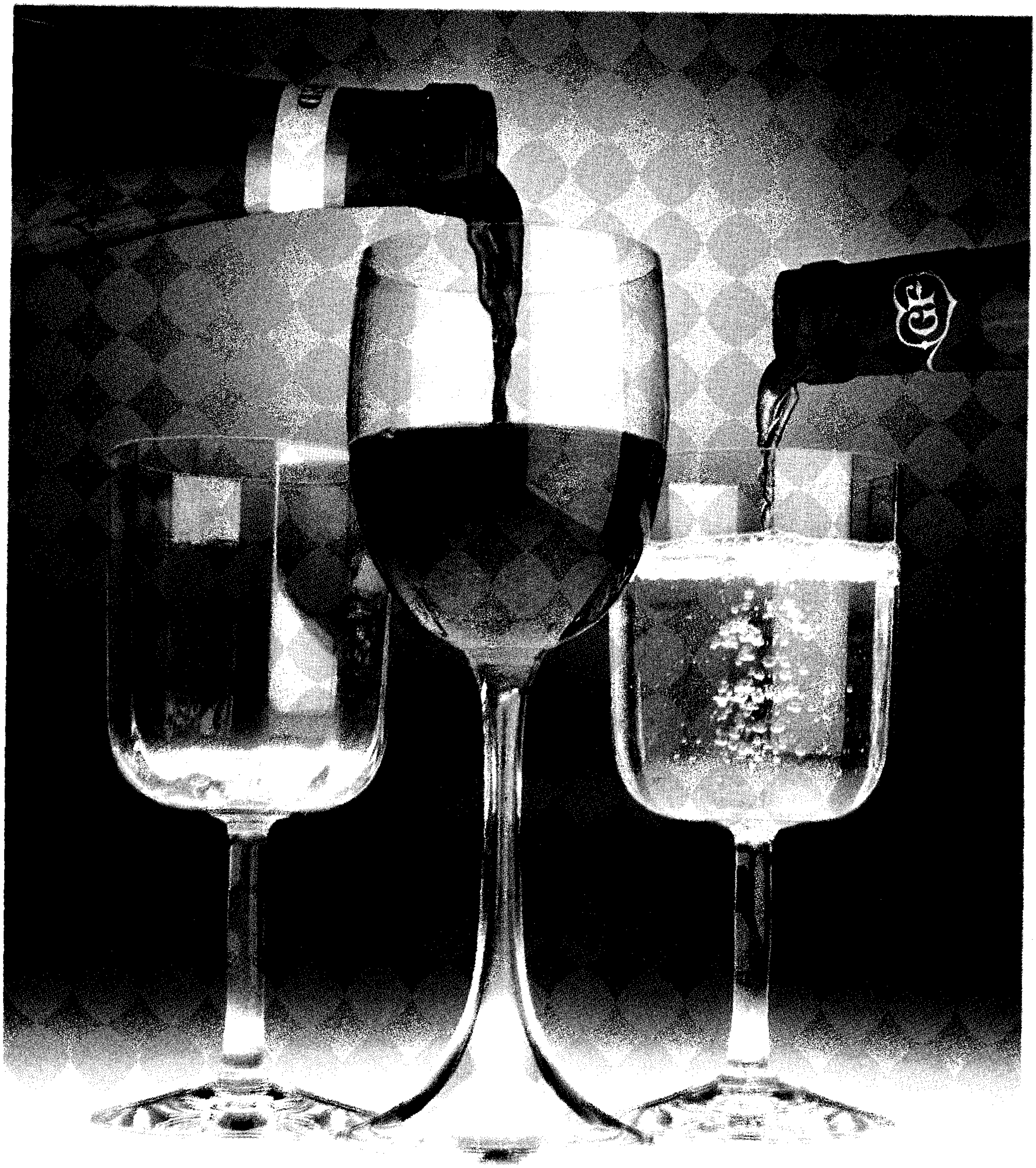

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go and went with a 7-iron. His shot was almost an exact duplicate of Sneed's—dead on line all the way. It pulled up to the left of the flag, no farther from the hole than Sneed's ball, possibly inside it. Another mighty roar. Now Zoeller. He said later that by his calibrations he had a hundred and sixty-three yards to go. He played an 8-iron and, despite the pressure on him, lofted an approach as indecently accurate as the two that had preceded it. It came down short of the flag and drew up about twelve feet from it. Another prolonged roar bounced off the trees. There was excited chatter as the three men walked to the green, but once they were on the surface and studying their putts it diminished to a murmur. Hardin, who was refereeing the playoff, indicated to Zoeller that he was the farthest from the hole. Absolute silence as Zoeller lined up his putt and struck it. It slid by the cup, about two inches to the right of it. Hardin then indicated to Sneed that it was now his turn to putt, but Sneed requested a measurement to see who was away, himself or Watson. Assisted by Harry Easterly, the president of the U.S.G.A. in 1976-77—Hardin had held that post in 1968-69—he used the flagstick to measure the distance to the two balls. Watson's turned out to be quite a few inches nearer than Sneed's—about the length of the flagstick (eight feet) plus the length of a large envelope. The tenth green is hard to read at any time, and now, with long shadows stretching across it, it was next to impossible to figure out its breaks and shimmers. Sneed's putt looked to be a comparatively straight one. He made a good putt but the ball trickled by the cup an inch to the left. Now the tournament was Watson's for the winning. I could not see the line of his putt, but, in any event, he did not make a good stroke—the ball was pushed out well to the right. The three men holed their short putts for their 4s.

The eleventh, four hundred and forty-five yards long, is another superlative par 4. The golfer drives from a tee in a cathedral of pines. A fairly tight chute leads to a fairway that crests gently and then slides slowly downhill to a green situated at the foot of some Scottish-type mounding. What makes the hole, though, is the pond that skirts the left edge of the green, ready to swallow up an approach shot hooked or pulled a fraction too much. The flagstick was set in a demanding position—at the back left-hand corner about fifteen feet in from the fringe of the green adjacent to the pond. Again, three marvellous tee shots, down the left side of the fairway. Zoeller, who had really jumped on his, was out about three hundred yards, several yards in front of Watson and Sneed. Sneed, the first to play, went boldly for the flag with a 5-iron. He struck the ball well, but he had taken too much club, and the ball bounded over the green and into one of the two bunkers behind it. Watson hit a splendid approach, a high-trajectory shot that landed about thirty feet before the flag and finished fifteen feet or so from it. Zoeller now. Once again, he had the stuff in the clutch. Playing an 8-iron, he drew the ball in from the right, and it spun itself out eight feet short of the cup. Loud salvos of applause had followed Watson's and Zoeller's approaches, and now, as the three golfers walked toward the green, other salvos broke out to salute their glittering shotmaking. One doesn't see golf of this calibre every day, let alone in a tension-filled playoff. Sneed was away, playing from a downhill lie at the back of the bunker, some thirty-five feet from the flag. He could not have hit a better sand shot. He wafted the ball out softly, and it rolled directly for the hole at just the right speed, as if it had been putted. For a moment, it looked as if it would drop into the cup, but it ghosted by an inch to the left. Watson, from fifteen feet. He studied his line carefully. His putt had the line, all right, but not the distance. The ball died about two inches short, twisting to the left as it did. Zoeller now, from eight feet. He did not take a great deal of time over his putt. It was a straight putt as he read it—straight for the right half of the hole. It was in all the way. When the ball disappeared, Zoeller flung his putter high in the air and then jumped for joy three or four times, his hands extended like a man going up for a rebound. Then he hugged his excellent caddy, Jeriah Beard. In the general hubbub that ensued after Sneed and Watson had congratulated Zoeller, I remember only one thing clearly. Watson, who is such a first-class guy, had the thoughtfulness to walk back over to Sneed and say a few consoling words to him.

IN the days that followed the Masters and that dazzling playoff, I found myself thinking often of Sneed and of how painful it must be to lose a tournament of its stature the way he had, particularly after he had waited so many years to have a crack at a major title. I thought also of how ironic it is that one of Sneed's vulnerabilities should be the very elegance of his

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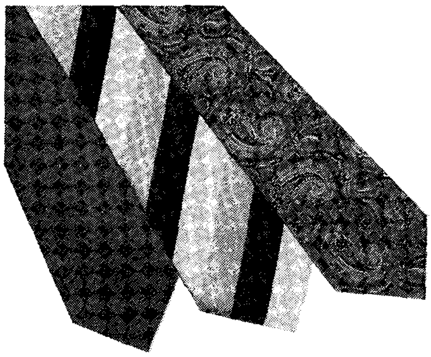

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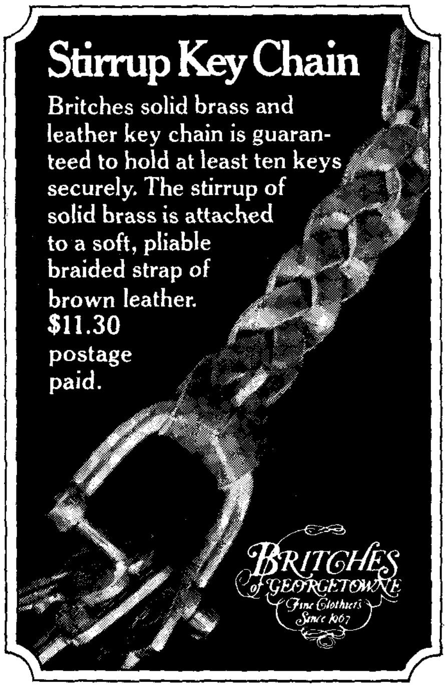

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style. It is almost too much for any golfer to be able to manage under competitive stress a swing as long and articulated as Sneed's and have all the elements coalesce. On Saturday, they did. On Sunday, things went wrong from time to time. It brought to mind what Sarazen answered when someone once asked him how Jones would have made out on the pro tour. "Bob had a very long swing with the fullest body turn of anyone in our time, and he also had the slowest tempo of anyone," he said. "He always took off a couple of weeks before a big championship to get himself ready for it. That gave him the time he needed to tune up that beautiful swing with its intricate timing, and he could keep it under control for the length of the championship. If he had gone out on the tour, I doubt if his swing would have stood up to the grind of weekly tournaments. With his intelligence, Jones would have seen this quickly and realized that he would have to modify his swing—shorten it and simplify it." I believe that Sarazen would probably give the same advice to Sneed: the swing that succeeds in tournament golf is generally a compact one; fewer things can go wrong with it under pressure.

Fuzzy Zoeller has just such a swing. A sturdily built young man—he is five feet ten and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds—he gets his power, as does Nicklaus, chiefly from his legs. In the last three years, he has improved his game by making some prudent decisions. Instead of glorying in his ability to belt the ball a country mile and, as a result, hitting one out of every three tee shots deep into trouble, he has begun to swing well within himself. He still hits the ball very far, but now he hits it straight. A natural right-to-left player, he has resisted the temptation to change his method. Third, and last, he has always enjoyed chatting with the folks in the galleries. Repartee pleases him and also keeps him relaxed, and he decided not to change this approach to tournament golf, since it was working for him. Consequently, at this time, when most of the talented young players go about their golf with the ponderous gravity of an aging senator—with so much prize money at stake, after five good seasons on the tour a man can be set for life—Zoeller is a refreshing exception to the rule. He is an interesting fellow. He was born and grew up in New Albany, Indiana, a town of forty thousand people which is just across the Ohio River from Louisville. His father, Frank Urban Zoeller, Sr., is in the wood-veneer business. The Zoellers lived

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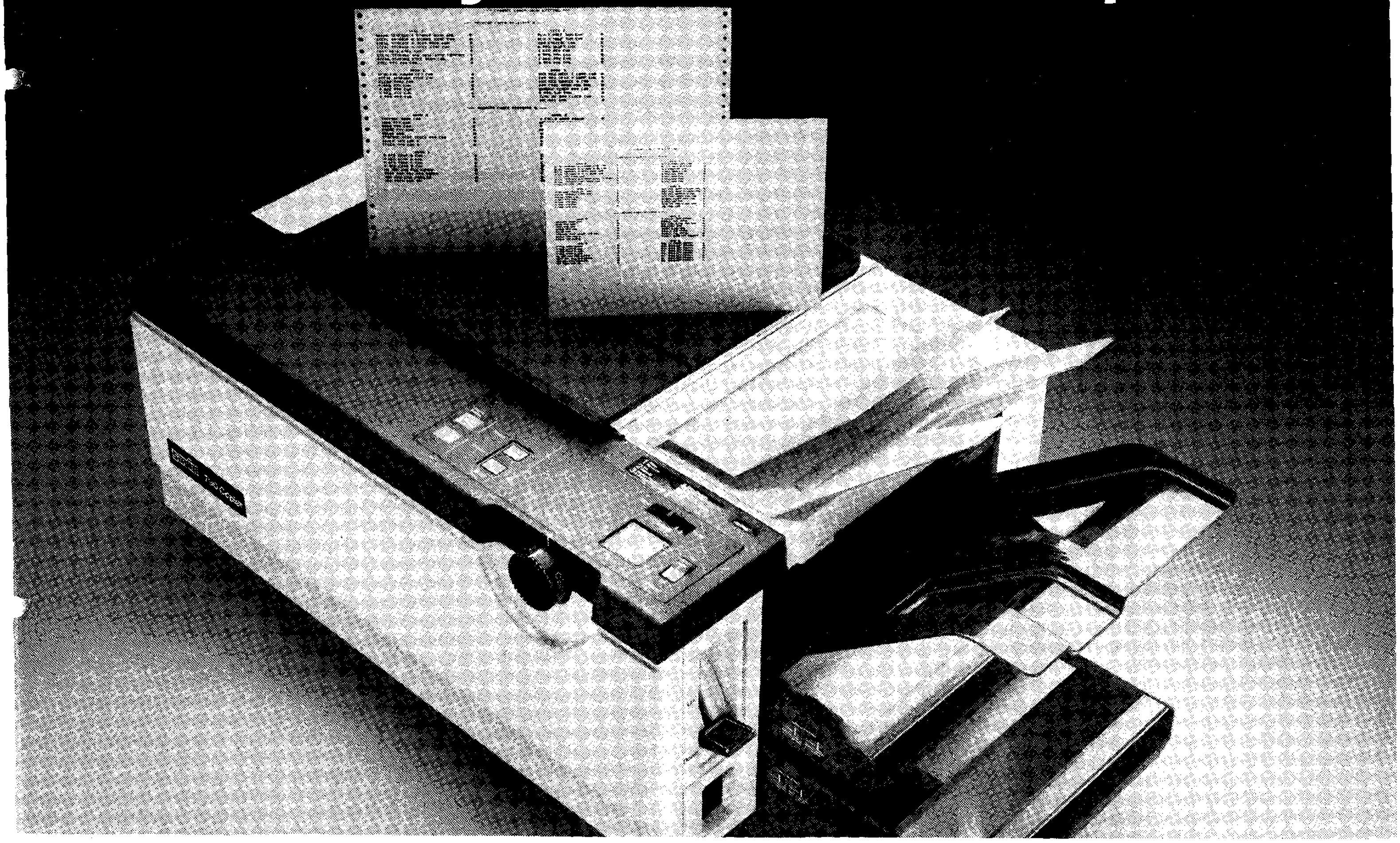

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close by the Valley View golf course, and the whole family—father, mother, and their four children—played the game. Fuzzy started golf at three. At six, he won a peewee tournament in Louisville. As a star on the high-school golf team and the runner-up in the Indiana scholastic championship in 1970, he had the opportunities to develop his skill which are available to promising young golfers these days. He was invited to attend Edison Junior College, in Fort Myers, Florida, and while there won the Florida Junior College Championship. He went on to the University of Houston, one of our most prominent golf colleges, and from there to the pro tour. In 1975, his first full year on the tour, he needed a while to settle down, but since then his progress has been steady. In late January this year, he won his first tour event, the Andy Williams San Diego Open. A nice-looking, fun-loving, pleasant young man, Zoeller has a storehouse of tested one-liners, but there is also a good deal of substance to him. On the third round, after he had fought his way into the tournament by playing the first nine in 32, he momentarily lost his grip on his game on the tenth hole. He slapped his approach far out to the right, where it ricocheted off some spectators and into the bunker. Then he barely succeeded in getting his recovery shot onto the green. When I looked at Zoeller as he stood on that green, the area around his eyes seemed pale and pinched, as if he were feeling the strain intensely. In any event, from that point on he took a little more time with his shots and concentrated on keeping the ball in play. He was even par for the last eight holes of the round, and this kept him in contention. I admired him for this self-control, for his courage and composure on the last round and the extra holes, and for many of the things he had to say after the tournament, such as his generous tribute to his caddy: "Jerry Beard led me around all week long. Like most of the caddies here, he knows every blade of grass on the course. He took good care of me. He read every putt for me and told me the speed. He was invaluable." I think we might be hearing a lot more about Frank Urban Zoeller, Jr., in the future.

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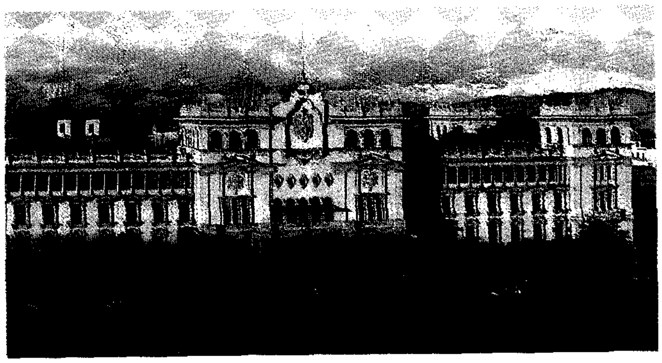

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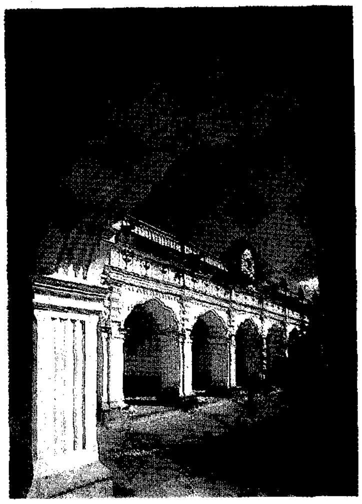

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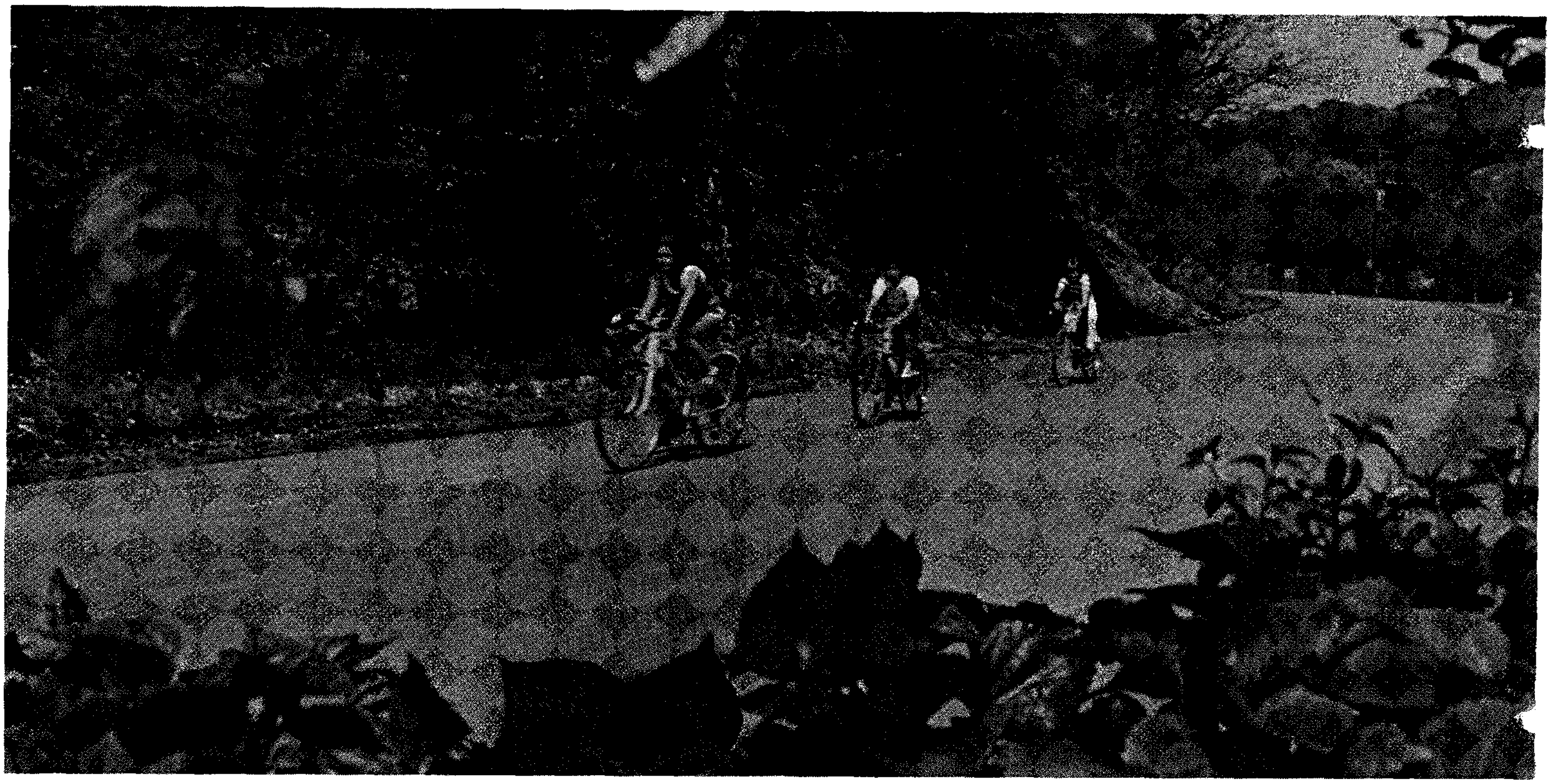

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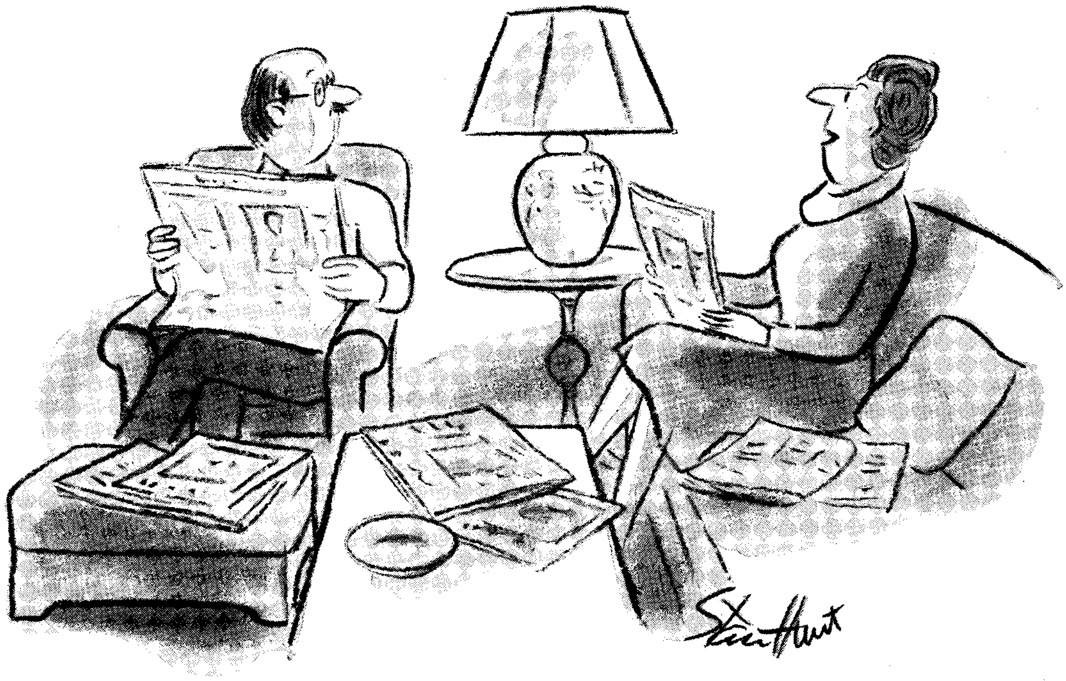
A VERY EMOTIVE SUBJECT

EVERY spring, at many of the annual meetings of large American corporations, disaffected minority shareholders ritualistically proffer resolutions which, after solemn and often heated debate, are thumpingly turned down by proxy votes that management has had comfortably stashed away all along. Concurrently, other rituals no less regularly take place on American campuses—at Harvard, for instance, on this past April 23rd—where students solemnly and heatedly demonstrate against, and sometimes seize the premises of, the managers of their ivied enclaves. In the last few years, both the shareholders and the students have been principally and vociferously concerned with a single abrasive issue—the role of the American business and banking communities in the economy and social structure of that remote, complex, and inflammatory nation called the Republic of South Africa. The issue is, as an English industrialist addressing himself to it said not long ago, "a very emotive subject"—one so emotive, indeed, that a proposed television debate about it in Boston last summer had to be cancelled because a couple of the announced participants would not cross a picket line set up by an anti-apartheid group that was unhappy about the wording of the question to be debated. Ultimately, the program was rescheduled, but not until the question had been nitpickingly amended from "Should U.S. Policy Discourage Investment in South Africa?" to "Should U.S. Policy Encourage Withdrawal of Investments from South Africa to Promote Political Change?" Large corporations manage, as a rule, to take their perennial haranguers more or less in stride, but lately they have found it increasingly hard to ignore the importunities of people who care, or profess to care, about South Africa, and the collective pressure of these people is being privately referred to nowadays in business and financial circles as "the hassle factor."

Some of the facts about the emotive subject that are more or less agreed upon: Three hundred and fifty or so United States corporations—among them more than half of *Fortune's* top one hundred—have investments and operations in South Africa. Another six thousand or so are represented there, in one form or another, by indigenous agents. (At last count, there were also ten firms in South Africa owned by Americans who live there, among which were a dairy company producing something called Sno-Kreem and a drive-in restaurant with the no less indisputably American name of Pickin Chickin.) Moreover, nearly fifty United States banks have loans outstanding in South Africa which, by the most recent reckoning, add up to two billion two hundred million dollars. The book value of American business investment in South Africa comes to more than one and three-quarters billion dollars, or a little over one per cent of all American private overseas investments. This stake—a modest one compared to that of the United Kingdom, which has about seven billion dollars committed there—represents seventeen per cent of all foreign capital invested in South Africa. Thirty-seven per cent of American investments anywhere on the continent of Africa are in South Africa. Sales accruing from these investments amount in most cases to not more than one per cent of the total sales of the companies concerned, but the profits the investments generated were until recently rewarding—as high as twenty-odd per cent per annum in the mid-nineteen-sixties. The South African economy sputtered in the seventies, and by 1975 the rate of return had dropped to eight and a half per cent. It has not risen much since.

A few other more or less generally accepted stipulations: Of the total South African labor force of eight million individuals, about a hundred thousand are employed by American corporations and their subsidiaries. Twenty-one of the American companies have more than a thousand employees, and seventy-two of them more than two hundred and fifty. The Ford Motor Company's South African offshoot (actually, an offshoot of Ford's Canadian offshoot) has the most—fifty-six hundred. (Its South African sales in 1977 came to two hundred and twenty million dollars.) Of the hundred thousand workers employed by Americans, seventy thousand are black, and these constitute about one per cent of the entire black labor pool.

Black workers in South Africa are notoriously underpaid vis-à-vis their white counterparts—the average wage paid to whites engaged in manufacturing is about eight times that paid to blacks—and far less well educated. Only three of every thousand black employees have finished high school, and sixty-two per cent of them have never been to school at all. About nine years ago, some American companies in South Africa began to upgrade the skills of their workers (as did quite a few South African-owned companies,



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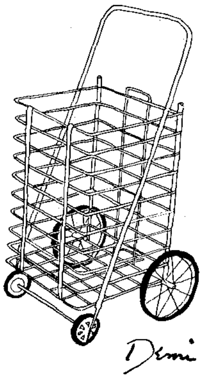
too) by providing them with rudimentary schooling—literacy courses, to start with—and training programs. The South African government is fond of citing statistics that show not merely how much better off its black workers are than laborers throughout the rest of the continent but how much better off they are than they themselves used to be—how, for instance, between 1960 and 1975 the pay of whites working in mines went up only two hundred and thirty per cent, whereas that of blacks went up by five hundred and seventeen per cent. Granted. But, inasmuch as the blacks started off far behind the whites, their actual annual pay increase, adjusted for inflation, was two hundred and ninety-eight rands—the *rand* is worth a dollar and eighteen cents—as opposed to a fourteen-hundred-rand increase for the whites. The South African government agreed, in 1975, to establish sixteen industrial training centers for blacks in geographical areas previously reserved exclusively for whites; but the training is at an exceedingly low level of skill. The kind of statistic that depresses observers of the South African scene is one that also dates from 1975: That year, there were twenty thousand and sixteen mechanics employed in South Africa, nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty-nine of whom were white, and seven hundred and fifty-seven of whom were either "Colored" (mixed blood) or Asian. Not one was black.



Of General Motors' four thousand five hundred South African employees, six hundred are black. Four of these are white-collar workers. G.M. has one of the largest capital investments—two hundred and twenty million dollars—of any American corporation in South Africa, but its operations there have a fugitive impact on its Detroit balance sheet. The automobile company's South African sales—a quarter of a billion dollars' worth in 1978—were less than one-half of one per cent of its sales the world over. Besides General Motors and Ford, the big American companies operating in South Africa include Mobil, Caltex (a joint venture of Standard Oil of California and Texaco), Exxon, General Electric, I.B.M., Control Data, and NCR (National Cash Register's going name). The president of Princeton is a director of NCR, and some of his students don't think he should be; they construe his service on that board, because of South Africa, to be a conflict of interest.

SOME of the viewpoints about American business and financial involvement in South Africa that are more or less prevalent: To many students, who tend to think in absolute terms, anything having to do with South Africa is innately evil, and any university or college or other institution that has any money mixed up with any company or bank that is mixed up in any way with South Africa is, *ipso facto*, in cahoots with wickedness. In the student view—and in the view also, one hastens to add, of many older folk—to participate, however vicariously, in the South African economy is to sustain, if not to advocate, apartheid. To the managers of multinational corporations, who tend to think in terms of sales, profits, and bottom lines, South Africa, for all its obvious flaws, is merely one of dozens of overseas places in which, undemocratic political systems notwithstanding, they have done and hope to continue to do business. Still, the corporate managers do not enjoy being beleaguered by their shareholders, and many of the former would like to placate the latter by using whatever influence they have to bring about changes in South Africa's treatment of its nonwhite majority population. But some American businessmen perceive themselves as being caught up unwittingly in a vicious circle. There has lately been a growth in South Africa of a black-consciousness movement—one of its leaders, of course, was the late Stephen Biko—and this movement has stiffened the resolve of some powerful white South Africans against easing discrimination. Should Americans—or Englishmen, or any other outsiders—cut back drastically on investments in or loans to South Africa, this action could cause the already shaky South African economy to falter even further, which could produce rising unemployment, which could arouse black consciousness to a higher pitch and harden white South African resistance to change even more. That, anyway, is how some American businessmen look at the situation. A number of them who are concerned with South Africa feel, furthermore, that, however distasteful they may find apartheid to be, it is beyond the power

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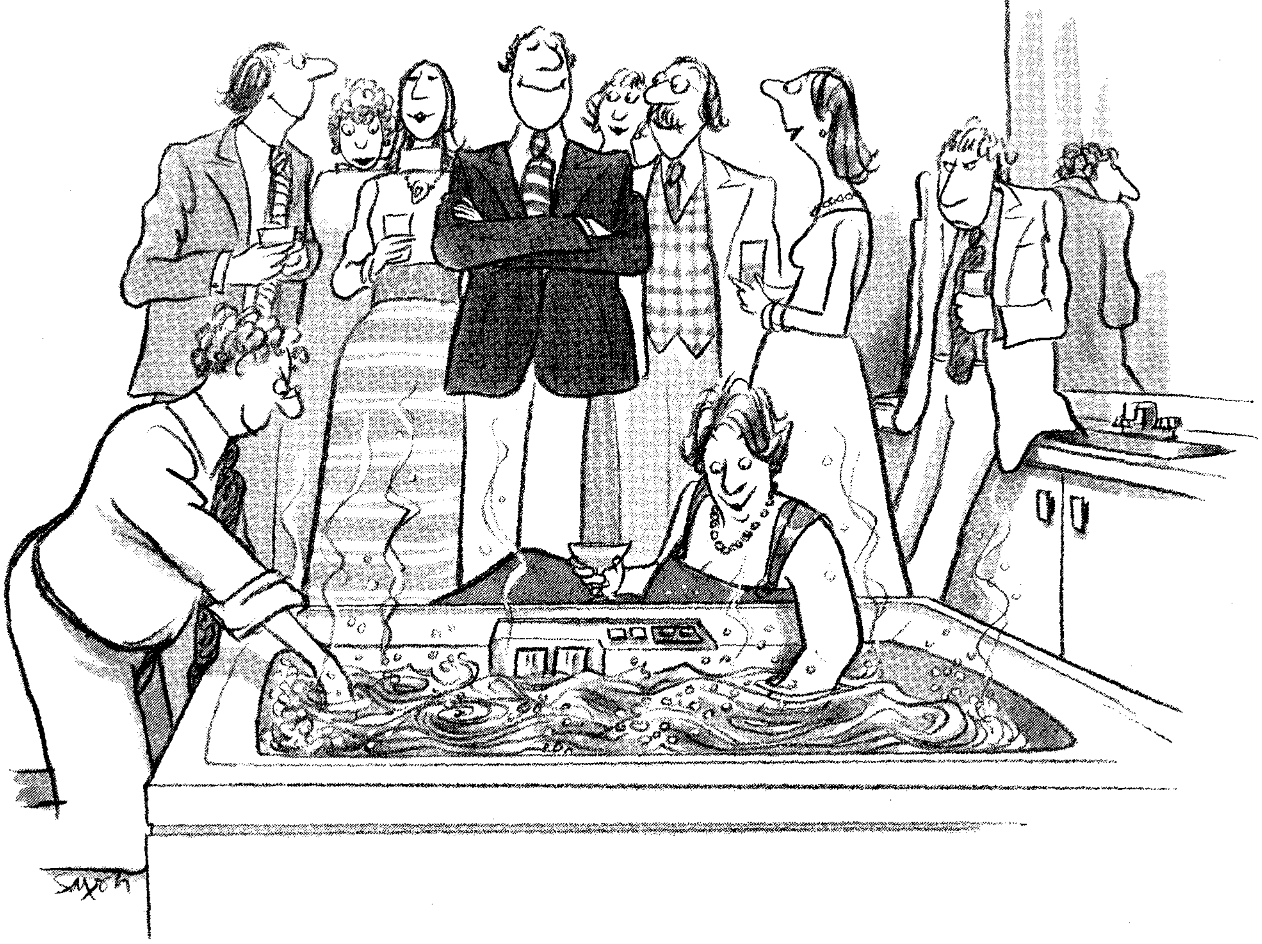

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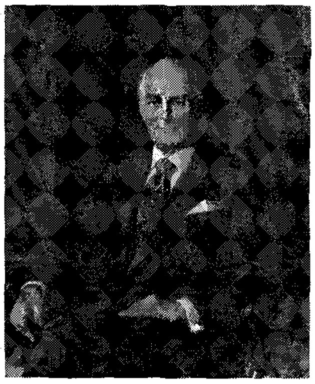

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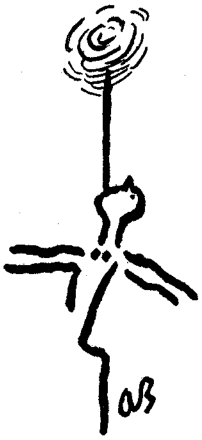
of any United States bank or business, however economically influential or humanely motivated it may be, to bestow political or social rights on people in foreign countries.

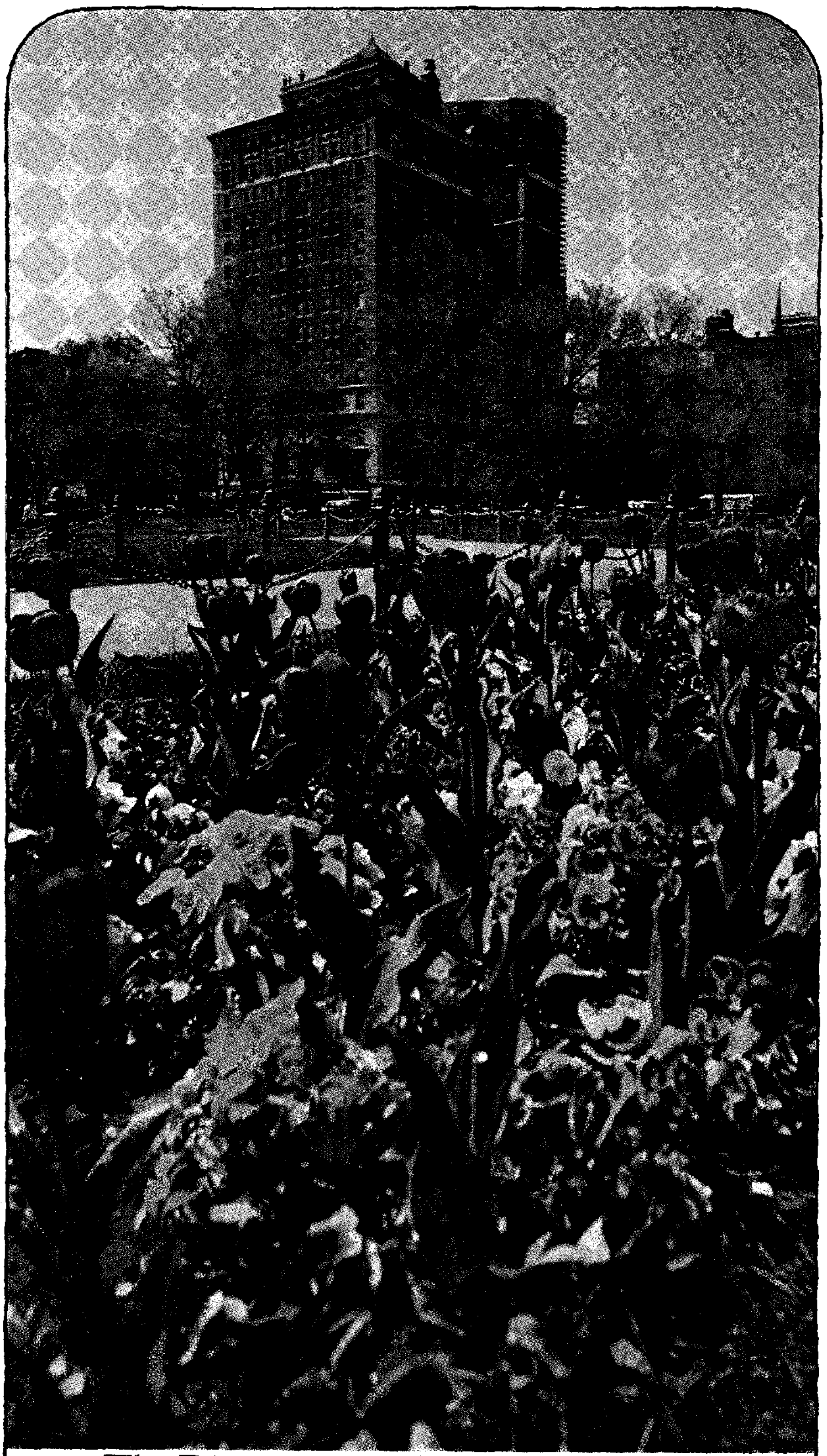
Even if corporate America were to dissociate itself entirely from South African affairs—that presumably being the most severe action it could take—there is no assurance that South Africa would change its ways. Its Finance Minister, Owen Horwood, told *Fortune* last June, "South Africa will certainly not be forced to its knees by disinvestment of American capital, whatever that vague notion may mean and however it is supposed to be brought about." So far, there is not much evidence that many American corporate leaders are inclined to try to bring it about. A well-qualified spokesman for most of them, Thomas A. Murphy, the chairman of the board of General Motors, told me not long ago, "I don't look at South Africa as isolated from our total overseas operation and total operations. What we try to do there, as everywhere, is to meet the demands of the market, employ the best people, train and help them to make progress and become better employees and better customers. Beating our breasts over South Africa won't help anyone there. South Africa's problems are going to have to be solved by South Africans. I'm worried that some of the things we do over here with respect to South Africa may even be counterproductive. We in the United States, after all, resent it deeply when foreigners come over here and question our motives and operations. By the same token, we can't tell South Africans what to do. It might be easy for me or for any of my top management people to speak out strongly and look like heroes in the eyes of people in America, but if we did that we might be putting people to whom we've assigned responsibility in South Africa in difficulty, or even in jeopardy. Whatever we do or say, we have to try to be sure that we're contributing to a solution and not becoming part of a problem."



In any event, South Africa has been much on the minds of the American corporate executives. The amount of business that I.B.M. does in South Africa is by that corporation's criteria infinitesimal; yet in 1973 and 1974 about ten per cent of the space in I.B.M.'s proxy statements was devoted to that country. Eight pages of a twelve-page quarterly report to the shareholders of General Electric were devoted to the company's South African connection, and many a company has produced and circulated special publications with titles like "Pfizer in South Africa." General Motors has a slide show on the subject. The Ford Motor Company has on its executive payroll a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, and one of its more junior officers spends practically all his time explaining and justifying Ford's South African connection to shareholders and other concerned parties.

So concerned have larger American businesses become about their South African involvement and its vexing implications that for the past four years some of them have been sending top executives—of at least vice-presidential rank—to a week-long seminar at M.I.T. (tuition is six hundred and fifty dollars), so that they can become better versed in what the fuss is all about. Practically any South African of consequence who comes to the United States, especially if he is a knowledgeable black, stands a good chance of being invited to lunch by Citibank or Chase Manhattan to brief its officers, and he may even receive an honorarium along with dessert. When Bishop Manas Buthelezi, a cousin of the Zulu chief Gatsha Buthelezi, visited New York last spring, he was swamped with invitations. Might a limousine pick him up and drive him to Armonk for breakfast with the chairman of I.B.M.? Would he have lunch downtown with the chairman of Morgan Guaranty? Would he fly out to Bloomington to attend a meeting of the trustees of Indiana University? By that time, two successive chairmen of General Motors had hied themselves to South Africa for on-the-spot assessments of the situation; Ford and General Electric had dispatched home-office task forces to sniff the Southern Hemispheric air; and Mobil had treated its entire board of directors to a supposedly edifying junket. Inasmuch as South Africa usually proves to be an exceedingly agreeable stopping place for those persons—affluent whites especially—who are granted visas to inspect it, the Pretoria government has encouraged such jaunts. Recently, South African Airways, a government-owned carrier, promoted a Businessman's Pleasure Tour to South Africa—sixteen sun- and fun-filled days for around two thousand dollars. "Meet with top businessmen," one brochure goes. "Acquaint yourself with the product-hungry South African market through its very market places." In March, 1978, *Time* took thirty-one high-level American businessmen to South Africa, where they met with, among others, the then Prime Minister, John Vorster, and five members of his Cabinet.

The American businessman whose visit to South Africa has probably attracted the most attention is Henry Ford II. He went there in January, 1978, for a firsthand look, and he had—as the chief executives of major American corporations regularly have abroad—a private audience with the Prime Minister. (David Rockefeller had had a similar tête-à-tête several years earlier, and had been amused when the country's Minister of Defense publicly called him a Communist; on the banker's complaining jestingly about this to the Prime Minister, Vorster, instead of apologizing or laughing, had retorted stiffly that when it came to knowing who was or who was not a Communist, his government had its own private reliable sources of information.) Ford turned up eight months after Vorster had met, in Vienna, with Vice-President Mondale to discuss southern Africa and American policies toward that troubled region. At a press conference immediately following this get-together, the Vice-President said he had told the Prime Minister that the United States was in favor of "a progressive transformation of South African society" toward "full political participation by all the citizens of South Africa" in "the election of its national government and its political affairs." On the advice of the State Department, Mondale had carefully avoided using the words "majority rule" and "one-man-one-vote;" but this last provocative phrase—provocative, that was, to Vorster's government—cropped up in the final question posed to the Vice-President, and in response he declared, without consultation, "Every citizen should have the right to vote, and every vote should be equally weighted." The Prime Minister's outrage at Washington's insensitivity to Pretoria's political problems, as evidenced by Mondale's offhand remark, had been somewhat assuaged four months later when Vorster was the guest of honor at a Johannesburg dinner tendered him by the American Businessmen's Luncheon Club. Almost



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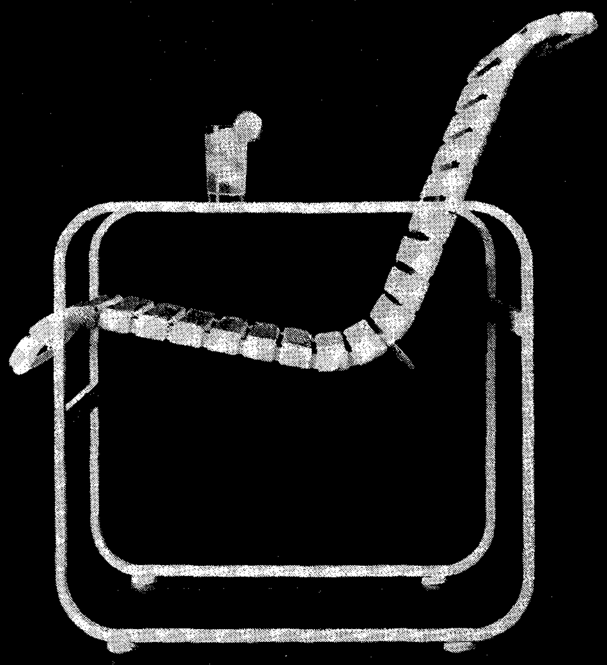

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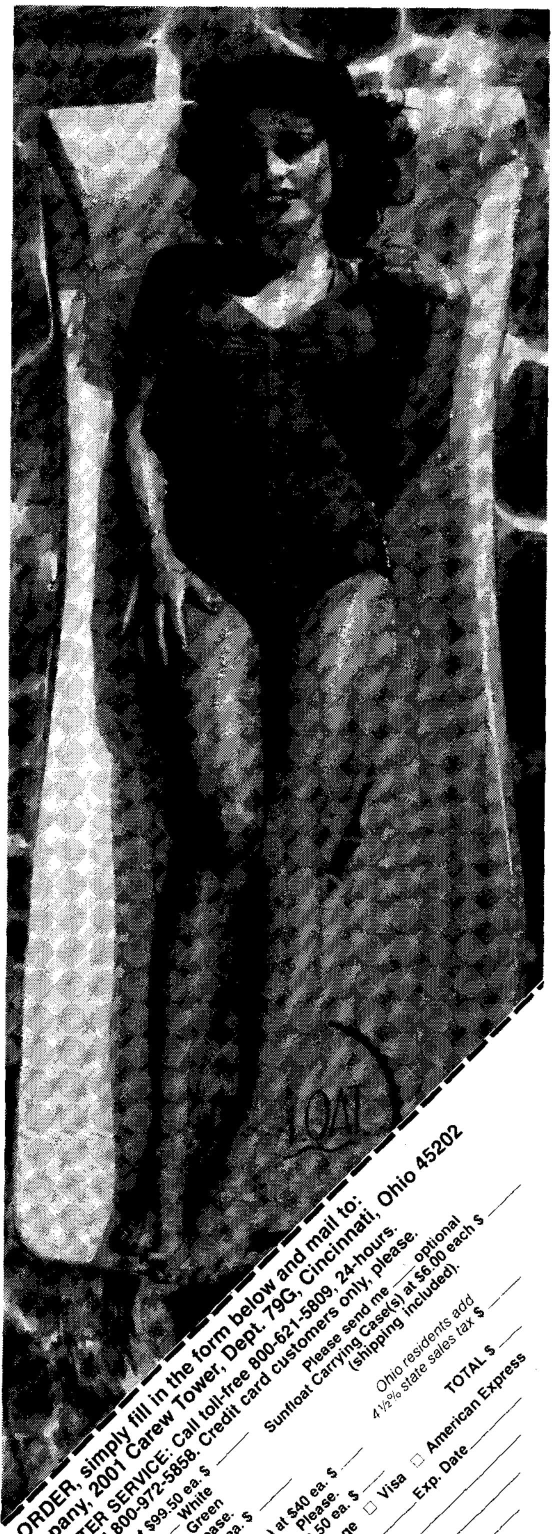
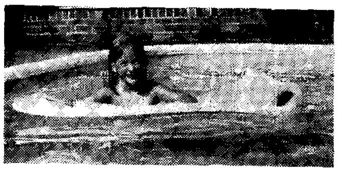
five hundred Americans resident in South Africa attended. The American master of ceremonies began by apologizing to Vorster for United States foreign policy. The Prime Minister told the assembled businessmen, "You are more than welcome now, and you will always be welcome in the future, because not only myself but all South Africans hold you in very high regard. . . . Now you all know that not so very long ago the State Department issued a directive that no American businessman should pay a black man in South Africa less than one hundred and twenty dollars a month. That is their right and I am not disputing that." (Whether or not the State Department had that right, it never issued any such precise directive.) "But, in all seriousness: Why not prescribe it for the rest of Africa, too? Why not prescribe it for every country? Why should South Africa be singled out?" When Vorster finished and sat down, the American businessmen, singling out South Africa for their approbation, gave him a standing ovation.

Henry Ford arrived four months later. Meanwhile, Steve Biko had died in police custody; the country's leading black newspaper, the *World,* had been shut down and its editor, Percy Qoboza, imprisoned; and Donald Woods, the liberal white editor of the East London *Daily Dispatch,* had been banned—that is, in the unique South African sense of the word, barred from any consequential social or political activity—and had fled into exile. Ford spent eight days in South Africa, and, after what he called a "very enjoyable" talk with the Prime Minister, said that his company had no intention of pulling out. "It is our opinion," he said, "that we do more for the people of South Africa by staying here and employing them and providing equal rights to the extent we can." What Ford was saying was actually not much different from what General Motors was saying, but there was no eminent G.M. personage on the South African scene at the time, and also there is nobody in G.M. named General Motors. So when Ford's Ford himself spoke out thus, his heartening words resounded across South Africa, and they carried a lot of weight, for the South African ruling establishment, as Vorster had suggested to the American Businessmen's Luncheon Club, tends to consider United States industrialists far more representative and reliable spokesmen for their nation, all things considered, than mere elected Vice-Presidents or Presidents.

The government-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation said, with reference to Ford's visit, "We should learn to treat with due disregard the sound and fury of the activists, the way America's businessmen have done." Cape Town's *Die Burger*, one of the country's most respected Afrikaans dailies, had Ford sounding "a defiant note" against the supposed policies of his own country. In Johannesburg, *Die Vaderland* compared his position to "a fresh wind in an arid desert," and *Beeld* appraised the typical American businessman as someone who "deals with cold reality, not with wild ideological tales," and who "wants order, progress, and also a climate which is conducive to sustained progress"—the climate, it went without *Beeld's* saying, of South Africa. The Johannesburg *Citizen*, an English-language paper that reflects the government's views—and that, as part of a scandal that is still daily rocking South Africa, turned out to be government-subsidized—headed an editorial "Thank You, Mr. Ford," and acclaimed him for standing firm against "the American anti-investment rat pack in full cry."

OF ninety-nine shareholder resolutions in the broad field of social responsibility which were presented for the consideration of the owners of seventy-three American corporations in the spring of 1978, thirty-three dealt exclusively with the Republic of South Africa. Kimberly-Clark, Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, and Phelps Dodge, for instance, were urged to withdraw entirely from that country; Control Data and Eastman Kodak to stop selling to its government; and Union Carbide and United States Steel to pledge no future expansion of operations. Mobil was asked by the United Church Board for World Ministries, holding five thousand seven hundred and fifty-five shares of common stock, and by Union Theological Seminary (four thousand shares) to cut its deliveries of oil to South Africa by at least one-third, so that Rhodesia, which is dependent on South Africa for that kind of fuel and many other commodities, couldn't get any of it. Mobil replied that it was being asked, in effect, "to preëmpt the foreign-policy-making function of the U.S. government with respect to southern Africa," and continued, "Mobil believes it is inappropriate for a multinational commercial enterprise to meddle in delicate diplomatic matters at any time, but particularly when such a matter is at the center of





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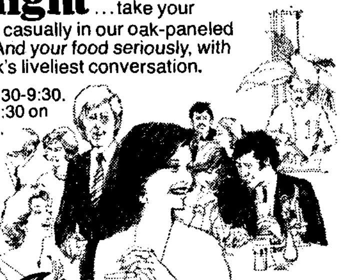

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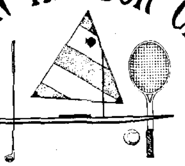

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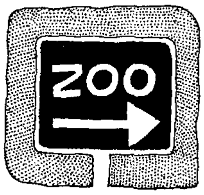
the attention of the U.S. government as is the case with Rhodesia and South Africa today."



Citibank, N.A.—the principal subsidiary of Citicorp—is the only American bank that operates branches in South Africa. In size of transactions, it is only the twenty-second-biggest bank in that country. And as an employer it does not cut much of a swath, either; it has one hundred and eighty-nine workers there, twenty-six of whom are black. (One black, whom the company features in its own literature about South Africa, is the assistant head of Citibank's Customer Services Unit in Johannesburg, and when his boss is away he gets the chance—rare indeed for a South African black—to supervise three whites.) Citibank had at last reckoning two hundred million dollars' worth of loans outstanding in South Africa—twenty million of that in credits extended to the South African Broadcasting Corporation. When a Citibank official in New York who was talking about the bank's endeavors to improve the lot of South African blacks was asked how a loan to the notoriously propagandistic SABC could possibly contribute to *that*, his reply was "Don't you believe in educational television?" The banker went on to concede that Citibank's position in South Africa could be described as an "irreconcilable dilemma," but that should the bank ever sever all connections with that country, it would hardly be cataclysmic: In the twentieth century, Citibank, which operates in more than a hundred nations, has already left at one time or another Russia, China, Cuba, Egypt, Vietnam, and Nigeria. Citibank's business in South Africa, like that of so many other American enterprises, adds up to less than half of one per cent of both its worldwide assets and its worldwide profits. For the last few years, however, a redoubtable portion of the time consumed by its annual meeting has been devoted to the irreconcilable dilemma. A resolution drawn up in anticipation of the 1978 Citicorp shareholders' gathering by, among other aggrieved groups, the Premonstratensian Fathers of De Pere, Wisconsin (owners of seven hundred shares of Citicorp common), and the United Methodist Church (owner of 38,148 shares, or more than the individual holdings of all but four of Citicorp's twenty-six directors) called for disclosure of detailed information on every loan made by that organization to any entity in South Africa; for an explanation of how such loans came to be made; and for a further explanation of how in the parent corporation's view each loan would help South African blacks. Citicorp took the sting out of a potentially waspish floor debate by announcing in its proxy statement that it would make no more loans of any kind to the South African government or its parastatal agencies, and, further, that it would be "limiting its credit, selectively, to constructive private sector activities that create jobs and which benefit all South Africans." (Lately, it has backtracked some, saying that it reserves the right to loan money to government agencies for projects, such as housing or electrification, which would be of benefit to blacks.) Long before the 1979 annual meetings, some fifty church groups announced that they would be presenting similar resolutions this spring to at least thirty corporations.

CHURCH groups, which know how to exercise moral suasion, and which in some instances also control a great deal of money—the United Presbyterian Pension Fund, for example, has a portfolio of stocks worth more than half a billion dollars—began putting pressure a decade ago on corporations operating in South Africa. Since 1972, the chief church spokesman has been the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, a New York-based coalition of fourteen Protestant denominations and more than a hundred and fifty Catholic dioceses and orders. According to Timothy Smith, the director of the I.C.C.R. (he holds a master's degree from Union Theological Seminary but is not ordained), "if we've done nothing else in the last few years, we've moved the South African issue from a low back burner to a medium-high or high priority on the business stove." One of the main objectives of the I.C.C.R. and its adherents is to obtain at least three per cent of the annual-meeting votes cast on any of their resolutions; the Securities and Exchange Commission has decreed—to keep nuisance resolutions from being recurrently introduced—that a resolution cannot be put forward a second time if in the previous year more than ninety-seven per cent of the shares tabulated were voted against it. (To stay alive it must garner six per cent the second year and ten per cent thereafter.) However, last spring the S.E.C. abandoned a one-per-cent criterion it

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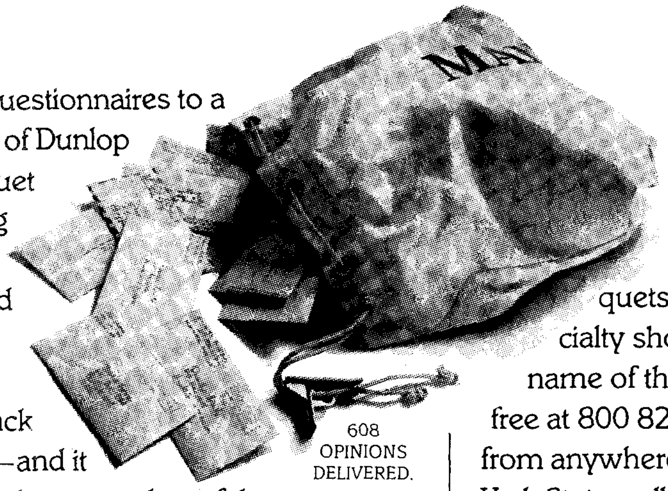

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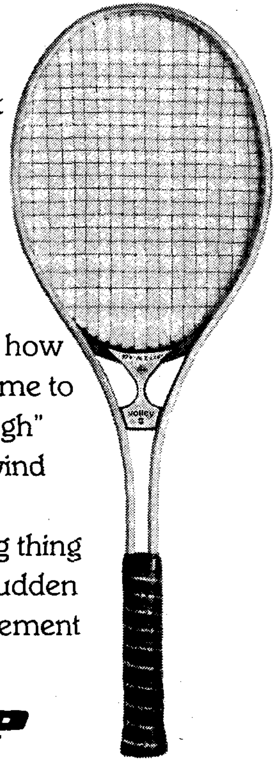

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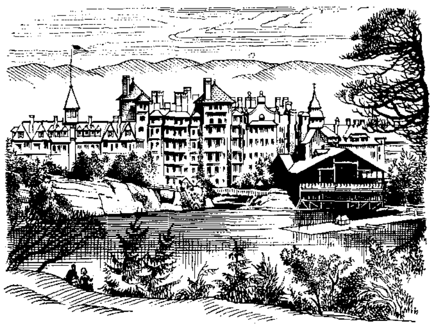

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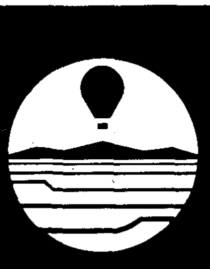

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had earlier espoused, according to which corporations conducting more than ninety-nine per cent of their business outside a given area could ignore proposed resolutions having to do with that area. The effectiveness of the I.C.C.R. can perhaps be gauged by the fact that senior vice-presidents of big banks have lately been spending evenings in colloquy with Timothy Smith when, conceivably, they might have other uses for their off-hours. "I think the churches are so vocal about South Africa because they feel guilty about not having spoken out sooner than they did against Nazism and the Vietnam War," one banker grumbled after such an evening. "If the churches are so het up about businesses pulling out of South Africa, why don't they show the way by pulling out of there themselves?" In November, 1977, one I.C.C.R. functionary sent a letter to several dozen corporations requesting that they stop saying publicly that American investments in South Africa could constitute a catalyst for change there. Many chairmen of boards—including G.M.'s Murphy—regarded the communication as important enough for them to answer personally ("General Motors shares your objectives of an end to apartheid," Murphy replied), and while most of the corporate responses consisted of something like "Our investments in southern Africa were made in good faith under U.S. and other appropriate law," one board chairman wrote back testily, "If all of your denominations were required by outsiders to combine into one church, with one-man-one-vote and majority rule, would it be acceptable to you?"

IT was in the mid-seventies that the church groups found a staunch and vigorous ally in a territory where religion had never conspicuously flourished—the country's campuses. Just as there had sprung up advocacy groups like the South African Task Force of the United Presbyterian Church, so now, from one higher-education greensward or another, there sprouted the Harvard-Radcliffe Southern African Solidarity Committee, the (at Princeton) People's Front for the Liberation of South Africa, the (at Yale) Anti-Apartheid Coalition, the Brandeis Committee for Divestment from South Africa, the Wesleyan South Africa Action Group, and many more. ("In some confused way, South Africa was dragged into the United States struggle against materialism, racism, alienation, and imperialism," commented one professor of economics. "The white population in South Africa was seen as representing the worst aspects of these four elements. . . . The youth and many university, church, and civil-rights groups, in their shame, looked around for a nation that they considered even more repressive than their own and they transferred their domestic guilt onto South Africa." The author of that severe judgment was on the faculty, it should perhaps be noted, of the University of Cape Town.) The protests organized by the various ad-hoc campus organizations varied in duration and in tone. Harvard—"Harvard Out Now," some banners read—had a peaceful all-night march of three thousand individuals carrying lighted candles. Two hundred and forty members of Harvard's 1978 graduating class declared that they would not contribute to the Harvard College Fund until the university declared itself opposed to any business involvement with South Africa. After months of deliberation, Harvard's reigning Fellows decided not to go that far, and in reporting to their constituents they stated fairly well the quandary in which so many members of governing boards were finding themselves. "Having considered these conflicting arguments," the Fellows said, "we must be honest in acknowledging frankly that we cannot tell whether remaining or withdrawing will eventually prove most effective in bringing an end to apartheid." That did not satisfy many Harvard students, any more than did the university's subsequent decision to withdraw twenty million dollars' worth of its robust deposits from the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, which has been reluctant to guarantee that it won't make loans to South Africa; Harvard's president has become resigned to being greeted by some of his constituents, as he makes his way across the campus, by derisive chants like "Derek Bok, you can't hide. We know you're on South Africa's side." Bok declared this spring, on the subject of voting on shareholder resolutions, that if companies cannot demonstrate to Harvard that their continued presence in South Africa produces a net benefit to racial justice there, "we'll vote for withdrawal," and he added that "if they give information and they're not doing much that is useful, we'll vote for withdrawal."

Dartmouth, for its part, had a teach-in on investments, and Notre Dame a Sunday-afternoon awareness session. At Wesleyan, students occupied their president's office for sixty-eight hours. At Stanford, two hundred and ninety-four students were arrested after noisily protesting the refusal of the university's trustees to vote the hundred and fifty-two thousand shares of Ford Motor Company stock in their portfolio—this was even before Henry Ford paid his celebrated call on Vorster—in favor of an I.C.C.R. resolution calling on Ford to pull out entirely from South Africa. (The trustees decided, instead, to abstain; only one and eight-tenths per cent of the shares that were eventually voted favored complete withdrawal.) When the chairman of the board of Citicorp appeared at Cornell, in March, 1977, two individuals costumed as Klansmen tauntingly presented him with a facsimile of a Krugerrand—the South African gold piece that has lately and successfully been marketed all over the globe—for his "services to the cause of white supremacy." The University of Minnesota prepared fifteen South Africa-connected resolutions for presentation to annual meetings in the spring of 1978; the preceding fall, its president had written to fifty of his administrative peers urging them to be co-sponsors. "The time has come for universities to . . . take the offensive on this issue," he declared. Smith, Bryn Mawr, and Drew agreed to go along. The trustees of Michigan State University, bowing to student demands for disinvestment, voted to sell all their stocks in companies with South African affiliations, as did the regents of the University of Massachusetts. The trustees of Hampshire College, in Massachusetts, went even further, and sold every share of common stock in their endowment portfolio—two hundred thousand dollars' worth. The trustees of more amply endowed institutions had more complicated decisions to make. A study conducted at Stanford, for instance, concluded that if that institution were to unload all the securities it held in South African-connected companies the initial transaction cost would come to a hefty six hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars. Princeton calculated its comparable divestment costs at five times that amount. The University of Wisconsin did sell its supposedly tainted stocks—it felt that it had to, for the state's attorney general notified the regents that they were prohibited by Wisconsin law from knowingly investing in any company that condoned discrimination—at an estimated capital loss of half a million dollars.

Hampshire and Stanford and all other educational institutions in the United States own, among them, approximately ten billion dollars in stocks, and the sums of money that would be involved

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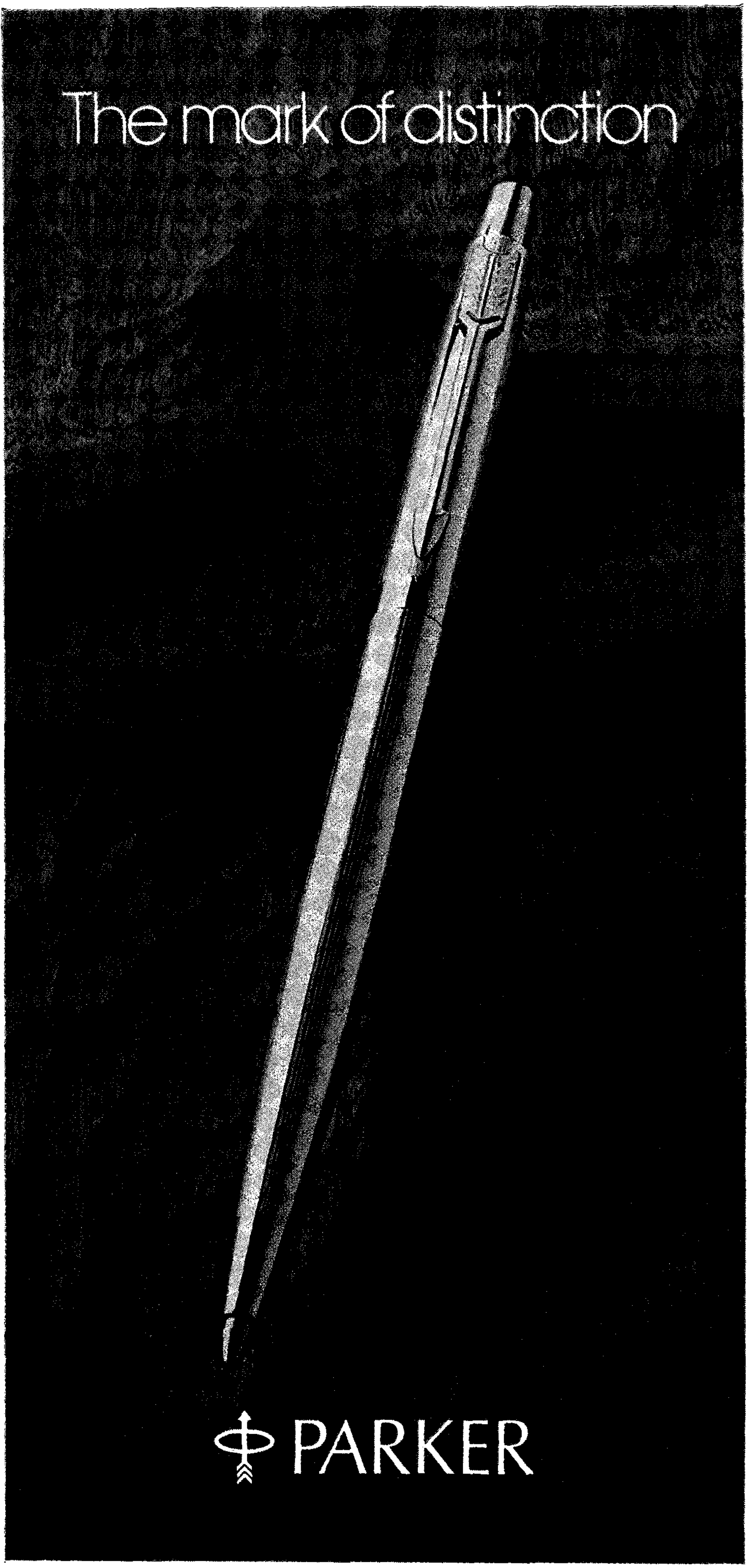

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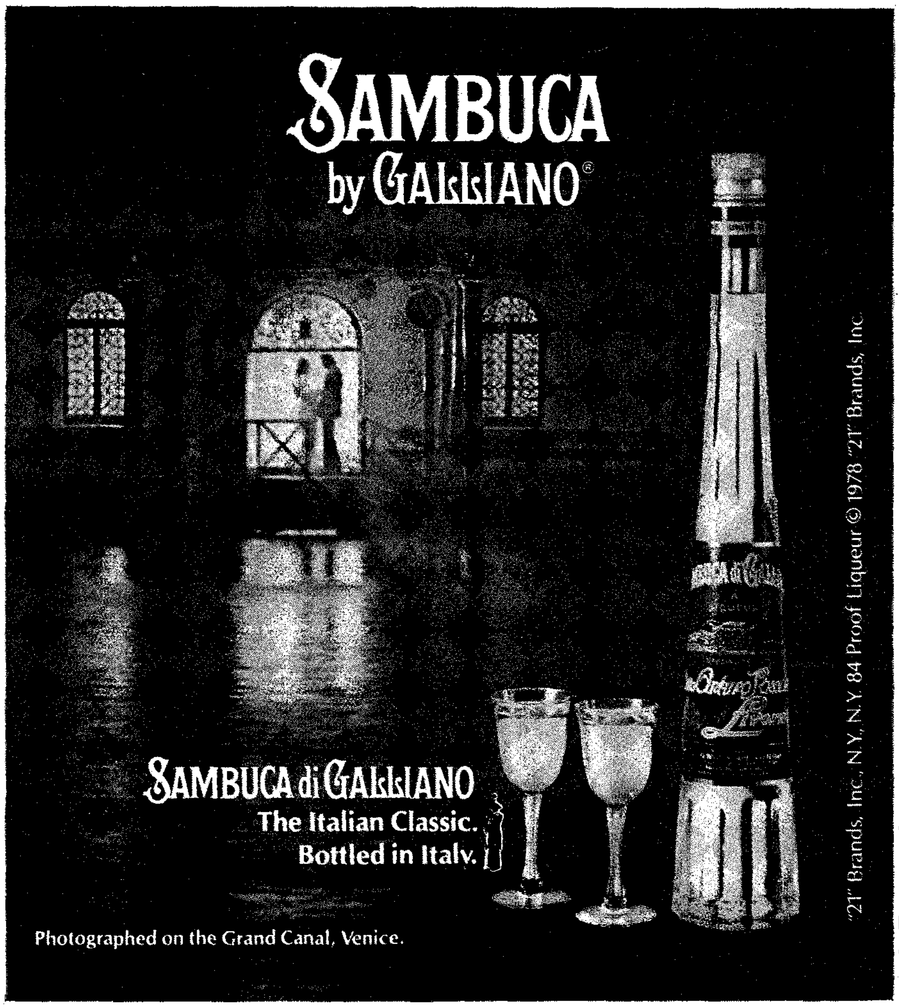
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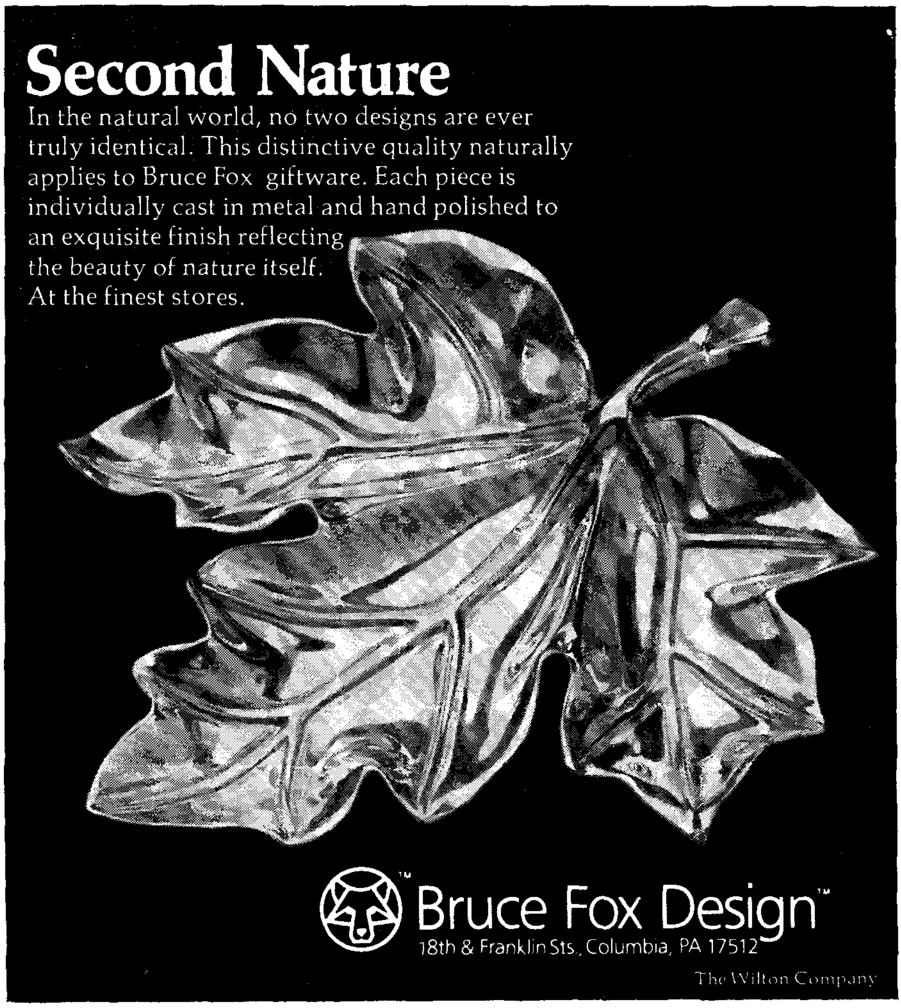
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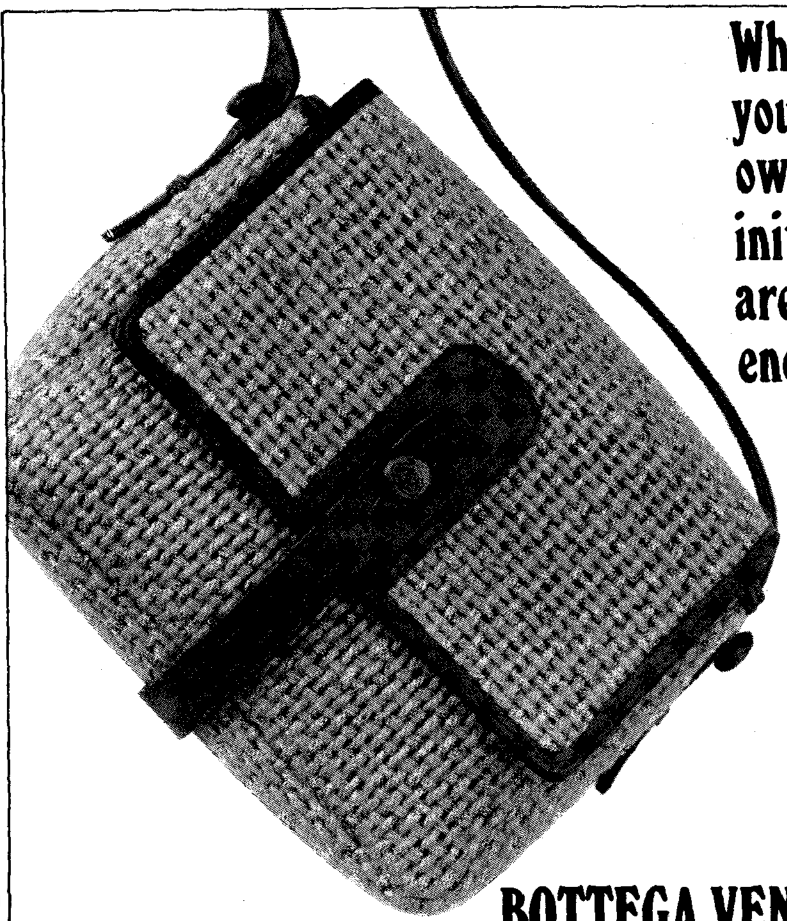
in their purging their portfolios of all shares thought to be offensive are staggering. Of Brown's one-hundred-million-dollar endowment, for instance, nineteen million dollars are in South African-related companies. For Dartmouth, the figures are twenty-five million out of a hundred and eighty-four million; for Princeton, a hundred and fifty-four million out of nearly half a billion. At Columbia, the figures were fifty-four million out of another near half billion, and the trustees were further enjoined by the Columbia Committee Against Investment in South Africa (it had the solid backing of the Anarchist Federation, Gay People at Columbia, and the Revolutionary Student Brigade) to resign directorships they held on the boards of Ford, Kennecott Copper, I.B.M., Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover, and Exxon. The trustees did not oblige, but last summer they did agree to divest the university of its holdings in companies that they might deem to "respond in a manner manifesting indifference, through act or omission, to the prevailing repressive racial policies in South Africa," and of stock in banks refusing to give assurances that they would not make loans to the South African government. The trustees recently sold nearly three million dollars' worth of holdings in three banking corporations whose response to the university's inquiries about their lending relationships with South Africa Columbia deemed unsatisfactory. However the governing bodies of academic institutions have reacted to the pressures put on them, they have been made acutely aware of the very emotive subject. Last March, thirty-four colleges and universities sent delegates to a meeting on South African investment convened in New York by Oberlin College, whose own endowment of eighty million dollars includes sixteen million dollars' worth of what so many church and student groups have frowned upon. Even some secondary schools leaped into the fray. There was a student protest at Exeter, and at St. Paul's the question posed to eleventh graders for a term paper in an ethics course was "Does the situation in South Africa affect you? . . . How and why?"

THE Republic of South Africa, though it occupies only the tiny tip end of Africa, is far and away the most highly industrialized nation on that vast continent; and its deposits of rich raw materials have made it attractive to outside business and financial interests for more than a century. The British got there first, but General Electric and Singer established outposts there as long ago as the eighteen-eighties. Mobil came along in 1897, Caltex in 1911, Goodyear in 1915, Ford in 1923, General Motors in 1926. American-owned companies account for twenty-three per cent of South African automobile sales, forty per cent of petroleum sales, and sixty-five per cent of computer sales. (The Department of Prisons has been using American computers to keep tabs on violators of South Africa's pass laws, but in December, 1976, the United States Commerce Department required companies to apply for special licenses to export computers not only to the police but to the military, the Ministry of Bantu Administration and Development, and the Atomic Energy Board; and in February, 1978, forbade exports of any kind—including replacement parts and technical data—to the police and the military.) United States corporations were not always as diffident as many of them are today about their role in the South African economy. In a 1968 advertisement in a Johannesburg newspaper, Union Carbide, which had arrived on that lucrative scene thirty-nine years earlier, proclaimed, "We've been in South Africa a long time. . . . We like it here!" The United States Bureau of Mines has assayed South Africa as an "important" source of thirteen metals and minerals of worldwide significance—antimony, asbestos, chromium, coal, diamonds, fluorspar, gold, kyanite, manganese, platinum, uranium, vanadium, and vermiculite. About one-quarter of the diamonds imported into America today are of South African origin. In 1977, half of the platinum imported into this country came from South Africa, as did forty-one per cent of the chrome ore, forty-one per cent of the manganese, and forty per cent of the ferro-manganese. The one and a half billion dollars' worth of minerals imported by the United States from South Africa in 1978 exceeded the figure for any other country on earth. American investors hold in their portfolios twenty-five per cent of all South African gold shares extant, and in 1978 they purchased three million Krugerrands (or half of South Africa's output for the year) at a cost of about five hundred and fifty million dollars.

In the early nineteen-sixties, during the Kennedy Administration, some middle-level government bureaucrats began to fret about the relationship of American business interests to South



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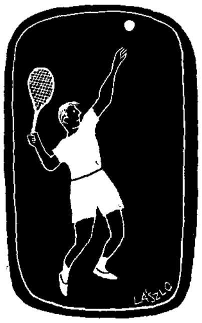
Africa, and the effect of that, if any, on American foreign policy; but nobody paid much high-level attention to the matter until Senator Robert F. Kennedy made a well-publicized visit to South Africa in the summer of 1966, just before the assassination of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd and the subsequent ascension to power of Vorster. (Mr. Vorster was succeeded in the post last fall by his former Minister of Defense, Pieter W. Botha.) At that time, American business investment in South Africa stood at about six hundred million dollars—a third of what, inflation aside, it is today. Senator Kennedy, on his return, sent letters to several dozen American corporate executives with South African interests, in which he expressed his concern about "the extent to which the United States is identified with the repressive and discriminatory practices of the South African government," and said, "I am sure you share my concern that the most significant factor in that identification is the involvement of American business in the South African economy."

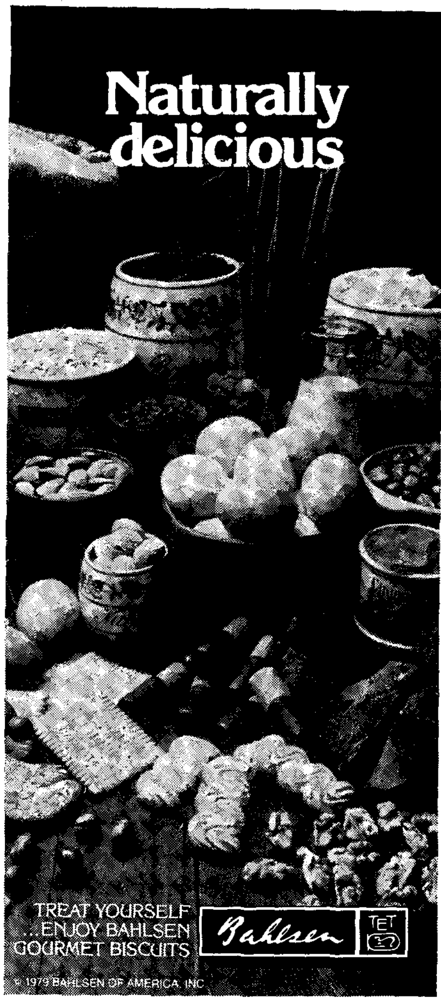


Kennedy solicited the views on all this from, among others, the late Charles W. Engelhard, who then presided over an international precious-metals empire and was reputedly the only man ever to be all at the same time the chief executive officer of four companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Engelhard, who was a friend of President Kennedy, a very close friend of Lyndon Johnson, and a steady and substantial contributor to the Democratic Party, was also the director of quite a few South African companies, among them the huge Anglo American Corporation. The chief executive of *that* was Engelhard's even closer friend Harry F. Oppenheimer, who by 1969, two years before Engelhard's death, had acquired approximately thirty per cent of the Engelhard family's holdings in Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals. Engelhard replied to Kennedy, as he had to others who wondered about his seemingly paradoxical affinity both for liberalism at home and illiberalism abroad, that if Americans like himself were to pull up stakes in South Africa the result would probably be further suffering for the very victims of discrimination whom the Senator was seeking to help—a point of view which jibed with that of Oppenheimer.

South Africa did not very much approve of President Kennedy, who is memorialized in that finicky nation solely by a marble plaque that Engelhard installed in 1964 on the wall of a chapel he built beside a clinic he sponsored for black children. Long after Engelhard's death, when a much larger memorial to the late President was under construction—the new premises of the John F. Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard, from which an Engelhard daughter received a degree in 1977—the Charles W. Engelhard, Jr., Foundation contributed a million dollars to the enterprise, and, accordingly, the building's library was named after him. Many Harvard students complained. Some proposed that the university return the gift. But Harvard would not, nor would it remove the controversial name from the library. However, at the dedication ceremonies of the new facility last October, the principal orator, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, managed to avoid even mentioning Engelhard's name.

In October, 1977, addressing the Foreign Policy Association in New York, Oppenheimer expressed some reservations about the genuineness of American concern for the plight of South African blacks. (It was recently disclosed that of nearly three hundred and fifty employees of managerial rank at Anglo American's head office, in Johannesburg, only one was black.) "I tell you what may seem sort of a rude thing to say," he said politely, "but practically nobody in South Africa really believes that American policy toward southern Africa is primarily inspired by an idealistic interest in the welfare of South Africans, whether they are white or black." He went on to say what he had said many times before to audiences on every continent: that in his opinion a good way to achieve fundamental change in the fabric of South African society was through increased foreign participation in its economy, and that the probable unhappy alternative would be a bloody revolution. So diligently has Oppenheimer asserted this view—one in which many American businessmen and bankers gladly concur—that it has become known as the Oppenheimer Thesis.

By way of implementing his thesis, Oppenheimer was largely responsible, late in 1976, for the establishment of a new South African organization called the Urban Foundation, whose initial membership included a hundred



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and sixty white businessmen—both English- and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans—and forty black South Africans. The stated objective of the foundation was to make life more tolerable for the country's urban blacks, segregated residentially, as they are, in townships outside the big cities, for whose continuing existence their toil is crucial. It was estimated that the foundation would require some five million rands a year for at least five years in order to be effective, and Oppenheimer and his companies pledged twenty per cent of that goal. Up to June, 1977, no American company with a base in Johannesburg had contributed to the kitty, but soon Mobil came through with four hundred thousand rands and Ford with half a million. This winter, the foundation obtained thirty-three million dollars in loans from three American banks—Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty, and the Bank of America—to help it help South African blacks buy homes. One of the foundation's early aims was to support a proposed electrification plan for Soweto, the biggest township of them all, in whose largely unlit streets the weekend homicide rate has long been appalling. But the government has not reacted to that scheme with much enthusiasm. So far, the Urban Foundation has managed to provide electricity only for seventeen Soweto schools—a pinpoint of light, at least, in that troubled community.

LONG before Mondale and Vorster conferred in Vienna, there had been confusion about the United States attitude toward South Africa, and especially about the attitude of the United States government—whether Republican or Democratic—toward American business operations there. The basic State Department view on that was set forth—and it has not since been much modified—in September, 1973, during the second Nixon Administration, in an unsigned and unbinding memorandum to the effect that "the U.S. government neither encourages nor discourages private investment in South Africa." Through its Export-Import Bank, the government was certainly not discouraging it; that year, the Ex-Im authorized eighty million dollars in insurance and guarantees for exports to South Africa. The following September, the State Department issued a further memorandum, in which American businesses in South Africa were urged to "persist in availing themselves of every reasonable and legally permissible means to ensure that

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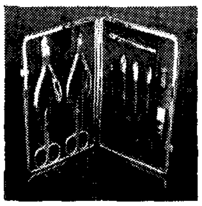

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all of their employees and their families have what they need to pursue decent and productive lives." (Until a couple of years ago, whenever the State Department prepared remarks for some Assistant Secretary to utter about South Africa it would throw in something about American companies there being in the forefront of the battle for change, but then it stopped doing so, not being sure that that was true.) The United States has, of course, voted in favor of the United Nations embargo on sales of arms to South Africa. (Last spring, the Olin Corporation was fined five hundred and ten thousand dollars in a federal court because one of its divisions had been caught selling thirty-two hundred rifles and twenty million rounds of ammunition to South Africa.) But as late as December, 1977, the State Department seems not to have disapproved the export to South Africa of some light Cessna aircraft, which, though they were earmarked for crop-dusting, were purchased by farmers who were members of a paramilitary organization called the Air Commando. The current State Department attitude, according to one of its more knowledgeable operatives, is based on several objectives. Whatever else may happen, the Department wants, or hopes:

(1) To maintain American access, in the foreseeable future, to South African minerals;

(2) To encourage progressive transformation of South African society, and, if that can't come about, to encourage a reduction in the American involvement and presence there;

(3) To improve the image of the United States in the eyes of black South Africans;

(4) To strengthen American relationships with the independent black nations of Africa;

(5) To reduce the possibility of South Africa's becoming an increasingly major divisive force in American society.

Moreover, the Department believes that if it were to come out flatly in favor of prohibiting American investments in South Africa there is little reason to expect that Congress would go along and pass appropriate legislation. Some congressmen would be happy to help enact restrictive legislation. Notable among them is Charles C. Diggs, Jr., Democrat of Michigan, who, until he stepped down this winter after having been convicted of receiving kickbacks from his staff, was the chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa. Representative Diggs sometimes refers to South Africa by the name its indigenous would-be liberationists have given it—"Azania"—and he used to be a hard-line advocate of withdrawal, but then he began to take the somewhat softer position that it might be all right for American companies already in South Africa to remain there, provided they share their profits with the majority of the South African people—which was, of course, black Azanians. The chairman of the Senate's Subcommittee on African Affairs until *he* had to step down—defeated for reëlection last November—was Dick Clark, Democrat of Iowa. In January, 1978, his subcommittee issued a voluminous report entitled "U.S. Corporate Interests in South Africa," which stated, uncompromisingly, "The net effect of American investment has been to strengthen the economic and military self-sufficiency of South Africa's apartheid regime, undermining the fundamental goals and objectives of U.S. foreign policy. . . . U.S. policy should be changed to actively discourage American foreign investment in South Africa." Clark felt obliged to conclude, "Overall, U.S. companies in South Africa are not taking an aggressive role with the South African government on labor-related issues." Senator Clark, who has been described in the *Citizen* as "one of the greatest scourges South Africa has ever suffered," also said, in March, 1977, "The large loans we're making to South Africa may be more important than U.S. investment, since the money goes directly to the government. These loans give support and strength to the government. . . . We are not interfering in South Africa's internal affairs. What South Africa does is its business. But it is the business of the United States whether we should make loans or allow investments in South Africa." The Export-Import Bank, by decree of Congress, may no longer directly lend money to South Africans, in either the public or the private sector, but until recently it could and did freely insure or guarantee other banks' loans, and of late it has guaranteed them for the purchase by South Africa of, among other tangibles, gas turbines, nuclear power stations, and Boeing 747s for the state-owned airline. These activities increased in the nineteen-seventies, until by 1976 only three countries received more Ex-Im assistance, relative to the size of their imports, than South Africa. Legislation was introduced in the House in 1978 to forbid any such further Ex-Im insurance and guaran-

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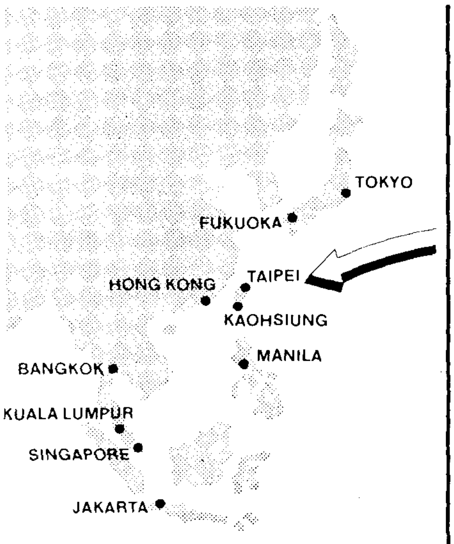

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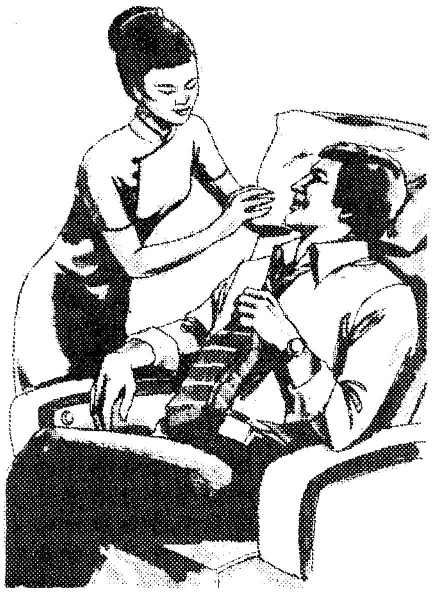

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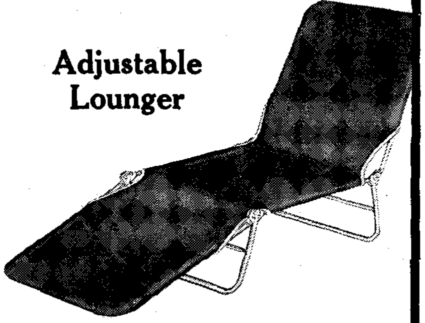

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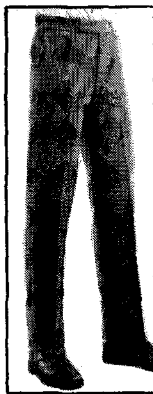

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tees, and it was approved by the House Banking Committee, with the proviso that if "significant progress" was made in South Africa toward eliminating apartheid the Ex-Im restrictions could be lifted. The House as a whole decided, before it passed the legislation in June, 1978, that the Ex-Im, while it must not finance trade with the South African government, or guarantee exports which might contribute to apartheid, could go ahead and traffic with South African companies that, among other things, practiced non-segregation of all facilities, equal pay for equal work, and job training and promotion opportunities. The Senate passed the legislation untouched, and it became law last November.

Soon after the Carter Administration moved into Washington, Clark said that he hoped the new President would convene a meeting of American companies operating in South Africa, to devise a new policy on pay, work, training, and opportunities. "We must reexamine—reassess—the role of American companies in South Africa to determine whether their presence serves the interests of majority rule and the long-term American political interest in the continent," the Iowa scourge said. No such meeting has yet been called to order. President Carter is on record as favoring—as a form of anti-apartheid leverage—an expansion of United States economic involvement in South Africa, but he said this way back in the fall of 1976, and he has said little on the subject of American investment since. According to Donald Woods, the exiled South African editor, "the administration is talking softly and carrying a small stick." Actually, the Carter Administration has taken a tough enough stance vis-à-vis South Africa for *its* administrators to place him high on their list of bêtes noires. Ambassador Andrew Young, for instance, who sometimes speaks for the President, has said that while he is not in favor of Americans' withdrawing from South Africa, they should refrain from committing themselves to further investments "until we can get that government turned around."

AMONG the American companies that have no manufacturing facilities inside South Africa but merely distribute their products through local agents was the Polaroid Corporation. Polaroid had been represented in South Africa for many years by a company called Frank & Hirsch. Annual sales of Polaroid cameras and film there, never more than four million dollars, represented half of one per cent of its worldwide total. Even so, the fact that its products were in South Africa at all disturbed some of the employees at its home base, in Massachusetts; and in October, 1970, they formed something called the Polaroid Revolutionary Workers Movement and demanded that their employer pull out of South Africa, on the ground that Frank & Hirsch was selling Polaroid film to the South African government for use in making up the passbooks blacks must carry with them wherever they go. The following month, Polaroid dispatched an investigating team—two whites, two blacks—to South Africa, and the following January 13th it took a full-page ad in a number of American newspapers headed "An Experiment in South Africa." For many weeks, the ad said, the company had been pondering the question "Is it right or wrong to do business in South Africa?" and on the basis of its team's report it had concluded that it was all right to stay there, "except for sales to the South African government, which our distributor is discontinuing." Furthermore, the company was going to see to it that the salaries of Frank & Hirsch's black employees were raised, and that company funds would be allocated for the education and training of blacks. "How can we presume to concern ourselves with the problems of another country?" the ad went on rhetorically. "Whatever the practices elsewhere, South Africa alone articulates a policy exactly contrary to everything we feel our company stands for. We cannot participate passively in such a political system. Nor can we ignore it. That is why we have undertaken this experimental program."

The program lasted nearly six years, during which the average pay of the Polaroid-connected blacks in South Africa rose from a little over one hundred rands a month to three hundred and thirty. Then, in November, 1977, the Boston *Globe* disclosed that Frank & Hirsch had continued to sell Polaroid film to the Bantu Reference Bureau for passbook use. (The film was delivered to the government in unmarked trucks, and the invoices for it were paid through a pharmacy.) Polaroid, hugely embarrassed, dismissed Frank & Hirsch and resolved to have nothing more to do with its experiment or with the country in which it was being conducted. A columnist for the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, trying to make the best of the awkward situation, observed, "Instant colour photography is an amusing and, in some cases no doubt, useful gimmick. We can, however, live without it." Perhaps not. Polaroid products, shipped in by dealers in Europe and Asia, are still available in South Africa.

A WATERSHED moment in the controversy over American business in South Africa occurred on May 21, 1971, when General Motors held its yearly shareholders' meeting, in Detroit. Four months earlier, G.M. had announced the election to its board of directors of the first black in the company's history. (At the 1970 meeting, Ralph Nader's Campaign to Make General Motors Responsible had sharply criticized the company for not having a black director, to say nothing of having only eleven blacks among its thirteen hundred dealers.) This was a time when many big companies, for one reason or another, were adding blacks, and also women, to their boards: of fourteen blacks who held directorships in major American corporations in the spring of 1971, nine had occupied their positions for eight months or less. General Motors' precedent-setting director was Leon H. Sullivan, the then forty-eight-year-old pastor of the Zion Baptist Church, in Philadelphia. Sullivan had not merely made his mark in clerical circles (his church, over which he has presided since 1950, has the largest Protestant congregation—six thousand strong—of any in that city) but had attracted national attention as the organizer of a 1959-63 boycott in Philadelphia (it was formally called "selective patronage") of companies that discriminated against blacks in their employment practices; as the founder, in 1964, of a countrywide network of Opportunities Industrialization Centers, which were conceived to provide gainful employment for blacks theretofore excluded from the economic mainstream; and as the entrepreneur of a number of black-owned and black-managed businesses. A giant of a man, standing six feet five inches, Sullivan had extricated himself from the slums of Charleston, West Virginia, by means of an athletic scholarship at West Virginia State College (he badly injured a knee but went on playing football and basketball anyway, lest he forfeit his stipend), had graduated in 1943, and had come to New York to study at Union Theological Seminary, and had served a ministerial apprenticeship in Harlem under the tutelage of Adam Clayton Powell. (Through Powell's influence, Sullivan became the first black coin-box collector ever hired by the Bell Tele-

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phone Company.) An orotund orator, Sullivan is fond of referring to himself as "a Christian soldier who labors in the field of urban battle," and even in casual conversation he is sometimes moved to pulpitlike thunder. He first became aware that General Motors had its eye on him when he received a phone call one day late in 1970 from James M. Roche, its board chairman. The chairman wondered if Sullivan could come to see him, perhaps coincidentally with one of the monthly board meetings over which Roche presided in New York. Sullivan, who had never met Roche, said no, that would be inconvenient, because he was, among other things, busy with his church's kindergarten. But if Roche cared to come to Philadelphia he could probably squeeze him in. Roche duly presented himself at the Zion Baptist Church. When, soon afterward, Sullivan's appointment to the G.M. board was revealed, it was big news both in the black community and in the business community. Roche and Sullivan were jointly pictured on the cover of *Jet;* Sullivan alone graced that of *Business Week.* Before accepting, Sullivan had had some of his church assistants make a special kind of traffic survey. The aides positioned themselves at five of Philadelphia's busiest intersections at rush hour and ascertained that of five hundred Cadillacs that passed by three hundred were driven—not counting chauffeurs—by blacks. ("We buy more Cadillacs," Sullivan later told the annual conference of the National Urban League, "than anybody else; if we stopped buying them, they would have to stop making them.") Sullivan drives a Chevrolet.

The 1971 annual meeting was Sullivan's first. It was the fifty-ninth for Charles Stewart Mott, then ninety-five, who had sat on the General Motors board since 1913. Never in all those years had the patriarchal Mott, or anybody else, heard any G.M. director publicly dissent from any of the expressed views of management. That day in May, though, the neophyte Sullivan spoke up in opposition, and the cause of his apostasy was a resolution about South Africa that was presented by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. That was the first church resolution about South Africa ever to come to a shareholders' vote. The resolution, which if it had been adopted would have compelled General Motors to quit South Africa entirely, was, pre-

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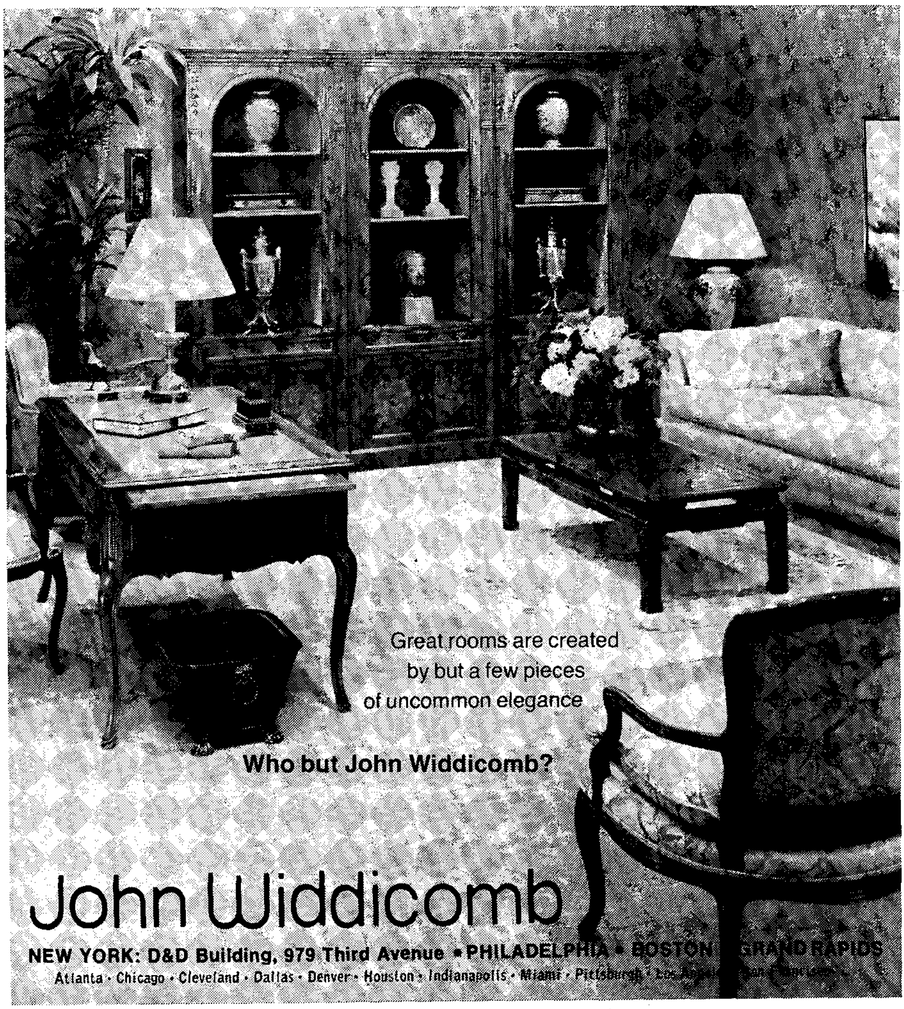

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dictably, turned down (it received 1.29 per cent of the votes cast), but not before Sullivan, who had courteously warned the rest of the board that he would be voting for it, rose to his full and awesome height and made a passionate speech that put the *Times* in mind of Martin Luther King, Jr., and elicited cries of "Right on!"—words that Charles Stewart Mott had almost surely never before heard uttered on such an occasion. "American industry cannot morally continue to do business in a country that so blatantly and ruthlessly and clearly maintains such dehumanizing practices against such large numbers of its people," Sullivan declaimed. "I hear voices say to me, 'Things will work out in time—things are getting better—let us go slow on this matter!' And I ask, 'Why does the world always want to go slow when the rights of black men are at stake?'. . . I want to go on record, for all to know, that I will continue to pursue my desire to see that American enterprises, including General Motors, withdraw from the Union of South Africa until clear changes have been made in the practices, the policies of that government as they pertain to the treatment of blacks and other nonwhites. . . . And although I know the position I take will lose today, you can be sure that I shall continue to pursue it tomorrow until black people in the Union of South Africa are free."

In June, 1975, Sullivan briefly visited a number of African nations which had or might in the future have Opportunities Industrialization Centers, like those he had set up at home. It was his strong conviction that while emerging African nations might have enough citizens trained in politics to administer their governments, they would never become truly liberated until they could also run their economies. "In time, Africa will have to become as industrialized as the West," he told me not long ago, "because of its materials and its strategic geographical location. Otherwise, its blacks will remain essentially colonialized, and will always be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water." By 1975, there were O.I.C.s in Ghana, Nigeria, and Ethiopia (the one in Addis Ababa is one of the very few American-inspired ventures left in that troubled country) and he was arranging for others to be started in Zambia and Lesotho. To get to Lesotho, he had to pass through Johannesburg. He had only a transit visa from South Africa, which permitted him to spend a night at a Holiday Inn adjacent to the Jan Smuts

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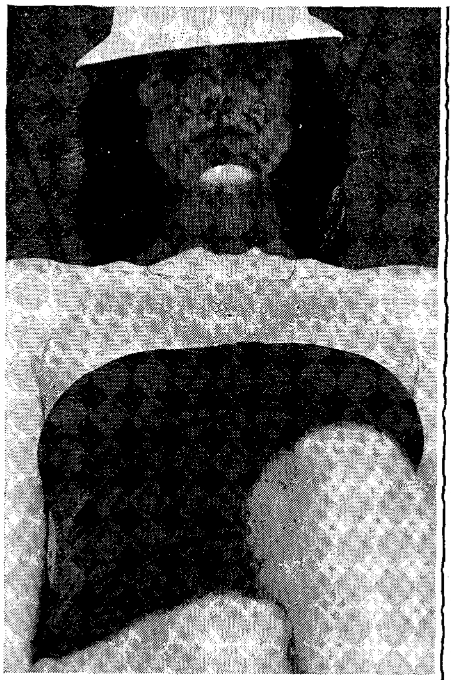

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Airport. There he was called on (any travelling director of General Motors warrants special attention wherever he pauses) not merely by the resident G.M. brass but also by a number of businessmen and labor leaders, both black and white. That night, Sullivan had second thoughts about General Motors' withdrawing entirely from South Africa. "What I sensed all the people who came to see me were saying," he says, "was, 'You say you want to help us. Well, why don't you try to make American companies operating here real agents of change—of a change in the system and, yes, in the laws, too.' I'm not sure yet whether it was the right thing to do, but I came home determined to attempt to get American companies there to change their policies and practices. I didn't then know how difficult what I was undertaking would be."

Back in the United States, Sullivan began talking to corporate executives—prominent among them G.M.'s Murphy and Frank Cary, the chairman of I.B.M., whom the minister knew from Cary's service on the O.I.C.'s National Industrial Advisory Council—about their relationship with South Africa. He found that very few big American businesses had much comprehension of what other businesses were up to over there. Eventually, on January 29, 1976, Sullivan, Murphy, and Cary were hosts to executives from fifteen large corporations with South African interests—among them Mobil, Burroughs, International Harvester, Otis Elevator, Motorola, Firestone, Goodyear, and Ford—at a five-hour conference at the I.B.M. management-training center in Sands Point, Long Island. Sullivan told the assembled dignitaries, with his customary evangelical fervor, that unless their companies were prepared to become instruments of change in South Africa he could see no economic or moral justification for their remaining there, but that if enough companies took a stand about conditions change might be possible. It was agreed that some sort of statement of principles might be drawn up and endorsed by as many corporations as could bring themselves to go along with it. Sullivan volunteered to draft the text.

It took him more than a year to come up with anything that even twelve of the fifteen companies represented at Sands Point felt they could comfortably become signatories to. But on March 1, 1977, Sullivan decided that he had made enough headway to announce that he had a dozen corporations on what he believed to be the side of the angels—General Motors and I.B.M., to begin with, and also American Cyanamid, Burroughs, Caltex, Ford, Citicorp, International Harvester, Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, Mobil, Otis Elevator, and Union Carbide. Only a dozen they might be, but among them they stood for more than half of the total American corporate investment in South Africa.

There were six principles:

(1) Non-segregation of the races in all eating, comfort and work facilities.

(2) Equal and fair employment practices for all employees.

(3) Equal pay for all employees doing equal or comparable work for the same period of time.

(4) Initiation and development of training programs that will prepare, in substantial numbers, blacks and other non-whites for supervisory, administrative, clerical and technical jobs.

(5) An increase in the number of blacks and other non-whites in management and supervisory positions.

(6) Improvement in quality of employees' lives outside the work environment in such areas as housing, transportation, schooling, recreation and health facilities.

"We agree," the signatories stated, "to further implement these principles. Where implementation requires a modification of existing South African laws and customs, we will seek such modification through appropriate channels. We believe that the implementation of the foregoing principles is consistent with respect for human dignity and will contribute greatly to the general economic welfare of all the people of the Republic of South Africa."

Urged by the corporations whose support he had enlisted not to do anything rash, Sullivan made sure that his statement of principles had the blessing of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. (The year before, while still collecting signatures, Sullivan had been granted Secretary Kissinger's imprimatur.) Vance said that while from the American point of view the principles were unexceptionable, perhaps their sponsors ought to show them to the South African government. That was all right with Sullivan. "Like the camel, I wanted to get my nose into the tent," he has since explained. Sullivan, Cary, and Murphy thereupon called on the then South African Ambassador to Washington, Roelof F. Botha (he has since become Foreign Minister), who found them acceptable, though he had one cavil with the reference to "laws and customs." Sullivan, happy that the language of the six principles themselves had slipped by, proposed changing "laws and customs" to "working conditions," and all concurred. A few days after the March 1st release of the principles—they subsequently became known worldwide as the Sullivan Principles—General Motors announced that it would make no additional investments in South Africa until there were changes "on a basis which is just and equitable to all," and the following month the Chase Manhattan Bank—although it did not become a signatory until July, 1978—said that it would decline thenceforth to make any loans "that, in our judgment, tend to support the apartheid policies of the South African government."

Sullivan himself was not, at the outset, overly optimistic about what impact, if any, the six principles might have on employment practices in South Africa. "What I persuaded people to sign wasn't by any means all that I wanted," he says, "but it was the best I could get at that point, and I felt that I could always amplify it. The main thing, to begin with, was to end discrimination in American plants there, and I told the executives here, 'There's something you can do right away. You can do it very simply, with a screwdriver—just by taking the signs down off toilets—and once you've done that you can start working on other matters.' In the meantime, I had sent out questionnaires to *all* United States companies doing business in South Africa, asking what steps they had taken or were planning to take against discrimination. The replies were meagre. But my thought was, If I can move ahead with what I have, and pick up other companies, and keep on making announcements as I go along, maybe I can turn a ripple into a wave. In any case, among all the kinds of change there could be in South Africa, I have to be for peaceful change, because I'm a minister. If there were a revolution there, a million black people would be killed. They'd be slaughtered like dogs. But if I could get a groundswell going, if I could get companies to say to South Africa, 'You change your system or we'll leave,' then in two or three years something significant might happen."

The number of companies subscribing to the Sullivan Principles gradually mounted. By late June, 1977, the minister had thirty-three signatories. That was still less than one-tenth of those eligible to sign, but it was enough to prompt the *Citizen*, in Johannesburg, to grumble, "There is nothing in the South African scheme of things which prevents any company from car-

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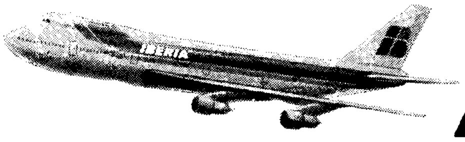

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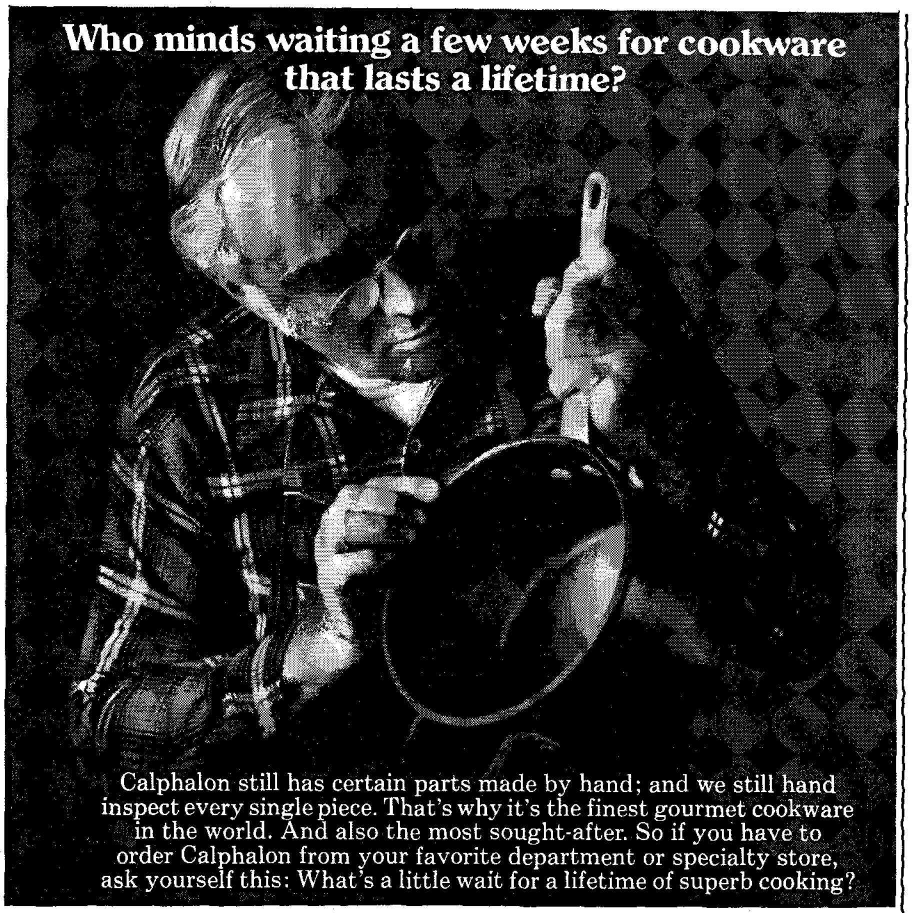
rying out such a programme. What sticks in our gullet is that the code of conduct is being forced on American firms here by civil rights campaigners in the U.S., headed by the Rev. Leon Sullivan, a Baptist minister, as if it were an extension of their campaign in the U.S. Why not campaign to end tokenism in America—where the token black is advanced as a sop to the Negro community? Why not apply the same code to all American firms at home and abroad? . . . The Universal Code of Conduct for the American Pursuit of Profits now joins the Carter Doctrine of Human Rights as the acid test for American good fellowship and friendship."

The signatories kept increasing. There were fifty-four of them by October, when Secretary Vance gave further Carter Administration endorsement to the principles by attending a Sullivan dinner at the Hotel Pierre for executives of his captive corporations and saying, "You can count on us in the government to support you in every way for this private effort. . . . And at any time that we can do anything to help you in this most important effort, we are there, and just call us." Sullivan was still far from sanguine. Four months later, when he had cajoled seventy-one companies into joining his crusade, he was saying that he thought the odds against his making any substantial headway were even then ten to one. "I think I'm catching up on the odds, though," he told me. "They were a hundred to one at the start. In any event, I couldn't care less whether there are American businesses in South Africa. Their presence is inconsequential by any measurements. What is consequential is the discrimination that exists against blacks there, which is offensive to black people all over the world—yes, to my own children. I'm doing what I'm doing because I met blacks in South Africa who said, 'Sullivan, try it.' It's a moral thing with me, and it's worth the effort. It doesn't bother me that others have disagreed with my tactics." (A spokesman for the activist American Committee on Africa has called the principles "an exercise in triviality.") "The important thing is for me to *try*. At least, my conscience tells me that I'm trying to do something in a peaceful way. I've heard people say, 'Who is this Sullivan guy and who put him up to all this?' I put myself up to it, and just as I put myself in, so can I pull myself out. I am goal-oriented, and my main goal is the advancement of black people all over the earth. That's been my goal since I was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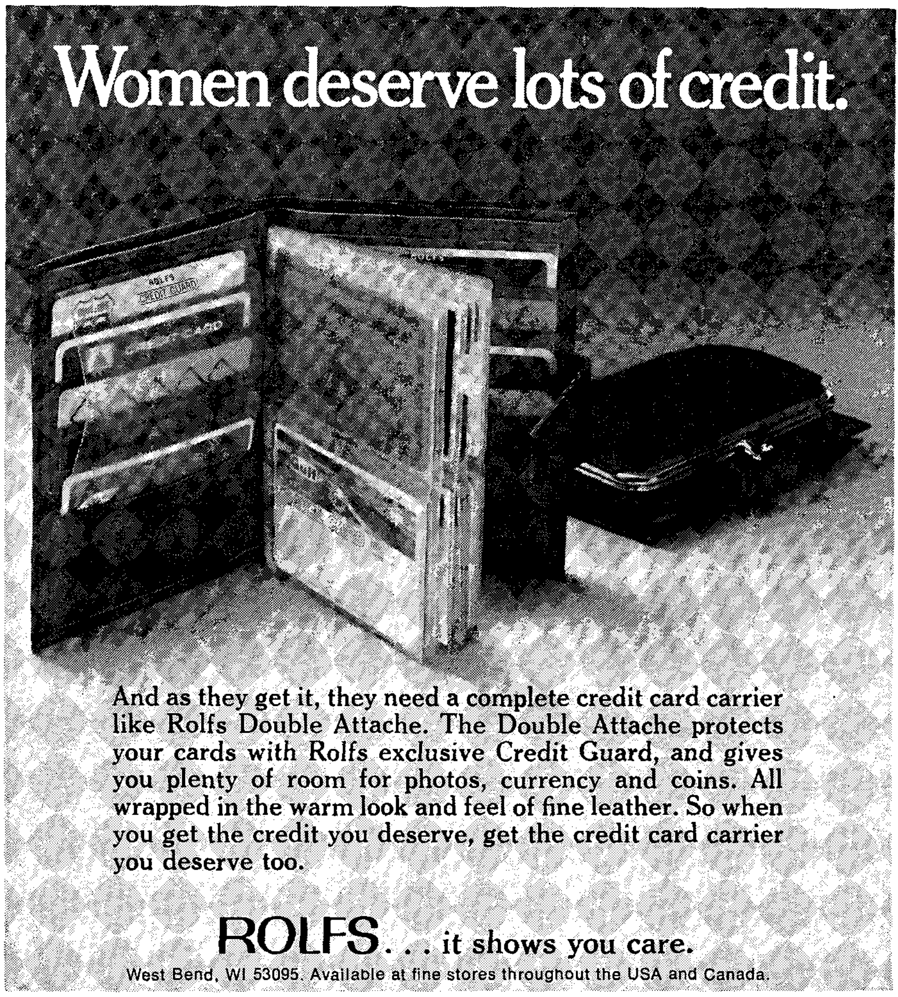
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a kid. It's in my blood. And I've had enough success so I can sleep soundly at night—when, that is, I'm not thinking of problems."

ONE problem that occupied some of Sullivan's waking hours for a while was that critics of the principles attached to his name kept pointing to a glaring omission from them—the absence of any reference to black labor unions in South Africa. Sullivan had wanted to mention them all along, but had been dissuaded by the arguments of several high corporate personages he had consulted that if he put in anything about black unions he might end up with no signatures at all—for the subject of blacks and unions in South Africa has long been a touchy one. Henry Ford was ahead of Sullivan in this respect. While in South Africa, the automobile man said that his company had already recognized a black trade union and was negotiating with it. The General Motors position had been summed up by a spokesman who told an inquiring researcher, "It is not G.M.'s responsibility to foster unions. When blacks organize a union, G.M. will deal with it, but it is the responsibility of blacks to organize their own union."

The South African government announced just last week its intention of both desegregating toilets and permitting some black workers—migrant ones employed in mines excepted—to be fully represented by trade unions. Up to now, black unions in South Africa could not be "registered," and South African statutes relating to industrial relations have not covered unregistered unions. So, while black unions have not been technically illegal, and while the twenty-two of them extant, with some sixty thousand members, have—especially in the garment trades—had some clout, they have been in a sense nonexistent. (The term "employee" as used in the country's Industrial Conciliation Act has not applied to any black employee.) Agreements negotiated by black unions have not had the force of law. Nor could black unions, except in highly special circumstances, organize strikes. Even this circumscribed privilege has existed for them only since 1973, when there were crippling illegal strikes in the province of Natal.

The South African government has had its own ways of keeping black unions in check. When in the late fifties, for instance, a South African Congress of Trade Unions was established, with the abolishment of racial segregation as one of its pronounced aims, most of its

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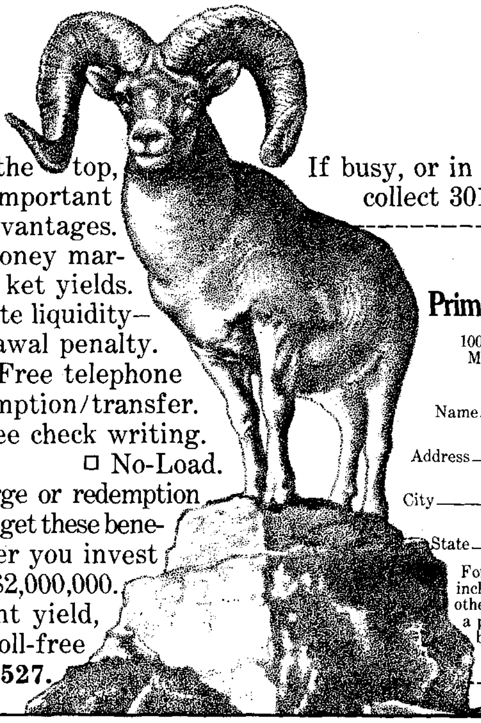

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leaders were swiftly banned. The secretary-general of another anti-segregationist body, the Black Allied Workers Union of South Africa, is in exile. South African industries have had councils on which blacks sit, but as a rule, though they could speak up at meetings, they could not vote. The South African government's longstanding position on all this was summarized in a book it distributed in 1976 called "A Guide to Foreign Investors," which, in the course of painting an alluring picture of the opportunities awaiting outside businesses there, said, "The present government maintains that the machinery of the Industrial Conciliation Act is intended for traditional [i.e., registered] trade unions, is alien to blacks and would be susceptible to exploitation for ulterior motives." That may now change.

Quite a few South African industrialists, it should be noted, by no means shared all their government's views about black unions. In Harry Oppenheimer's remarks to the Foreign Policy Association, he said in response to the question "How do foreign investments best contribute to change in South Africa?" that outside companies should do whatever they lawfully could to recognize black unions, and he added, "One thing that can be done is that if a black trades union really can show that it is representative of a sufficient number of workers, then I don't believe that companies, either American or South African, should not be prepared to negotiate with it. And I think this is something which is helpful." Oppenheimer's remarks were made five days before the banning of Donald Woods and the closing of the *World.* Casting about for some means of countering the adverse publicity these actions sparked, the South African Ministry of Information inserted a report on the Oppenheimer speech in the advertising columns of the *Timeses* of both New York and London. The headline selected for the ad not only did not allude to what Oppenheimer had said about labor relations but used words that he had not spoken. "One Man, One Vote in South Africa—It's Not the Answer—Harry Oppenheimer," the headline went.

Oppenheimer, whose Urban Foundation has drawn up a code of employment practices not unlike the Sullivan Principles and has persuaded several hundred South African companies to subscribe to it, told the International Monetary Conference, meeting at Mexico City in May, 1978, that he considered Sullivan's code "a valuable contribution not only in relation to the immediate moral problem but in helping to change the structure of the South African economy in a manner likely to promote a broad-based national unity." The South African industrialist felt impelled to say also, however, that there were some South Africans who regarded the Sullivan Principles as "irrelevant and indeed mischievous," and that he himself believed that "it is surely not enough for a few large companies to soothe their consciences by using standards for their operations which cannot possibly, in the present circumstances, be of general application." Oppenheimer reiterated, inevitably, his unshakable belief in the desirability of further foreign investments in his homeland, and to this the South African press appended a loud "Hear! Hear!" An editorial in *Die Burger*, headed "A Positive Contribution," said, "By investing in South Africa, rather than listening to boycotters, terrorist groups and certain church organizations, investors can do much more for the well-being and freedom of black people."

American companies with employees in South Africa have often been reluctant to deal with black unions, because they could not be certain that such negotiations would not make them—or their South African deputies—unwitting violators of some law or other. (That was another reason Sullivan omitted the subject of black unions from his original principles.) There have been laws, not always enforced but nonetheless on the statute books, that decreed the segregation of toilets—the Factories Act of 1941, for one, and the Shops and Offices Act, for another. Foreign businesses also have had to cope with the National Supplies Procurement Act of 1970, under the broad terms of which the Minister of Economic Affairs may all but take over any company when "security" demands it; with the War Powers Act, which gives the government much the same authority; and with the Apprenticeship Act, the Mines and Works Act, the Internal Security Act, and the Riotous Assemblies Act. Then, there is the Terrorism Act. Under *its* terms, anybody who advocates the discouragement of foreign investment in South Africa may be sentenced

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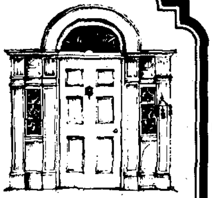

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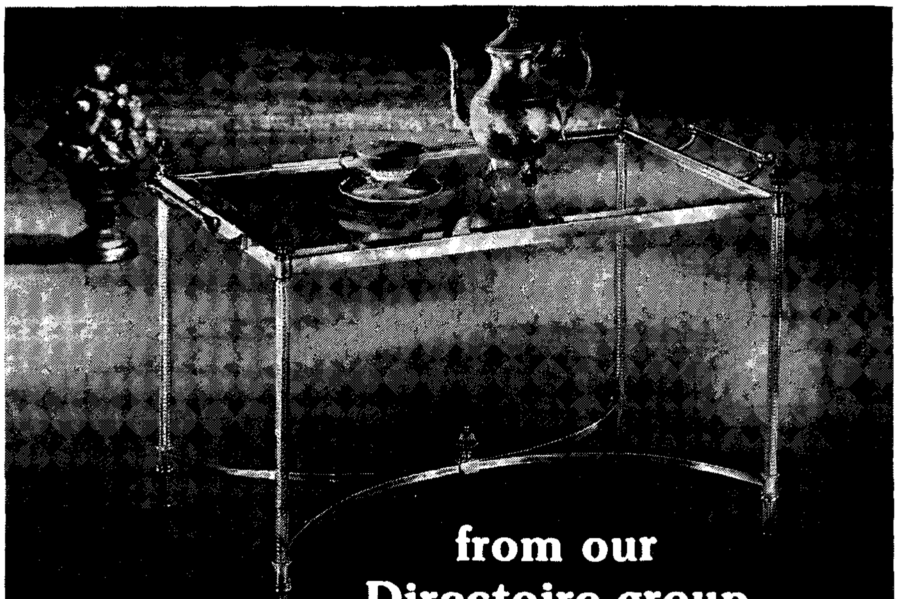
to death. Nothing that drastic has yet occurred, but in December, 1977, five South Africans were sentenced to five to ten years in prison for such advocacy.

WHAT do South African blacks want American businesses and banks to do? It is difficult for anyone visiting South Africa to learn what South Africans of any color are genuinely thinking. Few people care to divulge sentiments for which they could be hanged. In theory, should Harry Oppenheimer ever discourage foreign investment, he, too, despite his control over billions of dollars of capital essential to the South African economy, could be clapped into jail, or worse. But it is the blacks in South Africa who would be most affected—assuming that anyone would be—by whatever changes American corporations could impose on the South African way of life. When Vernon Jordan, black director of Xerox (Jordan is also head of the Urban League), visited South Africa three years ago on behalf of his board, he said on returning that the blacks he had spoken to were generally in favor of a continuation of the American presence there. But who would tell him much else? Jordan, although he has called for a moratorium on any new investment, stated that American companies already there should "make better use of their economic clout to pierce the walls of apartheid." When Dr. Nthato Motlana, a leader of the Soweto township, was asked by the New York *Times* a year ago how he stood on the question, he replied, "If I said that the only way to bring change would be total economic sanctions, I would be liable to go to jail. So let's just be cagey. Let's just say that I support 'pressures' and leave it at that."

It is perhaps presumptuous for any nonblack person anywhere, and no less so for any American of any color, to state without heavy qualification what the majority of black South Africans think about anything. (There may be more unanimity among American corporate executives, many of whom belong to indistinguishable country clubs, than among South African blacks, who belong to eight distinctive and sometimes antagonistic tribes.) The Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility can't know for sure about black South African attitudes toward American divestment. The Reverend Leon Sullivan can't know. ("All I know is that I don't want American companies over there discriminating against anybody," he says.) Henry Ford can't know, although at his annual meeting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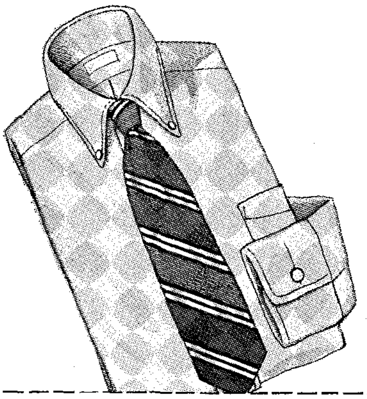
in May, 1978, he said that his January trip had confirmed his belief, after talks with South Africans of all colors, that his company should stay put “and increase our efforts to improve” the status of blacks. (In Ford’s eight days there, he cannot have had much time to conduct much of a survey.) Sydney Baron, a New York public-relations man whose firm reportedly received six hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year from the South African government to tell its side of stories, can’t know; notwithstanding, Baron was recently quoted by the *Village Voice* to the effect that he had never met *any* black South African who was opposed to American investments in that country. I.B.M. has distributed the text of the Sullivan Principles to all its employees in South Africa, one hundred and seventy-seven of whom are black, but it is hard to assess from a distance how many other blacks there have ever heard of them. (One black church leader has said, “These principles attempt to polish my chains and make them more comfortable. I want to cut my chains and cast them away.”) However, there is good reason to believe that blacks are aware of the standing ovation that the American businessmen gave Prime Minister Vorster at their dinner for him: the South African Broadcasting Corporation showed that on television, “educationally,” four times. Some South African blacks unquestionably want American companies to stick around, on the premise that if they were to leave before a political upheaval and were invited back after things settled down, they might elect not to return. Many of the South African black leaders whose views might carry weight are in prison. What many black South Africans probably want—and any such statement has got to be hedged—is some foreign-inspired change in their system which, if it will not at once discernibly help them, will at least hurt the ruling whites. Donald Woods, who, of course, cannot speak for any group but is indisputably knowledgeable about the South African scene, believes that South African blacks won’t in the long run be satisfied with small concessions. In April, 1978, in *Foreign Affairs*, Woods wrote, “The most important purpose of the South African propaganda is to preserve the economic links with the West that prop up the apartheid regime. Only by preserving these economic links with the West can the whites of South Africa keep suppressing the black majority. Their central argument [in the United States] is based on one main proposition—the severance of such economic links would harm blacks in South Africa more than whites.”

Some South African blacks have put their views on record. Pretoria has widely publicized those of leaders of certain of the homelands which are all but entirely dependent for what little autonomy they enjoy on the wishes and whims of the South African Prime Minister and his almost exclusively Afrikaner Cabinet. The South African government has been pleased to have Dr. C. N. M. Phatudi, the Chief Minister of Lebowa, say for publication, “The South African Receiver of Revenue is kind and generous to foreign companies investing in South Africa’s homelands. . . . We do not suffer from militant trade unions in South Africa.” The Chief Minister of Ciskei, Lennox L. W. Sebe, has said, “I have heard the argument . . . that any investment by Americans in South Africa is a means of perpetuating and encouraging the apartheid system. But I cannot in all honesty understand how this can possibly be true.” And so the testimonials to their Pretoria patron have poured forth, perhaps spontaneously, from the puppet leaders—like the words of Chief Wessels Mota, of Qwaqwa: “My message to all of you is simply to stop pussyfooting around. If you want a nice fat highly profitable overseas operation, invest in South Africa.”

Other South African black leaders who have no strings attaching them to their government have also spoken out, though the grim provisions of the Terrorism Act have made most of those who are still alive and unincarcerated understandably circumspect. The late Albert Luthuli, leader of the radical and now outlawed African National Congress, and the winner of a Nobel Prize, in 1960, for his fight against racial discrimination, advocated a complete economic boycott of his country. Nelson Mandela, who has been imprisoned on Robben Island, outside Cape Town, since 1964, and who cannot be publicly quoted in South Africa today, testified at his trial in the spring of that year. He said, “We believed that South Africa depended to a large extent on foreign capital and foreign trade. We felt that planned destruction of power plants and interference with rail and telephone communications would tend to scare away capital from the country, make it more difficult for



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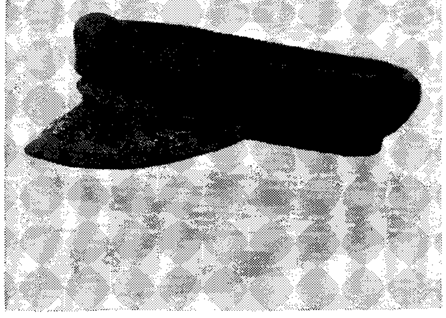

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goods from the industrial areas to reach the seaports on schedule, and would in the long run be a heavy drain on the economic life of the country, thus compelling the voters of the country to reconsider their position." The late Steve Biko said in 1976 that foreign investment was "nothing but an exploitation of the blacks in this country by companies which belong to governments critical of apartheid in this country." In July, 1977, two months before his death, Biko said, "The argument is often made that loss of foreign investment would hurt blacks the most. It would undoubtedly hurt blacks in the short run, because many of them would stand to lose their jobs, but it should be understood in Europe and North America that foreign investment supports the present economic system and thus indirectly the present system of political injustice. We blacks are therefore not interested in foreign investment. If Washington wants to contribute to the development of a just society in South Africa, it must discourage investment in South Africa. We blacks are perfectly willing to suffer the consequences. We are quite accustomed to suffering."

On the other hand, Percy Qoboza, the once-jailed and now freed newspaper editor, contended in May, 1978, that economic isolation of South Africa would "create economic chaos," and went on to say, "And that is a sure guarantee for a full-scale, bloody racial confrontation which would unleash a bloodbath such as we have never seen. Therefore, this is clearly not consistent with my own belief that we must seek a peaceful transformation of the society. So, when people talk glibly about disinvestment, I think they ought to realize what they are saying—from eight thousand miles away, from the safe security of distance—'Let the blood flow, and maybe then we'll have a just society.' " Later that same month, Qoboza asserted that American corporations had "a very vital role to play in transforming society" in South Africa—a role he did not publicly appear to think they could best fill by pulling out.

MANY American corporate executives trying to gauge black South African feelings have been turning for enlightenment in the last few years to a Washington fact-finding outfit called the Investor Responsibility Research Center. The I.R.R.C. (not to be confused with the church group, the I.C.C.R.) was established in 1972, mainly at the instigation of President

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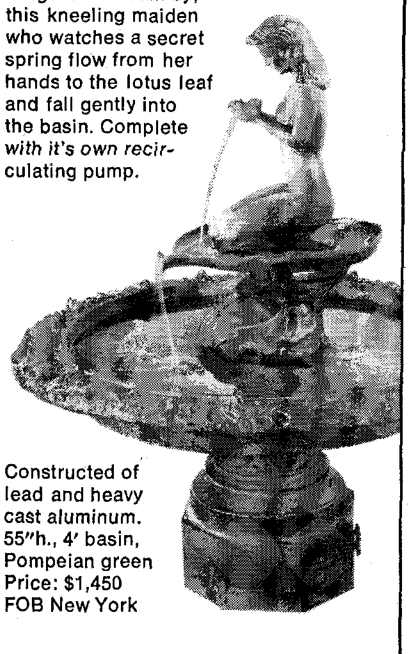

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Derek Bok of Harvard. The university had been faced early that year with a sit-in by black students who were protesting Harvard's decision not to support a shareholders' resolution, presented at the annual meeting of the Gulf Oil Corporation, demanding a full report on the company's activities in turbulent Angola; Bok and his Fellows wanted information on which they could base a rational decision when the time again arrived to vote their shares on such a resolution, and they were concerned not only with South Africa but also with other controversial matters in the general area of corporate social responsibility. Bok got in touch with the heads of a number of universities and foundations, and the I.R.R.C. soon emerged as a nonprofit corporation whose purpose was to furnish university and foundation trustees (and, subsequently, directors of businesses and banks) with the best nonpartisan intelligence it could obtain on contentious issues that seemed likely to crop up at annual meetings. In 1975, the Carnegie and Ford Foundations each gave the research agency a six-thousand-dollar grant to enable members of the I.R.R.C. staff to visit South Africa, and as a result of the visitors' findings the Ford Foundation the following year gave the I.R.R.C. a seventy-thousand-dollar three-year grant to expand its expertise on that country. The organization has thrived. Today, the subscribers to the bulletins and booklets it regularly turns out include Morgan Guaranty and Citibank; thirteen church groups; sixty-two universities and colleges; eight pension funds; and the Rockefeller Family & Associates. Among its directors are the chairman of the Smith College Finance Committee, the assistant treasurer of Harvard, and the chairman of the Bryn Mawr Finance Committee. Last fall, the I.R.R.C. introduced a South Africa Review Service, subscribers to which receive a variety of specialized publications, among them one on the pressures to which American companies are being subjected because of their South African affiliations, and the companies' responses to those pressures.

THE Reverend Leon Sullivan hopes that the movement to focus attention on South Africa will sweep the world, and he was gratified, fairly early on, when some Danish and Swedish companies endorsed his principles. The Australian government announced that it will no longer promote trade with South Africa. The Canadian government announced a code of conduct of its own in April, 1978: Companies there are now required to report to Ottawa annually on how they are living up to it, although there has been no announcement yet of what will happen to them if they don't. The European Economic Community—the Common Market—proclaimed a set of principles for companies within its scope in September, 1977, which included the statement, going beyond Sullivan, that black South Africans "should be free to form or join a trade union;" and that provision was warmly seconded by the British Department of Trade. Thirteen per cent of all British earnings from foreign investments are derived from South Africa, and in the United Kingdom there has been much corporate soul-searching. A company called Racal Electronics, which manufactures communications equipment, some of which has military applications, not long ago sold its South African subsidiary for eleven and a half million dollars, even though that branch was producing four million dollars a year in pre-tax profits. A number of British businessmen have reflected a good deal on the sentiments expressed a few years ago by Neil Wates, the managing director of a construction company called Wates, Ltd. He went to South Africa to look into the possibility of operating there, and on his return he told his board that while South Africa appeared to be an ideal place in which to invest funds he found the notion "totally unacceptable." Wates went on, "We could not be true to the basic principles on which we run our business and we should lose our integrity in the process. We should have to operate within a social climate where the color of a man's skin is his most important attribute and where there is virtually no communication between the races; we should be locked into this system. We should have to operate within an economic climate which is designed deliberately to demoralize and to maintain an industrial helotry; we should, in turn, profit from such exploitation and ultimately end up with a vested interest in its maintenance."

Still, there is no unanimity in Western Europe about South Africa. Two large Dutch banks have let it be known in the last couple of years that they will make no further loans to the South African government unless conditions change. The South African government can readily shrug off such snubs: In the first six months of 1978 it managed without difficulty to borrow three hundred and ten million dollars from West German and Swiss banks, whose qualms, if any existed, were easily stilled. South Africa replaced Nigeria in 1978 as West Germany's principal trading partner on the African continent.

THROUGH it all, the South African government has not sat back idly. Its Ministry of Information, through various channels of communication, bombarded the rest of the world with *non mea culpa* literature extolling the virtues of investing in South Africa. The virtue of the Ministry was itself besmirched last year—so besmirched that the Ministry had to be done away with—when some of its high-ranking officials were accused of misappropriation of government funds. Some South African newspapers took to calling this scandal "Info-gate" and to this day it occupies more space in Johannesburg and Cape Town newspapers than even cricket. The Minister of Information, Dr. C. P. Mulder, once thought to be a likely successor to Vorster as Prime Minister, was so badly hit by the demise of his department that he resigned from the Cabinet, from Parliament, and eventually from his party. The African-American Institute, a New York group, made a survey in 1977-78 of African studies in elementary and high schools of California, Wisconsin, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, and North Carolina; in almost every school district, the institute discovered, free teaching materials of the highest quality—brochures, pamphlets, film strips, and the like, including many materials used in classrooms by black teachers—had been provided by the Republic of South Africa. Some United States congressmen regard the South African lobby in Washington—which has treated a number of them, directly or indirectly, to comfortable junkets to Johannesburg and Cape Town and Kruger National Park—as one of the most nearly omnipresent in the capital; and indeed there are pro-South African groups around started by Americans themselves, such as Americans Concerned About South Africa. (One of its directors spoke at the 1977 national convention of the American Legion.) An East Lansing, Michigan, publisher, John P. McGoff, who has interests in South African printing plants, and who was reportedly furnished by Mulder's Ministry of Information with more than eleven million dollars in a vain attempt to buy the Washington *Star* and use it to plead the South African case in the court of American opinion, told former Senator

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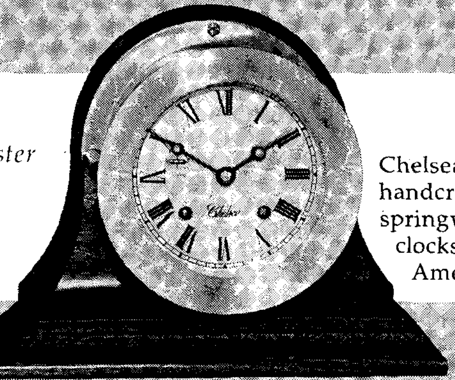

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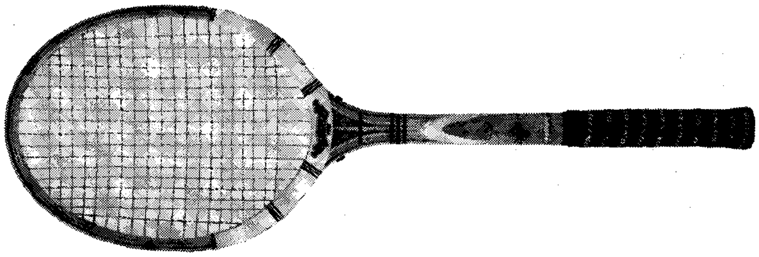

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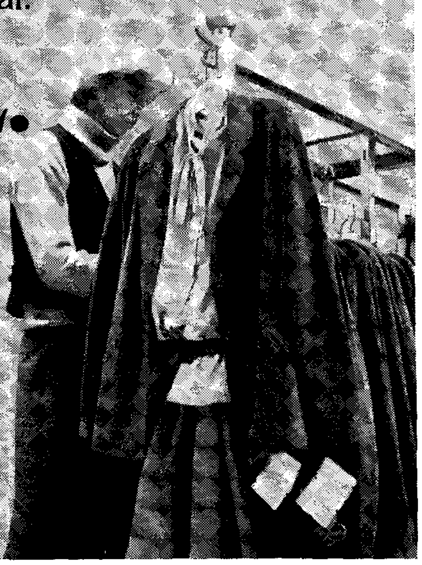

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Clark's subcommittee a couple of years ago, "Personally, I shall continue to encourage my friends and associates to invest whenever possible in South Africa."

In June, 1977, Sydney Baron's New York publicity firm arranged for three hundred and fifty American businessmen to attend a conference in Rye, New York, convoked by the South African Foreign Trade Organization. William Simon, President Ford's Secretary of the Treasury, was one of the speakers. Another was Foreign Minister Botha, of South Africa, who told the gathering, "Retain your perspective. You know our mineral potential; you know our importance as a trading partner. We can assure you of political stability. Where changes are required, they will be made. Plan accordingly." (Presumably Botha, unlike Simon, received no honorarium for his pains.) In the summer of 1978, the Baron office did even better by South Africa. It arranged another conference, this one in Houston, and instead of a mere ex-Cabinet officer it bagged ex-President Ford himself. Dr. Mulder, who by then was Minister of Plural Relations and Development (formerly Bantu Administration and Development), was the principal representative of the host country. The Texas meeting had the title "South Africa, a Golden Opportunity: A Seminar on Business Opportunities in a Free Enterprise Economy." The seminar was supposed to be off the record, but the *Citizen* nonetheless managed to report happily that Mr. Ford—conceivably enunciating what United States policy would be if he should be returned to the White House—had praised Prime Minister Vorster for his coöperative attitude toward the United States and had said that "responsible and progressive" American companies ought not to leave South Africa but, rather, should increase their investments there. The South African Broadcasting Corporation seismographically detected "good vibrations" in Ford's remarks. Whatever the impact such gatherings may have had on new capital investment by United States corporations in South Africa, America has replaced Britain as South Africa's leading trading partner.

BY the summer of 1978, Leon Sullivan was able to announce that a hundred and three companies had signed his principles—only one-third of the potential, to be sure, but still a vast improvement over his original twelve. Twenty-three of the last forty to sign up were companies that would other-

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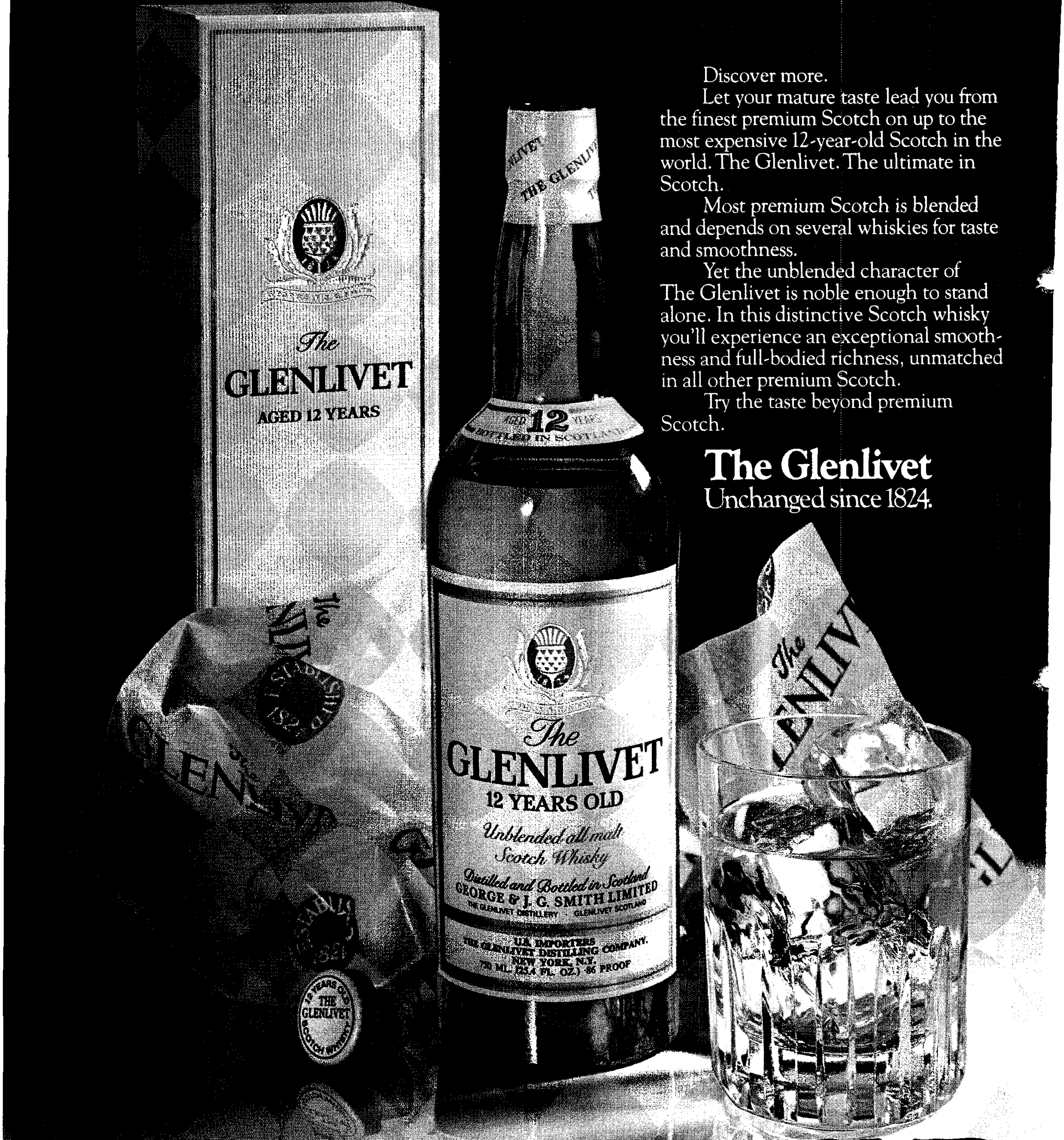
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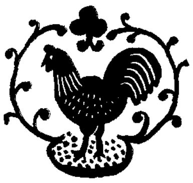
wise have had to deal at their 1978 annual meetings with shareholder resolutions requesting that they subscribe. (Interestingly, when the management of one company, Motorola, announced that it *favored* such a resolution, 99.34 per cent of the shares voted were cast for it.) By then, Sullivan was feeling confident enough about the headway he was making to declare that there would thenceforth be a new Sullivan Principle—one committing American firms in South Africa to negotiate with black unions. "I'm moving just as I said I would, step by step," he said. "And the rights of workers to bargain for themselves is essential. The companies have got to recognize black unions, whether or not the South African government recognizes them." South Africa's sudden, apparent recognition of them may be somewhat attributable to Sullivan's measured steps.



What had been worrying Sullivan all along, though, was the extent to which the companies committed to his code were carrying out its provisions, as they were theoretically bound to. He had no independent means of assessing the companies' performances in South Africa, and so had to rely in the main on what the companies themselves reported to him. Still, in his view that was better than nothing. To that end, he set up a number of corporate task forces which met periodically, usually in New York, and reported to themselves and to him how they were coming along—meetings that some of the participants took to calling "show-and-tell" sessions. Sullivan always started them off with a prayer. Some American companies summoned their South African managers back for these occasions, and the exchanges of information worried a few members of the South African Parliament enough to impel them to propose the passage of yet another restrictive law—a Protection of Businesses Act, which would have made it a crime to divulge to outsiders any details about business operations in that country without the express consent of the Minister of Economic Affairs. The bill never became law, but some people regarded its mere introduction as a government-approved warning to managing directors to curb their tongues.

Sullivan gleaned from his show-and-tell meetings that while some of the companies ostensibly committed to his principles had desegregated their workers' eating and toilet facilities, others had done so only at the white-collar level—a level reached by a mere handful of blacks—and still others thought that it might take them as long as five years to integrate their lavatories without undue fuss. (The chairman of Caterpillar Tractor, not wishing to depend on secondhand reports, had betaken himself to South Africa and determined that all *his* toilets were available to all his employees.) The manager of one South African factory where the eating areas for the different races had been separated by a wall removed the wall and substituted a trellis with vines curling up it from a large plant box. When the vines had reached the ceiling and secured themselves there, he had the trellis removed. Then he carefully neglected to water the vines, and they withered and died. Then he removed the plant box.

General Motors' South African installations at first inched forward cautiously. Part of one dining room was converted into a multiracial coffee shop. Signs on lavatory doors denoting for whom they were reserved were taken down, but the doors were painted in code colors—blue for whites, orange for non-whites. As soon as Sullivan learned about that, he raised a rumpus, and the color code was abandoned. Then, late in August, 1978, G.M. took what had to be considered a bold and major step for a company of its sort. It announced in Detroit that it was going to spend four and a half million dollars on desegregating facilities in its South African plants and on training black workers to assume more responsible positions—and that it was not going to be deterred in the execution of this plan by any South African laws that might stand in the way.

That same month, the American Legion held its national convention in New Orleans and passed a resolution recommending, in part, that "the United States government encourage American investment in the Republic of South Africa." That same month, too, South Africa received two somewhat disparate delegations. One delegation consisted of John Connally. To the delight of his South African hosts, the Texan declared while he was their guest that he regarded the trend among some American corporations to restrict their South American activities as "misguided and misdirected." The other delegation comprised seven American corporate executives, an investigative task force marshalled by the Reverend Leon Sullivan to bring back to him some firsthand data on the im-

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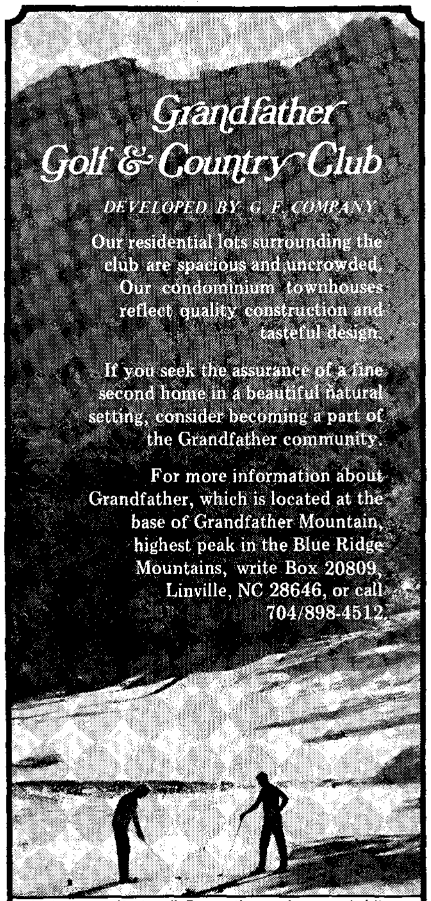

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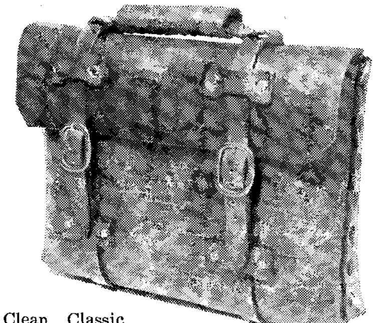

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plementation of his principles. Accompanying the septet on a six-day visit was a fellow-pastor of Sullivan's, from the New Canaan Church in Philadelphia. On returning, they informed Sullivan that the majority of the fifty or so people they had talked to wanted United States businesses to stay and to keep on pressing for change. They also transmitted a rather blunt message from a Cabinet minister: "Tell Reverend Sullivan that we don't want him to interfere in South Africa. Tell him to go to other African countries. Tell him to stay in his church. Tell him we don't need him here." This spring, according to an analysis made for Sullivan of reports from eighty-one of the hundred and seventeen companies he had thus far signed up, seventy-three per cent of the respondees had integrated their eating and toilet facilities; approximately six-hundred blacks were in managerial or supervisory positions; thirty-one per cent of the business operations, though, had not yet promoted a single black to those levels.

Across the nation, Sullivan's name had by now become well known on many campuses—a name sometimes linked, by impatient students who believed he was not being tough enough with South Africa, to Uncle Tomism. Sullivan had also accumulated twenty-eight honorary degrees. A professorship—in human relations, manpower training, social development, and urban renewal—had been established in his name at the University of Wisconsin. But the recipient of all these honors and others was far from convinced that anything he had yet said or caused to be done had had or would have any impact on the Republic of South Africa. During another dinner he gave at the Hotel Pierre, last October, for sixty-two corporation executives (among them the chairmen of General Motors, Mobil, and I.B.M., who brought along as souvenirs for their fellow-guests the Sullivan Principles etched on nickel silver), Sullivan said, with his habitual passion, "Believe me, opinions are still in deep flux. . . . The main concern we're going to have is to get the blacks—nonwhites—believing that there are those like themselves around the world who really care. . . . The Republic of South Africa's racial policies represent an insult to every black person in the world and to humanity everywhere." He told the assembled company, further, "You can also be sure . . . that I will be pushing you and pushing you to do more and more." True to his word, just last month

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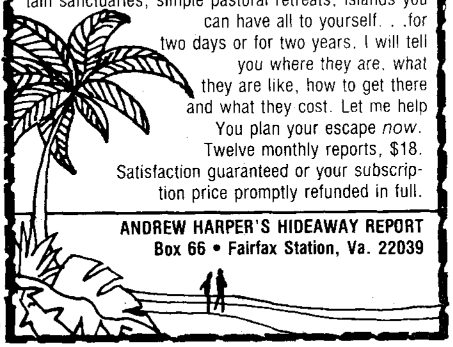

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Sullivan amplified his principles by adding to them a clause pledging their signatories to support changes in South Africa's influx-control laws—regulations that make it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for migrant workers to live with their families. At the moment, Sullivan is organizing task forces of blacks living in South Africa who will, he hopes, report to him their views on how earnestly and effectively American companies there are implementing the principles. They will also report, presumably, on the behavior of nine large South African companies which, Sullivan was advised a couple of weeks ago, have subscribed to his principles themselves.

Recently, Sullivan said, "I sometimes wonder why I got involved in all this. It's like being on a wave that I can't get off. I can only hope and pray. From almost the very beginning, I've been hanging by a thread. I'm the guy running with the football, and I don't have any blockers. And don't think for a moment that these American companies are going to block for me unless they're pushed into it."

At least one reflective American corporation executive, however, believes that Sullivan need not despair. "The big thing about Leon is that he tried something," this man says. "Businesses never tried anything until he came along. Maybe it says more about other people than it does about Leon that he was the one who actually got up out of his director's seat and stepped forth and did something." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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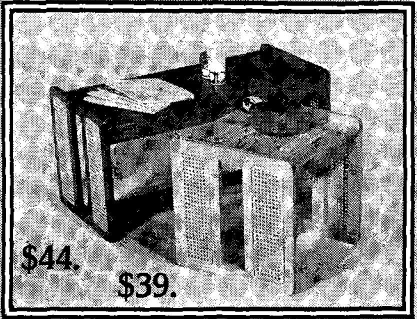

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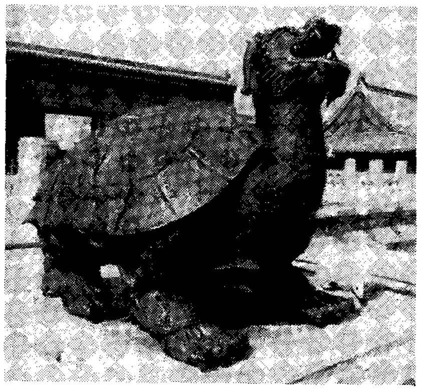

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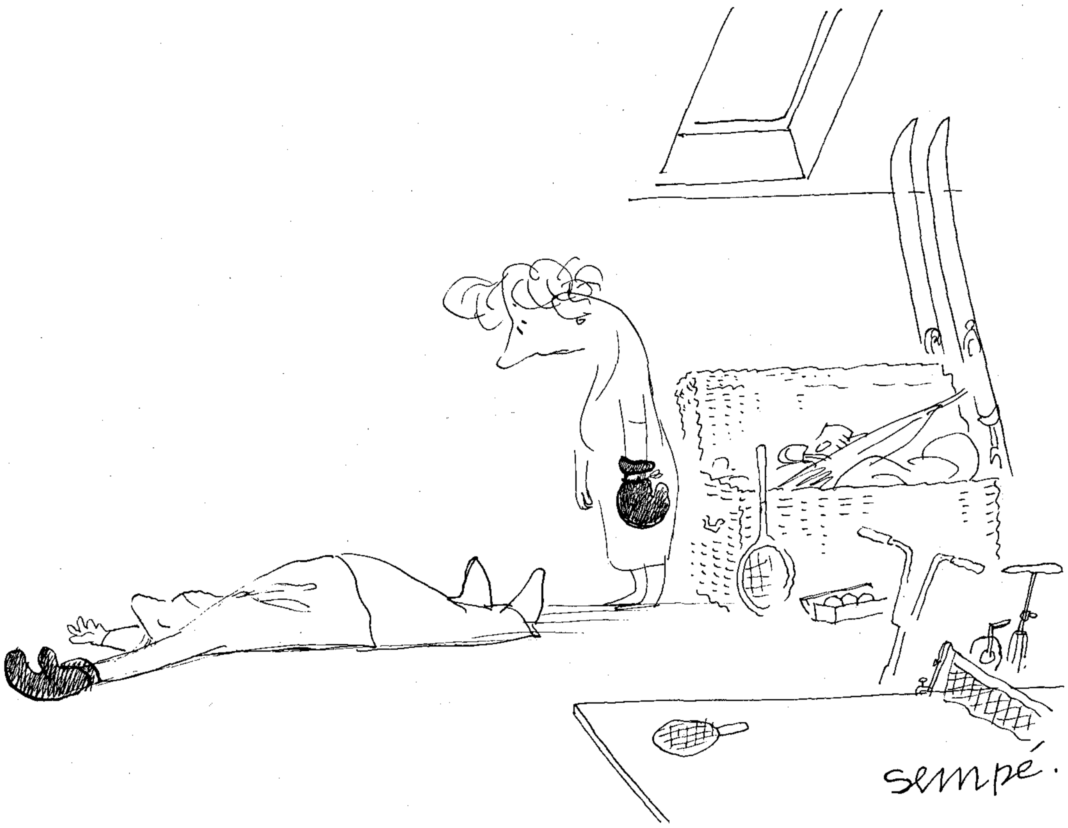
THE AIR

The Moon Men

DID you see those five Soviet dissidents on TV after they'd arrived in New York? I'd read, in the *Times*, of their mysteriously sudden release from prison and of their hasty passage over here, but somehow I wasn't expecting them quite so routinely—so *televisably*—on the TV. Five men in suits, seated all in a row behind one of those ubiquitous press-conference tables with wires and microphones all over it, sidling into the evening news while my wife cooked dinner. The suits had been made in Bulgaria, the *Times* reported the next morning in a little feature piece about the dissidents, as if that explained something one way or the other, and maybe it did. At the televised press conference I watched, nobody mentioned anything about the suits, though possibly one of the print reporters had asked the question and the TV people had simply edited it out—preserving the TV integrity of the story, as they sometimes do. It was a mighty strange event, all the same. No fault of the dissidents, Lord knows. No fault of the TV or print people. No fault of the State Department or whichever department. Everyone just doing his job, as usual. Even so, it was mighty strange. I mean to tell you, here we were (a more or less American family, complete with Cuisinart sounds in the background), face to face, or face to screen, with these poor, grim men who had been, as it were, on the moon for a certain significant part of their recent lives—on the dark side of the moon. Let's push the metaphor a little further and state the simple facts: they were moon men from the dark side of the moon. In the *Times* that morning, there had been a news photo of the five dissidents—the photo all gray and fuzzy, as news photos often are, with the look of having been transmitted by imperfect means from some faraway source, and with the men in question themselves gray and fuzzy and hollow-eyed, as well they might be, considering the kind of life style they had been following until the photographer showed up. But that evening on the news, on the local news, with the five men seated at the table, somewhere in New York, behind the wires and microphones, the grimness, or grittiness, seemed to have at least temporarily vanished from the picture. Surely it could not have disappeared for good, for how could such things disappear? But, at any rate, a certain strangeness, or moon quality, that one had sensed (though perhaps too subjectively or emotionally) in the printed news accounts seemed to have receded to the point of scarcely being there anymore. Of course, the travellers were now *ours*—three of them permanently ours; two temporarily ours, for in due course they would be proceeding to Israel. Bulgaria had provided them, albeit indirectly, with suits; but a suit, even a Bulgarian suit, no longer symbolizes modern civilization the way it used to. A suit, after all, is what the good citizens of San Francisco gave to Ishi, the Stone Age Indian who stumbled out of the Sierra foothills in 1911. Today, our Ishis take their suits for granted, and why not? What is so terrific or civilizing about a suit? Besides, what matters most in the modern processes of assimilation is not so much being properly dressed as being properly televised. The truth is, you moon men and Stone Age warriors are not really ours (and so are practically homeless!) until you have been publicly debriefed on television; until you have sat down, in whatever it is you're wearing, with whatever shards of nigh unspeakable memories still embedded in your skulls—alone sometimes, or sometimes in a row with other immigrants, microphones in front of you, and, of course, TV cameras not far away, and perhaps a pitcher or so of water and some glasses on the table (a good host always offers the weary traveller a drink from his well)—and then have permitted us to steal your souls. Well, no, I hasten to correct that last suggestion: not steal, for stealing implies a definitely covetous or appropriative energy. Borrowing is probably more like it, as in our recent attempts to borrow Mr. Solzhenitsyn's soul, though he has remained noticeably reluctant to lend it, preferring to keep it safe in his Vermont dacha, behind a tall wire fence, and instead to give us perverse and hardly compensatory glimpses of his attempts to *be more like us*—viz., the evolution of the Solzhenitsyn tennis game, as revealed in one of the news magazines two summers ago, or last June's venture into Midwestern Calvinist oratory at Harvard. But what is there, you may ask, in Solzhenitsyn's soul and in the souls of these dissidents that we want so much to borrow? What is it we lack that someone else might have to lend us? Secrets? Top-level information? Scientific know-how? One often hears solemn reference to such important matters when moon men arrive in our midst, though it's hard to believe that these space travellers have brought with them much privileged information about moon rocks or moon canals to provide to our notorious and hardworking Bureau of Moon



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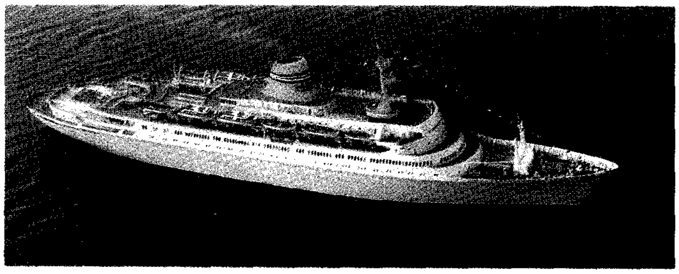

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Secrets. Perhaps, then, our welcome is extended from pure compassion, for it's a well-known historical fact that our nation has been justly famous, at least from time to time, for its compassionate regard for immigrants. Still, pure compassion is possibly a sound of such rare delicacy as not to have been heard too frequently amid the clankings and grindings of even the most benign and beatific governments. For example, in the last century, our notable compassion for the so-called poor and downtrodden of Europe turns out to have been significantly alloyed with our need for labor. More recently, we have evolved this newer compassion, or, if it is not new, we are in the process of perfecting it—for the politically disadvantaged from all over the world (though rather more for certain species than for others; there seem to be few Kurdish exiles tending bar in Miami or anywhere else)—and so it is worth wondering what equally new alloy of needfulness we are melting in with our new hospitality. I wonder if it isn't this: our need for, shall we say, the presence of some pain—or, at least, pathos—in our green, golf-course countryside. That is, we don't actually want it for our very own; we don't want a whole lot of *bad vibrations* dumped like a barrelful of hot potatoes into our national lap—a present from them to us—for then, if the potatoes (or pain) were really ours, we'd just start chucking them out the window or burying them in the sand as quickly as possible and so would be back to where we started: virtually pain-free and cleansed of pathos. But to have *some* pain around—even out of sight, behind a wire fence in Vermont—is maybe not such a bad thing; and to have intimations or suggestions or tiny elements of pathos, glowing somewhere out there in the American landscape, may now be almost a necessity.

As it happened, a few hours after the five dissidents had popped up on television that Saturday evening, my wife and I sat down to watch the TV version of Maya Angelou's "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," which CBS was presenting as its Saturday Night Movie. I wasn't really thinking of it as a professional assignment; it was more a matter of our having decided to stay in on Saturday night and keep company with the kids (who naturally went out), and, if possible, watch something passably fair on the TV. On the whole, it was one of those not-so-bad city springtime evenings. The windows were halfway open. The Cuisinart was hushed and put away for the night. In the apartment next door, the Stereo Bully was strangely quiet—his horrid sound equipment perhaps silenced at last by a just and aurally sensitive god. So we sat at the kitchen table and watched the story of Maya Angelou growing up in nineteen-thirties Arkansas.

I remembered Angelou's autobiography as having been a lovely book, full of the sweetness of young spirits and the harshness of hard times, and clearly Angelou herself and her co-screenwriter, Leonora Thuna, and the director, Fielder Cook, had caught the essence of the story in the television adaptation. On the whole, in print or on the screen, it's a fairly simple tale of a serious, rather scholarly and ambitious young black girl growing up in the care of her poor grandmother in the Depression-era South. Maya's parents appear about halfway through the narrative—her father seems to have something to do with bootlegging and her mother is a seductive and shady lady—and whisk the girl and her younger brother off to St. Louis for a brief and squalid interlude, which ends with Maya being raped by one of her mother's boyfriends, resulting in her return to her grandmother's house and graduation from the little local school. But most of the movie takes place in rural Arkansas and centers on the relationship of Maya (played very well by Constance Good) and her grandmother, "Momma," (played also very well by Esther Rolle), and on the details and rhythms and texture of a poor-but-honest rural life: schoolrooms and country teachers and farm chores and domestic matters. There are few dramatic events (even the rape scene in St. Louis isn't really played as a dramatic event) to move the story forward. But what does keep the story moving, and almost constantly engrossing, is the intrinsic pathos of the situation. The school Maya goes to isn't the proverbial school next door but a ratty poor-black county school; the high-minded black schoolteacher doesn't live in a world of throwaway paperbacks but sternly admonishes Maya never to lose or mistreat a book; Momma herself works a small dirt farm that provides base subsistence crops and that is surrounded by cretinous and even poorer white neighbors; and there is a pervasive feeling throughout of people scraping by and living close to the bone. Hard times—affectingly and lovingly re-created! There was a point in the movie, I remember, when I got up to get myself a beer, though looking over my shoulder at the TV screen as I did so, where Momma, back to the camera, was sweeping away at the floor of the little

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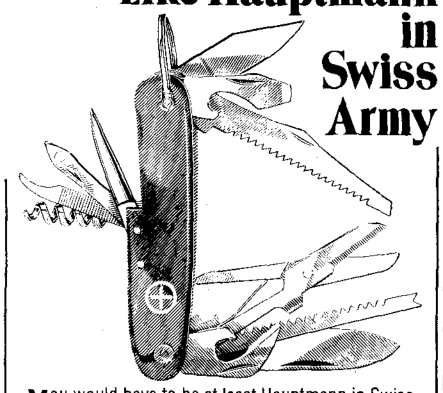

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house. I walked back to the table with the beer and glimpsed my wife. She was also staring with utter raptness at the screen as Momma finished sweeping the floor and then started doing something in the kitchen—shelling peas, I think. Now we were both watching Momma shelling peas—seated in our nice, shiny Formica kitchen, with the recently tiled floor, and with the tame Cuisinart resting on the butcher-block carving table. I thought: We are both of us watching a scene in a handsomely made, color TV movie in which a middle-aged black woman is sweeping a floor and shelling peas, and we are watching this scene *attentively*, even with emotion, as if the simple actions were vested with a larger interest, and this is surely for one reason only—that we feel in touch with something that seems to have *meaning:* in this case, the pain of the character and the pathos of the situation.

Of course, it's nothing new for audiences to find vicarious meaning or pleasure in depictions of pain and pathos, and for painters and writers and so forth to incorporate these elements into their creations. Hogarth went to "Gin Lane," and Goya to the battlefields, and Dickens to the law courts. But there's something odd, one feels, about America and its vast audience, for if Americans haven't yet altogether banished pain from their borders they have pretty nearly got rid of pathos, and the result has been a countryside as smooth as silk (or Formica), where what used to be called a sense of pain has commonly disintegrated into nervous or sulky eruptions of self-pity—leaving behind a sort of nostalgic longing for a vanished past where life may have been less convenient but had perhaps a more serious or meaningful tone to it. Thus, in order to be in touch with meaning, we turn increasingly to the pain and pathos of the past: as in "Roots," for example, with its melodramatic serving up of the pain of slavery; or in "Holocaust," with its well-modulated serving up of the Nazi atrocities; or in Angelou's "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," with its bittersweet depiction of nineteen-thirties rural poverty (the Depression, one notes in passing, having supplanted the Jazz Age as the focus of present-day "historic" nostalgia). And, if one does not go to the past, then one forages among the few remaining tide pools of pain or pathos which are left in the present: disabled Vietnam veterans, for instance, or crazy people, both of which subgroups, or endangered species, as it were, share a certain remote or otherworldly, or certainly un-American, quality in their victimization. These are our native moon men, after all, and though we don't really *want* their troubles for our own, and we don't really want them around—or right next door—we like to keep in touch. At any rate, aside from these new minorities of the afflicted, one would be hard pressed to find great evidence of the existence of pathos in mainstream America—or that the inhabitants of this enormous community feel that it exists. Granted, there are exceptions; for instance, Woody Allen's new movie, "Manhattan," has been widely praised, and deservedly, for its humorous and intelligent urbanity, though surely a great deal of the rush of acclaim that greeted its appearance must have come from those who felt, Look, at last, someone's found something good (i.e., meaningful) to say about *us!* For the most part, however, it's been true, and continues to be true, that in order to give meaning to contemporary narrative—especially film or TV narrative—the "creative people" think they have to introduce excess, and they probably do. Murder. Or mayhem. Or car chases. Or sexual eccentricity. Or all and any variations of the above. Does this mean we're just a naturally violent people, as many persons suspect and worry about? Social scientists and psychologists stick electrodes on small children watching TV in order to study "violence responses" and so gauge the intrinsic "violence orientation" of the American citizen, but probably the American citizen, as well as the American TV programmer, has been responding less to some unique and mysterious genetic disposition on the part of Americans to violence than to the increasingly widespread (and almost endearing) feeling that ordinary life so lacks pathos or seriousness or meaning that a long, sensual camera shot of some rich, successful, and handsome hero (or heroine) being mugged or knifed or driven over by a tank on a dark street may do in its stead. It's unlikely, in any case, that a contemporary filmmaker would or could make a movie—straightforwardly, without irony—about a white middle-class Maya Angelou, who lives in a nice suburban community and goes to the local high school (and who may or may not be quietly raped by her father's golf partner), and that the audience would then view the ordinary scenes from such a life as possessing essential importance.

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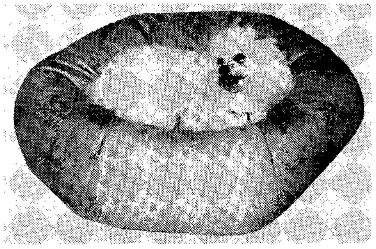

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which almost instantly began promising "Newsbreak" peeks at the five dissidents, who, if one was to believe the jack-in-the-box "Newsbreak" correspondent, had not moved from that wretched conference table in five hours—it seemed to me we were in another of those odd, though possibly unremarkable, places. In a sense, of course, we were still in our kitchen—a really quite nice room, I have to tell you. Not one of those super-fancy, King Ludwig's-wife kitchens, with eighteen types of snail squeezers hanging from the wall in alphabetical order; no, ours is a kind of simple room, but nice, yes, very nice: a pleasant spot to watch TV; to watch the news and hockey games and anything else; to peer out at Arcadia, as we had just been doing. How strange, in a way, to realize that what we had been looking at was Arcadian, or had become Arcadian to modern eyes. A different Arcadia, to be sure; no longer that green and sunny land of the old tales, where tranquillity reigned and everything was in its place—that country so beautiful in its remoteness, so lovely in its unattainability, which armchair travellers in harsher times used to reach out to in their dreams. No, for in fact we had already attained *that* Arcadia—that most agreeable and prosperous and even scenic land we apparently live in—having left behind us (farther and farther behind all the time) that other, harsher place where, as only the Old People dimly remember it, travail generally prevailed over serenity, where instead of convenience there was effort, where instead of smoothness there was grit, where instead of *enough* or *more than enough* there was *never enough* or *not quite enough.* Can one ever truly leave behind such a place, which was home for so many and for so long? In time, perhaps one can. It is doubtless well worth the effort. But, meanwhile, it is hard not to want to look back across the water to that vanished, or at any rate so distant, isle we came from—that harsh isle: that place where Maya Angelou (and how many others?) grew up; that place where the moon men lived until we contrived to parachute them to earth only yesterday so that we might see them today on our screens, so close as to make one think that one could reach out and almost touch them.

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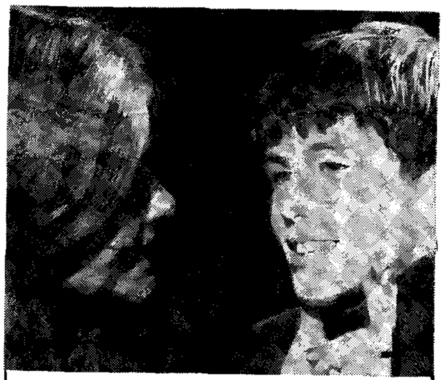

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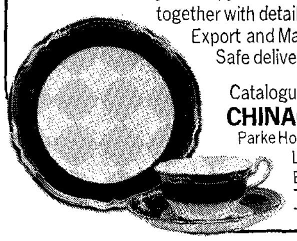

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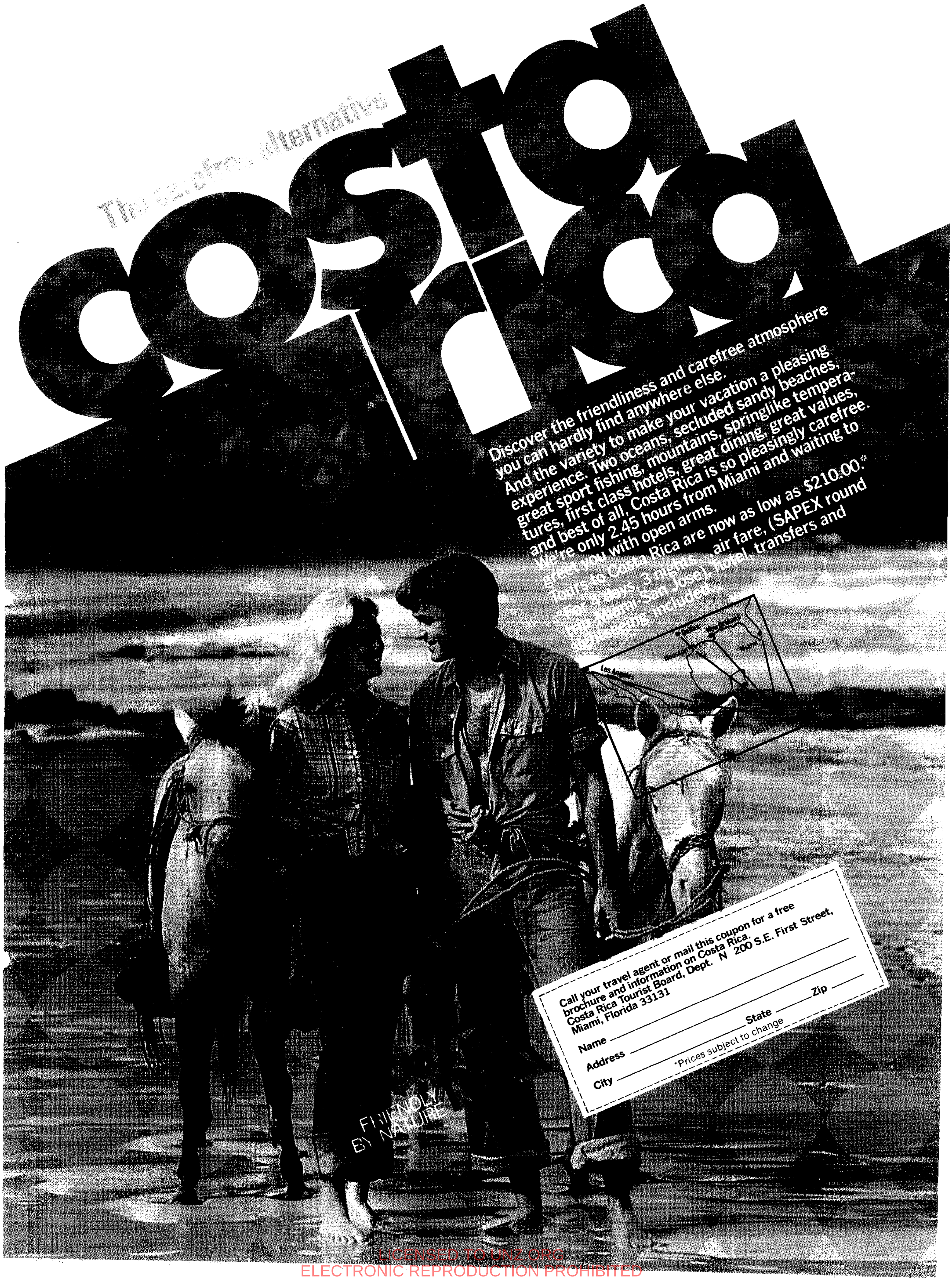
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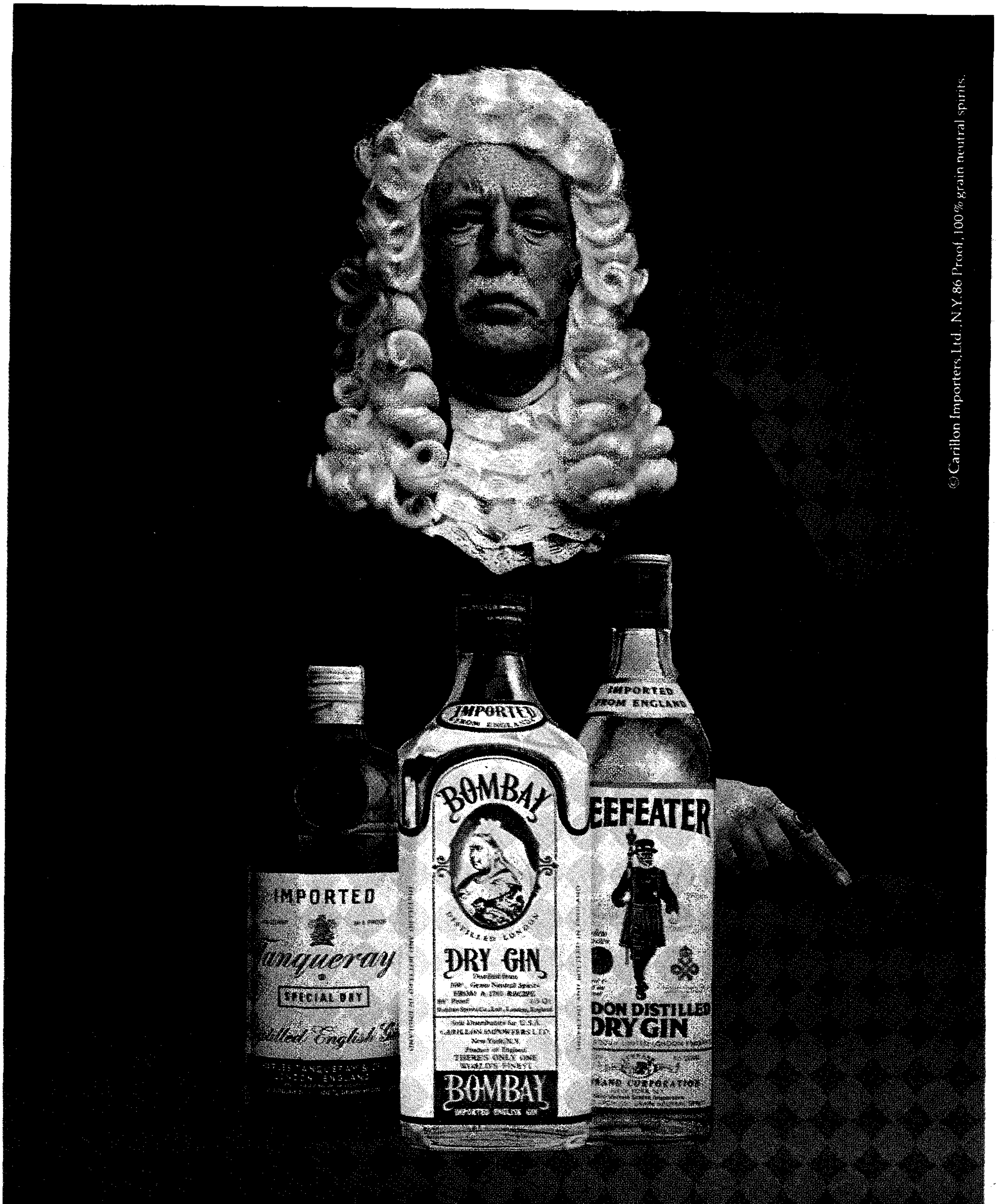
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Riches in a Little Room

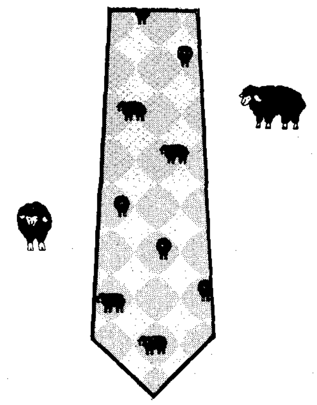
I FIRST heard the Juilliard String Quartet nearly thirty years ago, in a drawing room—the drawing room of a house that had become the London Music Club. I have heard it often since, but never in quite such intimate surroundings. The economics of music-making usually drive world-famous string quartets into fairly large halls (at any rate, in large towns where large audiences can be expected); to hear their chamber music in a chamber one must usually have recourse to the phonograph. But not always. The Juilliard is quartet-in-residence at the Juilliard School, and twice a year it gives a free concert in the Juilliard Theatre. This is a large "chamber"—it seats over nine hundred—but it is a well-lit and thoroughly agreeable place whose shape, sight lines, and sound make it one of New York's best homes for chamber music.

The centerpiece of the Juilliard's April recital there was the New York première of Fred Lerdahl's First String Quartet, composed last year, in memory of Sarah H. Joslyn, for the quartet to play at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska. The Omaha première was in March; the Juilliard has also done the work in Washington and in Boston. Lerdahl (who was born in 1943) was known to me as the composer of "Eros," a rich and beautiful set of variations for mezzo and chamber ensemble, introduced by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in 1977 and now available on a CRI record. (Another CRI record contains his String Trio and Piano Fantasy; the trio was played here in March at a Composers' Guild recital.) The String Quartet is also a set of variations, but not on a theme. The starting point is an open-fifth chord, G-G-D-G. This is the first of fifteen sections; each subsequent section is a variation and expansion of—approximately one and a half times as long as—its predecessor. Section No. 2 is just two chords, that of No. 1 preceded by a differently spaced G-G-G-D. In No. 3, a new chromatic chord, built of semitone, appoggiatura-like displacements of G and D, intervenes between the two chords based on G. In No. 4, two such chords intervene. In No. 5, further displacements yield a sequence of eight chords, still opening and closing as Nos. 3 and 4 did. So far, all has been in strict homophony and played nonvibrato at an unvarying *piano*, each chord a half-note long. In No. 6, a small rhythmic independence, created by appoggiaturas from the first and the second violin, creeps in. It grows in No. 7, and here there is also a single, sustained vibrato chord within the nonvibrato progression. No. 8 introduces the first dynamic nuance. The most insistent of the intruder notes has been C-sharp, a tritone from the tonic G, and at the close of the next four sections this C-sharp lodges itself in the basic G-D harmony.

MY CONCEPT AS WELL, PLEASE.
PEANUT BUTTER ON RYE.

All this sounds schematic, and of course it is, but the effect is not dry or mechanical. The quartet sounds like a composition that demanded to be written, not a clever construction. I recount the details from the score, but the composer's claim, in a program note, that "the process of expansion is . . . audible" is justified. Gradually, from his very simple start, he amasses his material. Gradually the harmonies, the rhythms, the variations of timbre, and the range of dynamics grow more intricate, and the listener can hear how they grow—through the first ten sections or so. Nos. 10, 11, and 12 can be heard starting with the same melody in an ever richer form. But, because of the sesquialter increases, detailed following of the process becomes harder, although developments of earlier melodies, moods, and kinds of movement can still be recognized. The first chord lasts less than a second; the final section lasts some six minutes and is subdivided into contrasting sections of its own. From the seed, stems, branches and blossoms have sprung. The pit is no longer discernible in the peach tree. But that vegetable metaphor suggested by the quartet's "organic" growth is not wholly apt. The finale is not the inevitable, the only possible outcome. Throughout the work, one feels that improvisation played a part in its making, that in the earlier sections each progression—and in the later sections each episode—was chosen from many that would have been possible within the schema established for the piece. (Once the selection is made, of course, it becomes a fixed quantity affecting the range of subsequent possibilities.) Moreover, there is what the composer calls a "psychological" progress running through the quartet, "from simplicity and repose to their opposites." The easy, conventional, formal ending would have been a restatement of the start; the actual ending is stranger. For a moment, there is a hint of a shining, almost "Lohengrin"-like, A-major apotheosis. Then echoes of the cadence that closed the earlier sections are heard—but after the preceding adventures a return to that simple affirmation cannot be entertained, and the work dissolves instead into disjunct, disturbed chromatic sighs.

The quartet met that first, simple critical criterion I wrote about last month: "Do I want to hear the piece again?" Through the courtesy of the Juilliard School, which tape-records Juilliard Theatre concerts for its archive, I was able to do so, and it rewarded further listening. There are still some episodes—notably, a long passage of "wave motion" in



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the finale—whose sense eludes me, but as a whole and in most of its details the quartet, like "Eros," reveals an individual and striking voice, a fertile yet disciplined mind, and a finished, confident technique. The piece is composed for the four instruments as a piano piece might be for ten fingers: by which I mean that it makes the effect less of a dialogue between four individual players than of a single discourse set out in four—or, with divisions, in up to eight—parts. The composer suggests a timing of twenty minutes; the Juilliard performance lasted about fourteen. I used a stopwatch over the whole, not a metronome to check individual passages, but have the impression that the earlier sections might profit from a more deliberate, spacious exposition, and that, in general, the Juilliard, while already evident masters of the music, may give it a longer breath in subsequent performances. Lerdahl is working on a Second Quartet, commissioned for the Pro Arte, which "will continue the expanding variational process but reverse the psychological course of the First Quartet back to its beginning." I'll be watching for it. The First Quartet, he says, "is both a complete piece in itself and first half of a larger work."

The Juilliard recital began with Schubert's Quartettsatz, which was given an unsettled performance. The playing of the leader, Robert Mann, was nervous and edgy, and it was as if he had set the basic tempo a shade too fast for the natural flow of the music. The recital ended with Schoenberg's First Quartet, magnificently well done. I think this was the first work I ever heard the Juilliard play, and it's a work I learned from Juilliard performances. The Quartet recorded a Schoenberg cycle in the early fifties, and again two years ago. A booklet accompanying the new album includes a conversation in which the players discuss their altered approach to No. 1. Mr. Mann recalls that Schoenberg himself intimated, through a disciple, that the early Juilliard performances were a shade too intense for his taste:

> We *were* smackin' it away in those days in terms of rhythmic drive, maybe a lot more as if it were a Bartók quartet. Today, I'm sure our performance is quite as driving as it ever was but with perhaps a lot less of that pungency and acerbic character.

Samuel Rhodes, the viola, adds, "When you remove the pungency and bite, you have to substitute something else that fits the music." The LaSalle Quartet—as it were, a Léner to the Juilliard's Busch—has since then brought us a sweeter, more delicate, more exquisite Schoenberg, but in Schoenberg's First the Juilliard (the "new" Juilliard, for Mr. Mann is the only player who has been a member of the ensemble since its inception) combines strength with beauty in a way that strikes me as unmatched. But I said all this after the Quartet's 1975 cycle in Tully Hall: enough here to note that its account of No. 1 remains a great performance of our day.

THE music room of the Frick house, where concerts are given on Sunday afternoons, free except for the two-dollar admission to the collection, is another New York place where celebrated artists can be heard in intimate surroundings. It is a good room for chamber music, but it could be better still: the audience is packed in uncomfortably tight. An overflow audience listens through loudspeakers in the garden court outside; a larger audience can listen over WNYC. Since those actually in the music room are inevitably an élite, there can be little objection to making the events more "élitist" yet: by taking out a few rows of chairs and removing all impediment to full enjoyment.

The Sunday before last, the Borodin Quartet played there. It began with the D-Major Quartet of its titular composer, which it played with its wonted sweetness and beauty. But only the viola was willing to employ in full the emotive portamento that must have been standard in Borodin's day. The cello brought touches of it to the famous tune ("And This Is My Beloved") of the Notturno; the first violin, echoing him in the canon episode, played those richly drooping fourths cleanly. The Borodin's speciality is Shostakovich. That composer's own closest alliance was with the Beethoven Quartet, which gave the premières of his Quartets Nos. 2 to 14, and to members of which Nos. 11 to 14 are dedicated, but it is the Borodin Quartet that has most prominently played Shostakovich cycles the world over, and its Shostakovich recordings remain in the catalogue while the Beethoven's Shostakovich recordings are allowed to disappear. At the Frick recital, the Borodin played Nos. 8 and 15. No. 8 is signed again and again with the composer's initials, Д. Ш.—in German "D. Sch.," or the notes we call D, E-flat, C, B—treated as a terse, tragic motto. The work is the first in the series of quartets which enshrines the composer's private brooding, grief, bitterness, and (reaching its climax in No. 13) anguish. No. 15, formed of six adagios, is a sequence of reflections on death. By contrast with the Beethoven Quartet or with the Fitzwilliam Quartet (which has recorded all but the first two of the fifteen quartets), the Borodin romanticizes the compositions. Which is to say only that it plays them with a beauty of tone and inflection which would remove the pangs, the keenness, the bitterness if anything could. But nothing can. In one way, the Frick recital was a profoundly depressing occasion, for it compelled one to think about the stricken, unhappy artist, confiding his sorrow to these intimate pages. And, in another way, it was a profoundly inspiring occasion—a manifestation that the human spirit is indestructible, a *de profundis* from a voice that could not be silenced. These works contain utterances as moving, as poetic, as those in despairing Psalms, and are beautifully wrought, strangely imaginative music. The Borodin's playing was fine-drawn, tender, exquisite.

EARLIER in the season, the Emerson String Quartet, four Juilliard graduates, winners of last year's Naumburg Award in Chamber Music, gave a recital in Alice Tully Hall. The program was Mozart's "Dissonanzen," Smetana's "From My Life," and Bartók's Fifth Quartet. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The playing was graceful, well balanced, and well mannered—phrasing always sensitive, tone pure. The players excelled in dance movements—Smetana's polka and the start of his finale, Bartók's Scherzo alla bulgarese—for they have an elegant, cultivated sense of rhythm. But the Mozart lacked force. Although all four movements are marked with emphatic contrasts of *p* and *f*, the Quartet might have been using an edition from which the dynamic indications had been expunged; its range was *mp* to *mf*. The opening measures were altogether too smooth (as in the Guarneri recording): the dissonances weren't pressed; the cello's *sf* appoggiaturas were underplayed. And so on. A Minuet and Trio that should make its points by almost startling alternations of soft and loud was flattened. Of course, it is a pleasure to listen to sweet-toned, well-tuned quartets in the classical repertory—even in Tully Hall, which is really too big and too dry for eighteenth-century chamber music. I enjoyed the Emerson's gentleness and its eschewal of sleek, plummy, overnourished sound. But in violent episodes it remained gentle to the point of blandness; places in the "Dissonanzen" call for grit and a fiercer kind of playing. The Emerson showed vividness of

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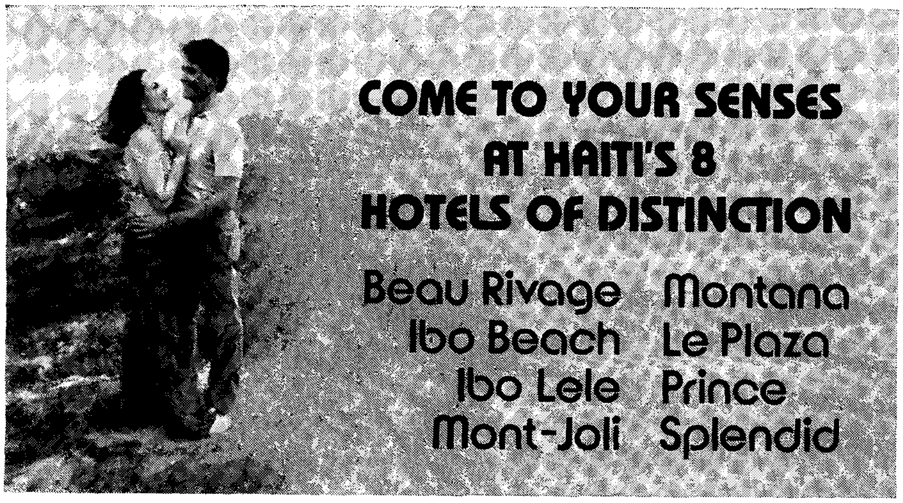

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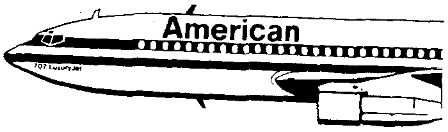

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thought but not of timbre. In the Smetana quartet, a lack of bite, a reluctance on the viola's part to hit the *sf* hard in the opening theme, and on the leader's part to hit the *rfz* even harder at the climax of the finale, muted the cruelty of the tragedy. But the lyrical episodes were captivating. Bartók brought out the best in the players; they became colorful, uninhibited; they rose to the challenge of the writing and were spurred, perhaps, by emphatic markings—*ff*, *stridente*; *ff*, *marcatissimo*; *strepitoso*—to play full out and not bother about politeness.

The regular thoughts about live, public performances versus private phonograph performances arose. In Tully Hall, I disturbed my neighbor by turning the pages of a pocket score—silently, but not invisibly. He disturbed me—more seriously, in my opinion—by beating time with his hand and then, worse, tapping with his toe in tempi that contradicted the Emerson's whenever it used rubato (which was often, for, as I said, its sense of rhythm is notable). At the Juilliard concert, there were seals scattered through the audience. In London, the South Bank program books for many years carried a notice that read:

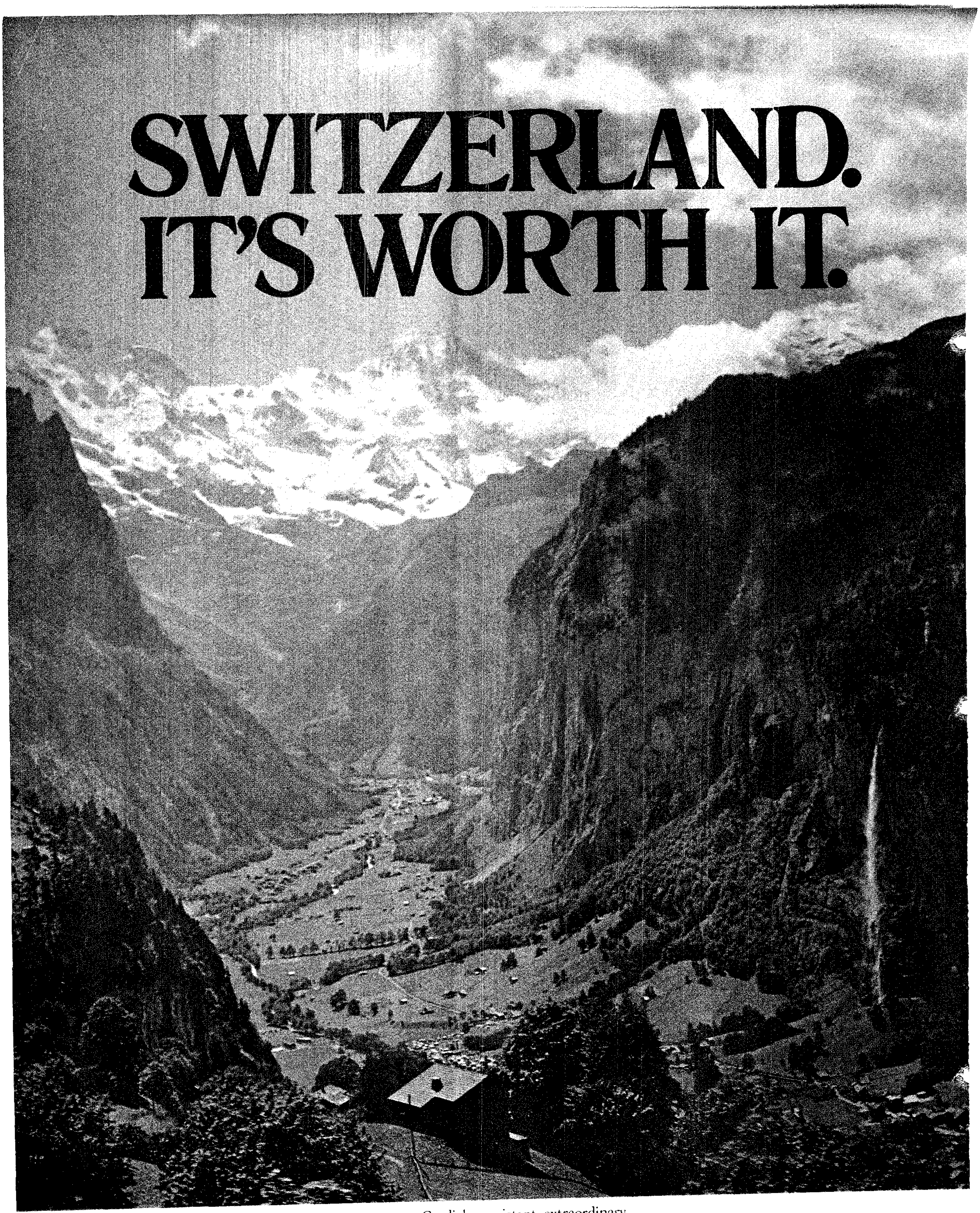
> During a recent test in the Hall, a note played *mezzoforte* on the horn measured approximately 65 decibels (dB [A]) of sound. A single "uncovered" cough gave the same reading. A handkerchief placed over the mouth when coughing assists in obtaining a *pianissimo*.

And a loosely balled handkerchief stuffed into the mouth can reduce a cough to an almost unoffending volume. At the Juilliard recital, Lerdahl's quartet was punctuated by audience participation as loud as *mf* horn calls from a lusty hunting party. There are times when one wishes New York concerts began with a little lecture-demonstration, kin to those given by air hostesses before takeoff: an exhortation to refrain from obtrusive bodily movement; an instruction on how to stifle coughing and on techniques for delaying it during passages when the music is very quiet; perhaps an observation that after certain pieces a brief moment of silence can show truer appreciation of a work and its interpreters than a "Bravo!" bawled while the last notes are dying away. It might be a good idea to have a special foot-tappers' section (heavily carpeted) on the lines of the smoking section in an airplane. It would certainly be a good idea to have a score-readers' section (more brightly lit than the rest of the hall). Carnegie Recital Hall used to have one, in the balcony, and I'm sorry it has been abolished.

THE Juilliard School's presentation of Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," though described as only an "opera workshop production," was finished, sensitive, and beautiful. Stephen Colvin, conducting, knew well how to cast the instrumental "spells"—the warm midsummer forest sighs of the first act; the four soft chords, each with a different timbre, that spread their nocturnal magic through the second act; the sense of ceremony, growing from the tiny fairy pageantry of Tytania's bodyguard to the hunting-horn march that leads to the finale in Theseus' palace—drawing listeners into a world of dreams and enchantment that waken to a dawn of healing. The Juilliard Symphony brought color, intentness, and vivacity to a score whose fineness can seem slight unless the playing is brave. The outstanding singers at the second performance were Roseann Del George, a Tytania whose timbre remained pure and sweet into the highest reaches of the role, one who was at once delicate, charming, and formidable; Robert Briggs, a substantial, forthright Bottom whose cheerful earthiness was touched by romance, as Britten intended; and, best of all, James Justiss, as Oberon. Although traces of harshness entered Mr. Justiss's countertenor tones when the volume rose, he displayed a feeling for the sounds of consonant and vowel, for the relative weights of words, for poetry-in-song which has become rare even on the professional stage. He moved sensitively. All the cast—lovers, fairies (boys from the Church of the Transfiguration choir), and tradesmen—sang firmly and showed character. Only Henry Stram's Puck—a shaggy satyr, not Britten's touching adolescent, half boy, half fairy, moved by the mortals' pangs even while mischievously amused by them—struck a false note, and that was chiefly the fault of the costuming and the direction. Fancy asking a Puck to mime lion, bear, wolf, bull, meddling monkey, busy ape as Oberon mentions them! More than once, Norman Ayrton's staging was overactive. (Echoes of Peter Brook's acrobatic "Dream" still linger.) It scarcely touched on the cruelty and the grossness (lady with donkey) that lie just beneath the romantic surface of the play. But it was poetic. So were Calvin Morgan's décor and Paul Gallo's lighting.

—ANDREW PORTER

DU PONT



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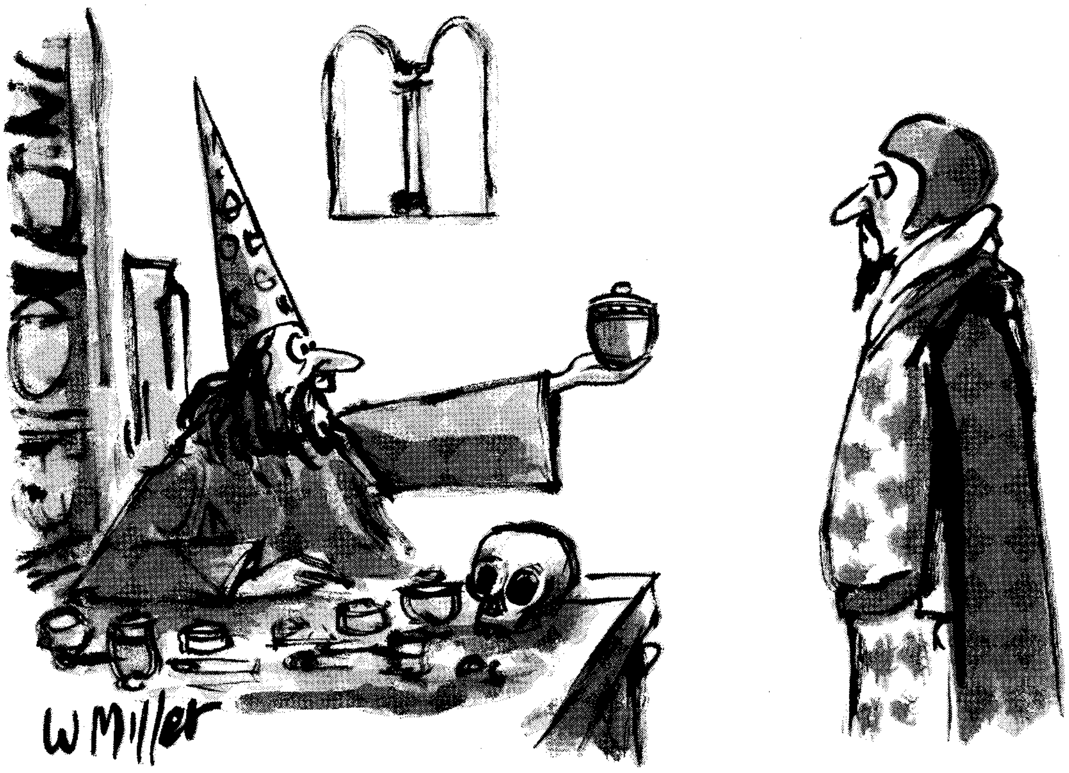
BOOKS

Russians

PEOPLE who take up the sport of generalizing about a foreign national character soon find themselves in a free-for-all in which they end by defining only themselves, and take many a knock in the course of the game. Still, the exercise is healthy: it reduces the fat of self-delusion and complacency. The passing traveller generalizes from a vivid instance and imposes his own prejudices on it. The reader of a foreign literature is caught by a writer's idiosyncracy and forgets the man's date, class, personal history, and fantasies; he also blots out items of his own country's history. We regard such things as the slave trade, the massacre of the Indians, the transportation of convicts, or the plots, assassinations, and secret courts of the Tudors as "unnatural," because we think—owing to our belief in Progress—we have outgrown them. It is a mistake to believe that every country belongs to the same period of history. In "The Russian Mind" (Scribners; $12.50), Ronald Hingley (who is University Lecturer in Russian at Oxford and a translator of Chekhov) is knowing about the pitfalls but has nevertheless ventured to look into the Russian mentality—an exotic that has bewildered and fascinated Western travellers since the sixteenth century. He writes sometimes rather jauntily, for my taste, but the book is alive with contradictory insights and all the better for being guarded. Mr. Hingley has one good fundamental rule: never assume in advance that any anonymous citizen of any country will necessarily exhibit even a single characteristic, however small, of what may be claimed as typical.

Although he has concentrated chiefly on the period from 1855 onward, Mr. Hingley briefly sets the historical and demographic scene. The largest integral sovereign territory in the world gives Russians their sense of space, which is also a sense of timelessness. Unmanageable space has encouraged the despot. Mr. Hingley notes the long suffering at the hands of the Mongol and Tatar invaders from the East; and, from the West, the Polish, Swedish, and Napoleonic wars and the wars of our time. The cruelties of centuries of absolute rule seem to have led the Russian people to accept—even at times to believe—that suffering has given them stamina and unexampled virtues; these, the Russians think, justify them when they themselves are rulers and occupiers of foreign lands. The severe climate of fierce long winters and short summers has added a drastic influence, driving the Russians to bursts of energy followed by months of inertia and ennui. There is a long history of famine in a country where until 1960 the peasant population surpassed the urban population. The Russian love-hate for the competent West still swings, as it did in the nineteenth century, between the extremes of boasting and self-deprecation. More important in marking a difference from the West, Mr. Hingley believes, is that "Russia never formed part of the Roman Empire, and inherited neither Roman law nor Roman Christianity." The attachment to a Greek form of the Christian faith did not bring any significant influence from classical Greek civilization. Hence no Renaissance, nothing resembling the Reformation, and no French Revolution, but simply a leaking in of these ideas among the small, educated, and now extinct gentry class. As Mr. Hingley says, the country "lacks any tradition of civil liberty, of rule by law binding on rulers as well as ruled," and has no "powerful corporate body able to exert irresistible pressure on central authority." The special traits of the Russian mind have grown out of a society that is fundamentally unlike our own, and is perhaps more appealing to people outside our orbit. If we look beyond our own society in Europe or North America, we may find that Russians have much more in common with societies on our immediate Western fringe. Continually, as I read Mr. Hingley, I found myself thinking, But this or that characteristic seems to me Irish—or, even more strongly, Spanish. (For Spain had to endure Muslims for eight hundred years, just as Russians had to endure the Tatars.)

No legalistic codes govern the Russians' *razmakh*—expansiveness in all directions—as we can see in the private quarrels of Dostoevski, Tolstoy, and Turgenev. The Russian believes that his nature is both visionary and "broad." The combination may lead in some cases to clowning. In politics, one comes across the *faux bonhomme*—the laughing hangman or sinister buffoon who



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when asked in Stalinist times whether, say, a Yuri Olesha, a Prince Mirsky, or a Mikhail Zoshchenko had been suppressed, imprisoned, or executed could turn pedant and answer, "No. He has gone 'away.' " Yet among the mass of Russians generosity of nature is instinctive. Where there are calculation and suspicion and pedantry, we can compare the Party to our revolutionary Puritans, who were vastly concerned with their own sins and the sins of others. Among the ruled, if not noticeably among the rulers, there is a "broad" tolerance of sin, and a theatrical relief in confession: "We are all guilty." Not only in the notorious show trials—which have a long history in the Russian past—but in literature, and especially in the novels of Dostoevski, there is a mine of such "broad" behavior. In the admitted national habit of drunkenness, despite all official efforts to quell it, there is something like a reverence and a tenderness for the weeping, frozen, or speechless drunk. Like the idle Oblomov, the drunk has a kind of sanctity, whatever the Party says. The foreigner has come to regard Russian hospitality as nerve warfare: a competition in national prestige.

There is also a delight in the "great scandal," in which Russian history and the Russian novel are rich. Again in Dostoevski, the scandal serves the purpose of bringing all the characters together and in reckless communion. In our own time, the scandal takes the form of the theatrical show trials. These trials resemble such spectacles as the Spanish auto-da-fé, which also introduced the drama of "confession." We see the false witnesses—in England, "the men of straw"—or the spectacle of informers and assassins being executed in their turn. On a popular level, in the present day there are the meaner shows of the factory floor. One can read in the press, as Mr. Hingley notes, of minor trials or kangaroo courts in which a worker has been accused by his mates of, say, listening to foreign broadcasts. He will be broken down and confess—and then *thank* his fellow-workers afterward. Mr. Hingley comments:

> Such episodes . . . could probably not take place at all but for the Russian love of self-projection, particularly where highly dramatized repentance and contrition is involved. In this way the aggressively secular state has harnessed traditional Russian religious reactions.

Nor can one leave out the influence of the "*mir*," or local rural councils, in which decisions were traditionally made by unanimous and applauding vote. Yet there is no doubt that the extrovert Russian has an exceptional record of independent self-analysis. The Russian is, as his novelists show, deeply introspective in judging himself, and even his country, harshly.

There are innumerable points of interest in Mr. Hingley's list of probabilities. One that has preoccupied a large number of travellers, diplomats, and Russian writers is what is called the "Oriental habit" of lying and duplicity. Dostoevski, himself rather random in his truthtelling, wrote an essay on the subject. Mr. Hingley detects two forms: "*lozh*," the lie direct, which was Stalin's specialty; and the game of "*vranyo*," which is close to Irish "blarney." (There is plenty of blarney among Solzhenitsyn's prisoners.) *Vranyo* can be regarded both today and in czarist times as a way of enlivening a drab existence, and may even take the form of ironically excessive praise of the regime—in the form of, say, Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" or Swift's "Modest Proposal." Censors are not very subtle men. In the modern world, official *vranyo* is the habit of government bureaucracies everywhere, and takes the form of jargon. The question is complex: it seems that Stalin was a militant *lozh*-type liar when he spoke of the millions of peasants voluntarily joining the collective farms; on the other hand, among current rulers the denial that begging, rape, and prostitution exist in the U.S.S.R. is a fantasy. One remembers Turgenev's saying of a friend, "He lies so sweetly, I could kiss him." A more serious aspect of *vranyo*, Mr. Hingley writes, is that "the repeated acting of a false part seems to wear a groove in the actor's brain until he comes to believe propositions which he originally knew to be absurd." Ordinarily, the speaker does not expect *vranyo* to be believed. He understands by the fixed look on the listener's face that he is regarded as a tolerated wonder. All is well. The *vranyo* man has an acceptable defense when he says later on that he has made it all up, that he was merely following a whim. This is a normal, if protective, form of self-expression in Ireland and of high spirits in Spain. It is rather flat, indelicate, or ungrateful on the part of outsiders to say we don't believe a word of what we have heard.

Secretiveness about information and news has always been the rule in Russia (though it is true that the American journalist George Kennan was given every facility in his inspection of Rus-

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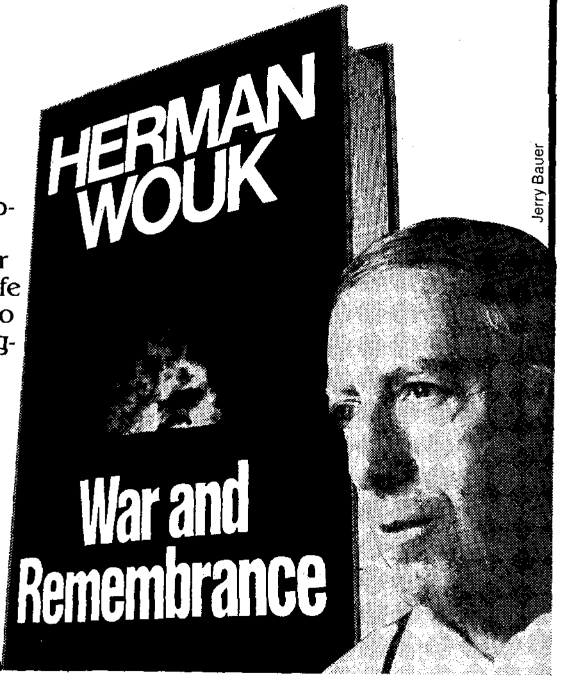

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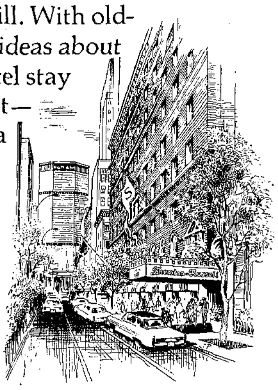
sian prisons in the nineteenth century). Mr. Hingley notes that the assassination of the Emperor Paul, in 1801, was not publicly mentioned for forty years, although it was known in gossip; nor were the execution and exile of the Decembrists mentioned. The news, of course, would have been useless to people without power. The name of Trotsky, as is well known, does not appear in Soviet encyclopedias; yet, oddly enough, Trotskyism has its place—perhaps because of inefficiency, or because Trotskyism is merely an idea. In 1960, in a great mosaic on the roof of the Moscow underground at the Komsomol Square station, Mr. Hingley says, one could see a picture of the procession of captured Nazi banners passing before Stalin and eight other members of the Politburo, but only three of those faces were clear. Six had been given a coat of whitewash: they were non-persons, or ghosts. In the last few years, even news of the Watergate scandal was suppressed for a time, perhaps, as Mr. Hingley remarks, because Nixon was then "one of the 'good guys' " in Russian eyes, or because doubts about "the sacred concept of authority" might occur at home.

It does seem that the collective, or group, spirit is traditionally strong in Russia. One can attribute this, not altogether fancifully, to the crowded conditions of living. Dostoevski's novels are claustrophobic—they almost deafen one with voices shut in a closed room—and both he and Chekhov passed a good deal of their lives in almost farcically overcrowded homes. On the other hand, neither Pasternak nor Solzhenitsyn accepts the ideal of collective wisdom which right-thinking Communists preach. No doubt the great prestige shows have been the result of collective energy, but some, like the White Sea Canal project, were the product of forced or convict labor. Mr. Hingley writes, "Though Russians may *feel* themselves at one with each other to an extent unusual among peoples, they yet seem exceptionally ill adapted for effective corporate *action* unless they can, in effect, sense a gun or a lash somewhere in the not too distant background." This sentence has a flash of insult unusual in so sober an inquirer. After this, he redeems himself by going off at a tangent—the more rewarding side of any discussion of national character—into a comment less irrelevant than it might sound. In literature, Chekhov is Mr. Hingley's natural hero, as a writer and as a person—the model of the thinking and independent Russian, and no friend of the



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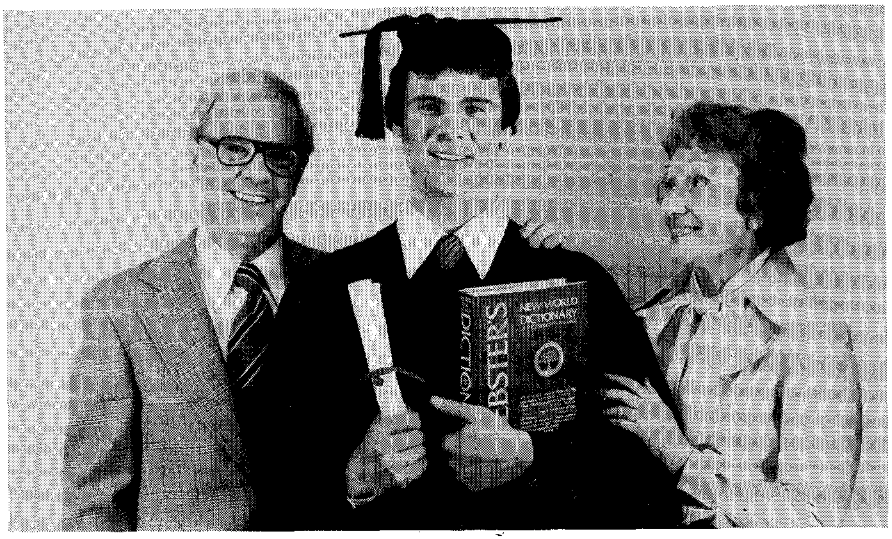
"intelligentsia" of his time. Mr. Hingley makes an interesting point about "The Cherry Orchard." Lopakhin, the self-made merchant, tells the owner of the estate, the silly Mme. Ranevskaya, and her feckless brother that the ancestral home is to be sold over their heads. No one listens. There is a complete failure of communication, which is what so much of Chekhov's art is concerned with: "The fact is that Lopakhin and his feckless friends are as closely attuned as possible *on an emotional level*. . . . Communication is nil, but sympathy total." There is a dualism in the group mind.

Mr. Hingley moves on to what many reporters have observed about the conditions of contemporary Russian life—matters like people marrying in order to get a share in a small flat; the state ruling the home in the sense that both wives and husbands have to work and may be suddenly separated when one is posted to another town; an enormous increase in divorce; abortion as the chief means of contraception. Bureaucracy increases, as it does in most countries today. The bureaucrat is not admired, and may be jeered at as he carries his hated briefcase in the street. What we really want to know is whether "the Russian character" has changed. Years ago, the then *bien pensant* novelist Aleksandr Fadeyev assured me that the extravagant, droll, or grotesque characters of the Russian novel of the nineteenth century no longer existed; everyone was serious, dedicated to the creation of modernized Russia and the image of Soviet man. (This is not borne out by the satirical writers whose work slips out of the country.) It is certainly true that the dissidents are grave, thoughtful, and independent people. By an irony, they reproach Westerners for drifting into the follies of the half-baked Russian intelligentsia of the last century—the people whom Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Chekhov detested. Mr. Hingley recalls an outburst of Solzhenitsyn's in which he said that Westerners are being enfeebled by a general sense of doom: "Adults deferring to the opinion of their children . . . professors scared of being unfashionable . . . universal sympathy for revolutionary extremists: people with serious objections unable or unwilling to voice them." Presumably from his experience at Oxford, and to the detriment of his prose, Mr. Hingley adds an inelegant diatribe of his own—jargon like "utopistic utterance mindlessly babbled forth . . . by rude, hirsute, ignorant, slogan-mumbling adolescents," or



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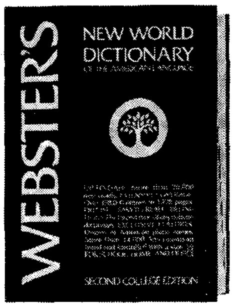

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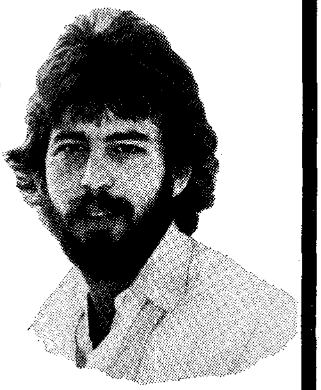

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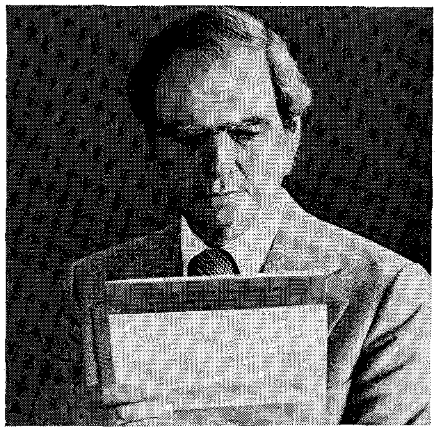

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"twentieth-century psychopatholitics." This does not come well from an academic. Others, Isaiah Berlin above all, have written far more searchingly on the Russian intelligentsia and their significance in the dilemmas of the modern liberal who finds himself having to face Russian nineteenth-century history exported into the twentieth. We can only reply to Mr. Hingley when he is in a temper or to Solzhenitsyn, the Slavophile prophet of the nineteenth century reborn, that the West is not a void: it has its strong institutions. Even our bureaucracies are assailable. Apart from this skid away from his central concern, Mr. Hingley's book is an instructive speculation.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Only Children, by Alison Lurie (Random House; $9.95). Alison Lurie's last novel, "The War Between the Tates," devoted many of its deservedly well-received pages to the sullen, insolent behavior of the two adolescent children—a boy and a girl—of a couple whose marriage was falling apart. The two were almost heroically obnoxious, and few people who read the book failed to react strongly to them. According to publicity released by her publisher, people were so appalled by them that the author was "moved to assure her own three sons, now grown, that her fictional characters were a 'condensation of all the worst parts of my and my friends' children, with all the good parts left out.' " The current volume, about two families who spend a Fourth of July weekend at the country house of the headmistress of their daughters' school, seems in large part to be an attempt to demonstrate her appreciation of children. It is set in 1935. The two eight-year-old girls it is chiefly about are the most attractive people in the book, and their honest reactions to the neurotic antics of their parents are often touching. Unfortunately, the book is as blurry and sentimental as Miss Lurie's previous books have been sharp and witty. The little girls' slangy, fantasy-filled narratives (which make up most of the book) are undeniably true to life but not particularly compelling for anyone ten or over; there is a pointlessly malicious caricature of a Southern woman (she begins nearly every sentence with "Ah" or "Ah'm"); and almost all the other characters are thin and wooden.

Memoirs of a Victorian Gentleman, by Margaret Forster, with illustrations by William Makepeace Thackeray (Morrow; $12.95). Thackeray had little patience with autobiographies, less with biographies, and next to none with histories; only fiction could win his heart. Margaret Forster, choosing the path of least offense to her touchy subject, has composed a memoir "by" Thackeray that, she assures the reader, is faithful to the facts, style, and sentiments found in Thackeray's voluminous private papers. For describing lively events, such as holidays on the Continent and lecture tours in America, this device is entirely adequate, and the illustrations and an old-fashioned typeface help to sustain the illusion. But when Margaret Forster is faced with a lull in the action, or with an infuriating absence of information on a romantic fling or a literary quarrel, the rules of her game forbid conjecture, and she is obliged to let her Thackeray ad-lib for pages at a time, confessing to endless regrets and misgivings or chattering rapturously about his daughters—behavior that the author of "Vanity Fair" would surely have scorned.

GENERAL

Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia, by William Shawcross (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). A first-rate account of the Nixon Administration's underhand doings in Cambodia, starting in 1969. The policy did us no good, militarily or any other way, and as our efforts and interferences increased it helped bring on the ruin of Cambodia by the peculiarly nasty Cambodian Communists. The author, an English journalist, gains plausibility because he does not suggest that our victims in Southeast Asia were stainless: the area had plenty of indigenous brutality, but we made bad conditions worse. That, of course, is only part of his story. The rest is the unconstitutional actions of the President, his defiance of the Congress, the disingenuousness of the Secretary of State, and the corruption of the executive branch. These are almost unbelievable, but Mr. Shawcross, by sticking to his point and organizing an enormous mass of material (much of it hitherto unpublished), makes us appreciate that all this was no nightmare—it really happened here.

MARTIN HEIDEGGER, by George Steiner (Viking; $10.95). An exceptionally useful introduction to the thought of the influential German philosopher (1889-1976). Dr. Steiner is frank about the objections of other contemporary philosophers, who find that Heidegger's obscure vocabulary veils nonsense; he himself finds Heidegger's brief career as a Nazi—of which he never publicly repented—objectionable. Dr. Steiner, however, clarifies his own reasons for his interest in this thinker while providing a lucid account of Heidegger's preoccupation with Being. Heidegger was keenly involved in etymology and linguistics (as is Dr. Steiner), and he dissected philosophical terms, as Ezra Pound anatomized Chinese ideographs, in the hope of recovering the mentality of the earliest thinkers. Whether such recovery is possible Steiner does not ask, but perhaps Heidegger's regression toward the archaic in philosophy had something to do with his acceptance of barbarian politics. Whether readers or thinkers respond to Heidegger or not, some acquaintance with his thought is indispensable, and Dr. Steiner has provided it beautifully.

ALINE, by Carole Klein (Harper & Row; $12.95). The subject of this biography, Aline Bernstein (1880-1955), was one of this country's earliest professional stage and costume designers (for the Theatre Guild, for the Neighborhood Playhouse), and also one of the most gifted. She was the child of an actor who had a host of raffish kin, an orphan forced into early independence, and then a young woman who in every sense of the word arrived: she married, had children, painted, published books, entertained, and helped found what is now the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute. In 1925, when she was forty-four, she began a love affair with the as yet unpublished novelist Thomas Wolfe, who was twenty years her junior. He adored her and depended upon her for sex, love, encouragement, and, frequently, money. He also resented her professional success, her family, and her being Jewish. After the publication of his first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," in 1929, he began to abuse her, perhaps rebelling against his dependence on her (as he later rebelled against his first editor, Maxwell Per-

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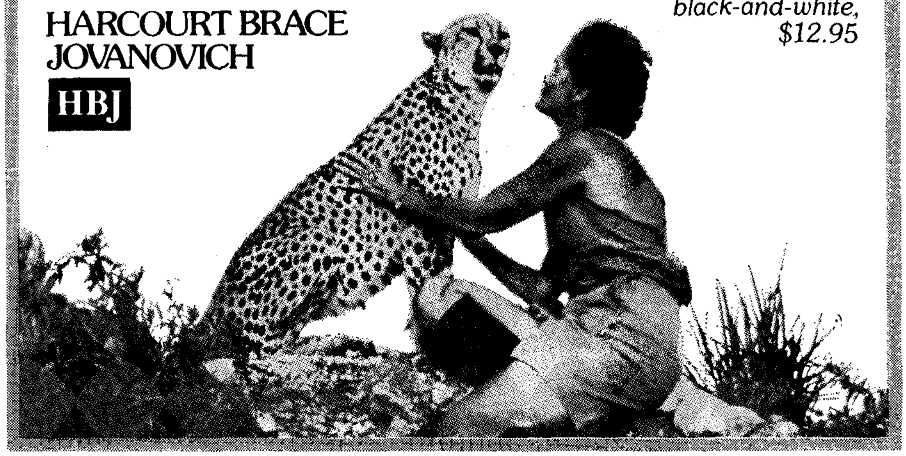

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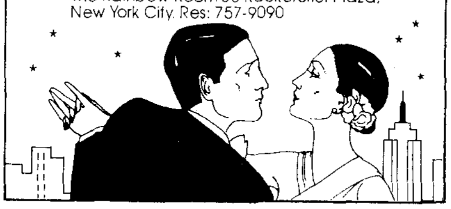

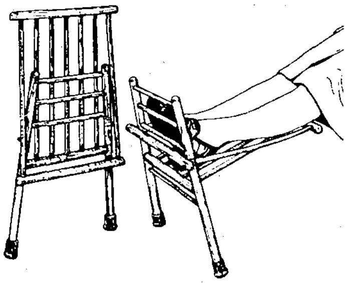

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kins). Wolfe never wholly broke with Aline but tormented her intermittently until his untimely death, in 1938. The heart of this biography is Aline's passion for Wolfe—her love was overwhelming, engrossing, irresistible, and became part of her, like a limp or a lisp. Critical opinion nowadays probably ranks her work higher than his. No matter. The biographer's problem is to make Aline's romantic dementia credible, and Mrs. Klein has succeeded.

A PORTRAIT OF JANE AUSTEN, by David Cecil (Hill & Wang; $19.95). Jane Austen's life, Lord David gently allows in this tranquil study, "cannot be described as crowded with incident," and, more than that, there is relatively little memorabilia surviving that can cast much light on her nature—no diary, no journal, no remembered revelatory conversations, only a few letters (censored by the recipient) to her sister Cassandra, some even less intimate letters to other relatives and friends, a couple of memoirs done by nieces who could draw only on childhood or girlhood memories. Lord David, however, has accepted this challenge and reached out to give us, if not a living and breathing likeness, a sort of figure in a landscape—a lady (in the traditional sense) representative of her time and place and social position, a country gentlewoman different from her kind only in her genius. His opening chapter depicts in general terms the world of the English country gentry in Jane Austen's time (1775-1817), and then, directing his attention to his subject, he elaborates and intensifies, much in the classic manner of his splendid "The Young Melbourne." Many fine period illustrations, some in color, together with what seems to be the only authenticated portrait of Jane Austen—a watercolor by her sister that (characteristically?) totally conceals her face.

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[*From "Your School Report," a newsletter of the Germantown* (*N.Y.*) *Central School*]

Plans for the P.T.S.A. sponsored Parent-Child Communication Workshop have been finalized. It will be held at the school on Wednesday, March 7, March 14, March 21, and March 28 from 7:00-9:00 p.m. Emphasis will be:

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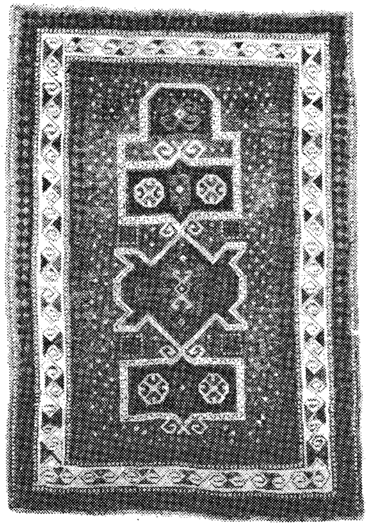

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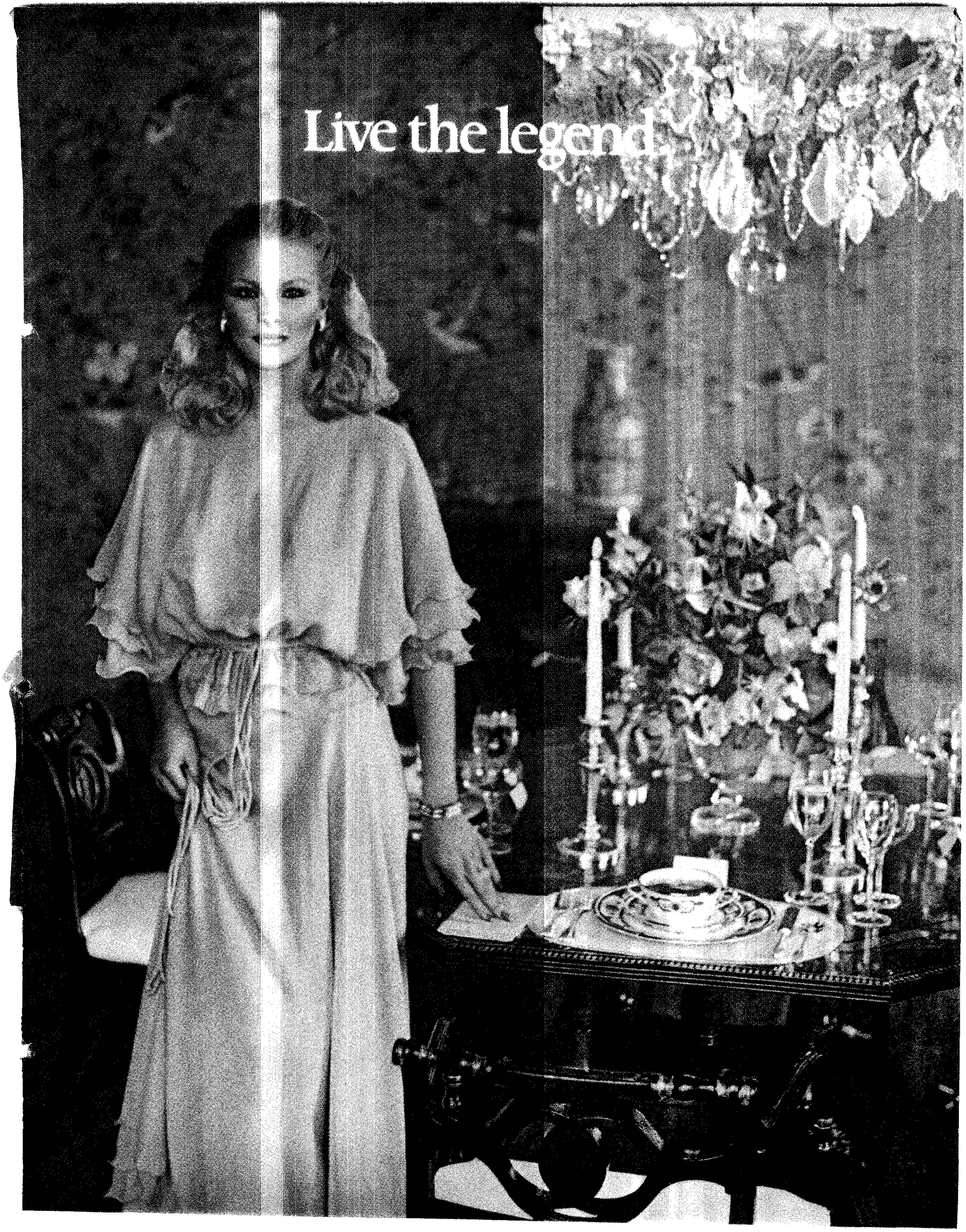
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